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WILD OATS, SOWN ABROAD.

OR,

ON AND OFF SOUNDINGS;

Being Leaves from a Private Journal.

BY A GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE.

Thos B. Peterson

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PREFACE.

My grandmother once said, after the rather dexterous removal of a lump of sugar, by means of a string, from the sugar bowl, "That Boy is a genius!"

I did not much notice the remark at the time, for I was too intent upon the sugar—but some years after the Principal of a somewhat famous Boarding school quietly observed of the same Boy, "There's something in that fellow!" whereupon I attempted to *get it out* in the shape of a Pasquinade on the said Principal's florid Physiognomy—which attempt forthwith resulted in a flogging. From that time I left whatever was in me stay there until I was forced to write these leaves from a necessity of my nature, and I am downright certain they deserve just as severe a flogging as the aforesaid Pasquinade called forth. I could avoid this by retaining them—but what has an indolent man to do when a pair of cylindrical rollers,

armed with their type, have once caught hold of the margin of his paper? he must let go—or be dragged out of his chair—so I let it go and (theatrically speaking) be ——.

THE "GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE."

PHILADELPHIA, *May* 1853.

WILD OATS, SOWN ABROAD;

OR,

ON AND OFF SOUNDINGS.

COMPRISING LEAVES FROM THE PRIVATE JOURNAL OF A GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE.

LEAF I.

OPENING THE JOURNAL.

Ship Susquehanna, 18—.

If any kind friend just now standing at our elbow were to inquire for what purpose we had prepared this pen and paper, and were to hint at the folly of attempting a movement in the journalizing line, we should reply by asking him why an owl shrieks or a jackass brays. They must be aware of the shocking sound they both produce, and yet they delight in its repetition. Man, though more rational, is not less vain of his production, and so long as it tickles his ear, will indulge in the luxury, and will never cease to wonder why others are not equally delighted. Besides, there is no harm in pointing one's ears and having a quiet bray to oneself in one's own stable—only keep away from the public common. To have a journal is hardly considered criminal, but to allow the monstrosity to

propagate in print should be regarded as a Penitentiary offence—particularly one's European twaddle—for, from the birth of Cæsar's Commentaries down to the weakly pregnancy of Willis, there has probably been more literary abortions of the travelling order than any Lying-in-Hospital could ever boast—a large Museum could be stocked with them—some attenuated to a thread—some dropsical and others bloated—some without heads—but the most part with the imaginative organs exploded—too much steam in that section — indeed, it is melancholy to see the numerous victims to this publishing mania. Now, when a man has once ascertained that history has no occasion for his services, and that his star is among the "undistinguished many," he may be excused the little vanity that dictates the private records of his own transcendant egotism. Upon his own paper he may be allowed to transcribe the different phases of his individual existence, and with the gratified pride of a "Solitaire," see self reflected from every angle of vision. This is true greatness. The Patriot in Fame's Annals stands side by side with Fame's Bastards, and that man must be well versed in Heraldry who can detect the "Bar sinister" in the Escutcheon;—the day has gone by when a nation dies because it has no poet—each man now, like the Bunker Hill monument, as the "God-like Daniel" remarked, has become his own orator, and he must be the veriest blockhead who would rush to fire another Ephesian dome when the essence of Fame bubbles up from his own inkstand. No. Perish such a thought! The man of Genius seeks neither to build nor to destroy—the tops of monuments are to him as the level plain, and when the "guadia popularis" or the "itch scribendi" threatens him, he quietly retires to his own study and builds himself up in the pages of his diurnal weakness—his *Journal*—sweet food of selfishness!

pure manna of desert Egotism! Let your warriors and your statesmen take their airing from the tops of marble monuments and in dignified silence greet the rising sun—they were born for such a purpose—while we were predestined to the quiet enjoyment of a Louis Quatorze, and the sweet oblivion of a "siesta." If there was any defect in the original fragments which constitute our humanity, it consists in a small superabundance of the propensity called "touring;"—we have a perfect passion for ruins, and we recollect when a mere boy, being struck with the picturesque beauty of an old stable. Whether this innate desire was not the effect of some predisposing cause, has always been a difficult question with us, and we have since partly concluded that a man must be born in a hovel to fully appreciate the "rents of time," the stern "magnificence of fell decay." Were we in want of a title to our Journal, we might most truthfully call it "an adventure in search of Ruin"—it would be a singular intention. Most men seek the picturesque from mere motives of idlesse, or to avoid pressing debts—some few go in the Timon mood of misanthropy to see an emblem of themselves in some leaning tower or some hollow cavern, and others from a sensuality of eye which requires constant feeding. Now we go because we cannot help it. Ruins are our evil genius—our destiny. They haunt us like the "white horse" of the Buccaneer—afar off we see the evidence of their presence, and their irresistible spirit beckons us;—this appetite seems insatiable, and nothing will content our soul until, Marius-like, we shall be seated upon the ruins of a world. Be it so—we go forth a victim to ivy—the martyr of deserted Abbeys. All hail! ye crumbling remnants! But stop—let me go on deck and see my country fade into the blue of heaven—let us say "good night" while yet the setting sun still gives a dim reflection

of her hills. In that blue strip which hangs like a cloud upon the horizon sleep all my memories—in its embrace lie triumphs and defeats—from this far-off point I see the specula—the phantom of my past life—I see an image struggling with a tie it cannot break—I see it pleading—embracing—blessed—soft eyes are glowing with fondness and the pressure of a wanton lip speaks a fearful purpose. Never—oh never—did the mirror of seer or alchymist in all its height of fable reflect so bright a vision!—but lo! another phantom—all is faded—gone—was it Fancy or was it Fact?

On the foam of the billow,
'Mid the roar of the deep—
On the calm of my pillow,
When the Tempest's asleep—
At the blush of the morning,
When far o'er the sea,
The gold of its dawning
Comes flashing and free—
At the darkling of daylight,
When slow sinks the sun,
With the pride of a monarch
Whose conquest is won—
In the hour of my sorrow,
In the moments of bliss,
I will think of thy voice, love,
I'll think of thy kiss.

On the banks of the Douro,
'Mid the groves of old Spain,
When the wanton Bolero
Wakes passion again—
In the halls of Alhambra,
Where marbled appears
The splendor of kingdoms,
The ruin of years—

By the side of the fountain,
In the noise of its mirth,
'Mid the depths of the mountain,
Where the Bandit has birth—
In the hour of silence,
'Mid vesper and prayer,
I will think of our vows, love,
I'll wish thou wert there,

In the beauty of Florence,
Where Art has her home—
'Mid the grandeur of Venice,
The ashes of Rome—
In the wrecks of past glory,
Whose skeletons seem,
In the vagueness of story,
The things of a dream—
In the Carnival's madness,
When riot runs free,
And revel wins sadness,
To share in its glee—
In the midst of their rapture,
In visions like this,
I will think of thy voice, love,
I'll think of thy kiss.

In the hush of the midnight,
When weary and lone,
The shadows shall haunt me
Of days that are gone—
And remembrance shall tell me
How like in my pride,
To the half-buried column
That sleeps by my side;
No Temple to claim it,
No worship to share—
Alone in its ruin,
Alone in despair.
Oh! then in my anguish,
How soothing the bliss!
To think of thy voice, love,
To think of thy kiss!

Next to the gratification of a long-cherished revenge, and we will confess it is a glorious feeling, we know of no luxury equal to that of winning the love of a proud woman against her will—against her better judgment—against her sense of duty. It is your phantom ships alone that sail against wind and tide—but speaking of ships, there is quite an increase of motion in our own, and I feel a decidedly unpleasant sensation about the intellectual portion of my head. "It must be so." Neptune, thy decrees are irrevocable—we feel thy tribute must be honored, and with the decency of Cæsar, we retire.

Three desperate days! Gods! what a retrospect! It seems like an eternity of spasmodic suffering—talk of amputation! mental anxiety—chronic disease—why what is the whole catalogue of human ills compared to this attic salt!—this bilious dissolution—this sea-emetic? For three days we lay upon our back gazing at vacuity with a sort of defiant air, something like the look a negro would throw out in giving Hamlet's soliloquy. Did we dare to cast a side glance into the cabin, every thing there had a saltatory motion which was very affecting. Did the slightest vapor of a culinary preparation waft itself towards us, immediately the peristaltic motion became excessive, and we were forced to surrender! Did we attempt the delicate operation of swallowing a morsel and effect an insurance by the aid of brandy, we soon, by a species of "second sight" saw the identical tit-bit re-appear with trimmings. Did we venture upon a resurrection, and in the fulness of despair succeed in obtaining a vertical position, our fancied stroll into the cabin became a matter of doubtful propriety—we found it very necessary before relinquishing our hold upon one point to discover what Archimides wanted, in order to balance ourselves properly

upon another—then came a series of Polka steps with the trunks, chairs, &c., until we finally landed upon the very spot we were seeking to avoid. It was one eternal motion —the sweet sense of rest seemed banished—our elbows were lacerated, our muscles weary with continued tension. The single benefit we derived from all this misery was a skill in dodging which would win laurels on a field of battle. Once, and once only, during these memorable "three days," we succeeded in reaching the deck—we smiled in perfect desperation at the prospect—the last puffs of a northern gale, the author of all our misery, were sweeping an ocean of foam—every sail was close-reefed, and the ice glittered on every rope—some apparently galvanised beings were careening in a leaning attitude along the deck —one yellow-haired individual with pan in hand had just deposited "dinner for two" in the lee scuppers, and was gathering himself up with the aid of a rope—he cast a lingering look upon the spoiled banquet, but found no answering consolation in the pale aspect of the potatoes, or the calm solidity of the unhappy beef—there it lay, sublimely passive to every action of the intruding sea— and the only sign of interest which it called forth was a wicked kick from the cook, and such a laugh from the sailors! Although a gentlemanly promenade was out of the question, we essayed a step or two towards the companion way—it was a falsetto movement—still we persevered, and in one moment more would have been safely under cover, but alas! the ship just then gave a tremendous lurch and the surplus liquid drenched us to the skin. It was delicious—with the philosophy of a martyr and the patience of a Christian, we descended to our berth and soliloquized upon the "Poetry of Ocean." This was then the beautiful element in which the "Almighty's form glasses itself in Tempest." We turned on our side and

went to sleep—anon a shout—a tramp—a crash; as if the day of doom impended. We looked toward the stairway—it was already midnight, and the cabin lamp burned dimly—a figure in rather primitive apparel rushed from the opposite berth—"Heavens! what is the matter!" said the trembling apparition. It did not wait for a reply—but seizing one boot and a pair of drawers, dashed up the stairway. Oh! what singular locomotion it presented! Such legs! and such a short shirt! and then the solitary boot! It looked like a disturbed Flamingo taking wing. We laughed until the tears started to our eyes.

Next morning we discovered that the spanker boom had unshipped, and carried away half the round house. Our friend with the short shirt had been too much alarmed to give an intelligible account of the difficulty. He probably imagined that he should be called upon to swim, and had provided himself with one boot for ballast—what else he intended to do with it we cannot conceive.

Neptune is not yet perfectly satisfied—he made another attack upon us this morning, and we had a slight difficulty in getting safely through breakfast. It is now dinner time, and we feel no inclination to renew the labour. What a perfect mockery is the sound of that dinner bell! yet what delight the steward takes in ringing it—there is a quiet smile about the corner of his mouth (or rather about the extremity of an immense gash, for the Ethiopian has a tremendous pair of lips) whenever called upon to perform this tintinabulary duty—the villain is aware of our inability to consume the nauseating viands, and amuses himself at the excessive delicacy of our appetite: there is an ironical excess of courtesy in his invitation to feed,

and a sort of "come if you dare"—"come if you can" sound to his bell, which would provoke any thing but a sea-sick man—there is certainly no self-abandonment to be compared to the absolute recklessness of the victim to salt water—he lays down upon any spot—in any condition—perfectly indifferent whether the vessel sinks or swims—his whole existence—his whole soul—every hope and fear is just then centred in his liver, and his only desire is to turn himself inside out as you would a turkey's gizzard. There is V—— at this moment in a horrid state—coiled up like a torpid constrictor in a corner of the sternboat, and basking in the sun. One would suppose from the desperate energy with which he has fastened his hat upon his head, that he never intended to take it off again in this world—well! he is in the last stage of temporary relaxation—in the negative enjoyment of bilious repose—he is comparatively happy—and fondly imagines that the last link that bound him to his breakfast is broken—but were we barbarian enough to whisper the word 'gravy' in his ear, the evil spirits would gather, and you would soon see him steadfastly looking down into the deep sea like a searcher after truth, or hanging over the side of the boat in imitation of a dead eel. Oh! it is horrible! one could even have a tooth drawn without displaying any additional symptoms of agony. It is the highest burlesque of pathos—indeed, in the whole history of "broken hearts," there is nothing so touching as the languid "Go away now" of a sea sick damsel—it is pathetic—distressing—ghastly—and perhaps the only time when one willingly obeys the "go away" of a pretty mouth. There are some feelings which require as much skill to analyze as the dissection of a fly—and it has often puzzled us to discern why Emma B—— ever married that stick of a husband—the mystery was revealed when she con-

fessed that they had been sea-sick together. Alas! for human nature and a rough sea! alas! for the Poetry of Ocean in a gale! it is the home of humiliation—the grave of ideality—the season for mortality taking mortals captive—the emphatic "Pshaw!" to novel writers and heroes.

LEAF II.

Ship Susquehanna, 18—.

Among the list of passengers we number two dogs and a raccoon—there is among the steerage passengers quite a pretty Welsh girl and an original genius with yellow locks and a bell-shaped "gossamer," large enough to do honor to the tower of Notre Dame—also, a negro, but he belongs to the crew, and is pithily denominated "Sails," from being employed upon the wings of our craft. He of the yellow hair has been baptized Robert, and seems the descendant of a very devotional family, as all his features have an upward tendency. He is at present occupied as a sort of general runner between the steerage cabin and the water casks, with an occasional digression to the cooking stove; the latter employment has, however, been consigned to safer hands, as Robert's "upturned gaze" has been the frequent cause of mishap in the transportation of the culinary matter. When not employed, he is to be found gazing pensively upon the heavens, with his left hand sunk knee-deep into his breeches pocket, and his lower jaw hanging like the lid of a mouse-trap. What glorious visions may flit before him in these dreamy moods is

impossible to imagine; but they are generally broken in upon by a vicious spurt of the sea, which recalls Robert from the bliss of nectar to the dreariness of "heavy wet." He immediately removes his "gossamer," and gazes piteously upon it with somewhat of the agony of Lear when he speaks to the storm—and then quietly withdraws to the shelter of the forward cabin. We of the Patrician order number only five with the captain. The ladies' cabin has but one representative—fat, old and unmanageable—a deep-dyed English woman—full of prejudice and fear—she gives an agonizing "oh! ah!" with every pitch of the vessel, and does nothing but wonder when we will arrive at Liverpool. We sometimes managed to hoist her upon deck, but her presence is a certain harbinger of rain, so we persuaded her to remain below, and she now drugs herself to sleep. The stewardess is very anxious that we should see the "old lady" in her "night cap," but our curiosity in that line is confined to young girls with very black hair and long eye lashes—they looked so wicked—so Bohemienne in a night cap—we never had our own wife to try experiments on, but it is our candid bachelor opinion that if women who do not put their hair up in paper, will insist upon going to bed with a close-ruffled night cap on, and not allow one single lock of hair to escape—but nonsense—what in the world have such things to do with our Journal? We never touch upon "night caps" without being led astray—but really, when a man has once seen a woman in a night cap, he has seen the worst, and if he continued satisfied, there is no excuse in not proposing. Mrs. N —— once dared the hazard of as ugly a night cap as I could find. I put a red flannel one upon her head. She tossed the nasty thing racily upon one side "a la Grec"—pulled the tassel over her left eye, jumped up, kissed me, and looked too sweet for earth—but then she

was a genius—perhaps after all, it was the kiss made the divinity of the thing—these women have so much tact—they know exactly the "when and where" to play the amiable.

We have reached the Grand Bank, and are becalmed—the sea without a ripple—the sky without a cloud—beautiful to look upon, but horrible to endure. We have tried every thing—but every thing seems wearisome—reading is a bore—writing is laborious—the constant flap of the sail, the regular heave of the ocean—the desire to proceed—the certainty of temporary delay—all tend to create an irritability of temper visible in every body; even Robert has lost his equanimity and has taken to whistling—the spouting of the whales amused him some at first, but that novelty is over. For ourselves, like the Great Frederick, we shall conjugate the verb "Ennuyer"—for we are really at a loss what else to undertake—we have already operated upon one of the dogs, and dissected the tips of his ears with the accuracy of a Velpeau—we then tried to get up a fight with the raccoon, but the "old coon" won't fight; we next took to ogling the Welsh girl, but we detected a dirty stocking—that grave of sentiment! Wonder if an "Ave Maria" would bring a breeze! but no! we will reserve that as our "forlorn hope." Here goes for brandy and water, the best provocative to meditation. What a cold-blooded villain that steward is! He absolutely smiled the first day he brought us brandy and water—but we forgive him now; it was our hour of weakness, and few persons can be heroes in the eyes of a ship-steward—Napoleon Bonaparte could not *stand* the sea, for he lay down the whole of the voyage to Egypt, and it must be remembered that Cæsar had not yet embarked when he talked so proudly about carrying

"Cæsar and his fortunes." I suspect he lowered his tone when it came to the tossing of himself and his vitals.

Oct. 19, 18—. To-day we have a stiff breeze—eleven knots per hour—studding sails set and the spray flying—but my head is fizzy—we attribute that to a little spiritual unction indulged in last night. It is rather strange that my appetite should be so indifferent, and my nerves of taste so completely revolutionized; nothing tastes natural; besides, this confounded dampness is excessively annoying; wherever you put your hand it sticks like a plaster;—even one's pockets—those sacred recesses—are not dry. It may be very pleasant for some people to be at sea, but we shall rejoice exceedingly when we once more touch the solid stratum. By the way, this morning, Robert made a demonstration with his left arm and planted a flush blow upon the face of some unfortunate steerage passenger; what had raised his ire to this pitch we could not ascertain—the "gossamer" acted quite a conspicuous part in the business, and was seen to roll some distance from the scene of action. The captain soon interfered, and order was re-established. The Welsh girl looks quite interesting by moonlight—but then this sea-life plays the deuce with a woman's embellishments—it is a perfect disenchanter, taking the rose from her cheek—smoothness from her hair, and shape from her person; this element was only intended for Naiads and Mermaids; we were interrupted here in order to go on deck and see a vessel under full sail by moonlight. She passed within forty yards of us, and looked beautiful—we hailed, and were answered in French; so we are not alone upon the boundless sea! It is really a pleasant feeling to come so near humanity again—to mark one spot in this wide solitude where the eye may rest with pleasure, and the heart be consoled with the thought of companionship.

God speed them! She came and faded into darkness like an apparition. We thought of the Water Witch and her sea-green lady. There is a romance about the ocean in spite of its vicious qualities—but it shows better from the shore. To-morrow night we expect to make Cape Clear. I shall hail it with rapture.

Oct. 23, 11½ *o'clock*, *P. M.*—After one hour of tolerable anxiety, the watch has just screamed out, "Light ahead." It is Cape Clear at last. We shall now turn in and "sleep away the morning," as King Dick says.

The first land we had the pleasure to behold was the Salters, two hills on the Coast of Ireland. "Barring accidents," we shall dine to-morrow in Liverpool—joyful thought. The pilot has just stepped aboard, and seems quite a lion among the steerage passengers. One would suppose he left the thermometer at zero, and it would be difficult to tell where his body is among the number of coats in which it is embalmed. These men are, no doubt, capital fellows in a blow, but they are rather rough. The day has been delightful, and the channel not very wicked. In a squall or two last evening, one struck us aback while we were at tea. There was a terrible rumpus on deck—the captain rushed up, screaming. "Hard up"—"Hard ahelm." The "old lady," who was seated opposite to me, scarcely heard the row before she gave a spasmodic groan, and seized hold of a leg of mutton on the table, doubtless thinking it a life preserver. We left her to the aid of salts and the tender mercies of the stewardess, and went on deck; here it was pitch dark, and the first step we fell over a coil of rope, thereby hitting our friend "Sails" in the abdominal region, for which favor we received a heavy curse, with the intelligence that there was plenty of wind

without taking his. Finding ourselves in the way, we again descended and comforted the "old lady" with the assurance that we had only been run into by another ship, but were not sinking as yet. This produced another spasm, which the stewardess could scarcely relieve for laughter. These squalls are rather a pleasant amusement. They operate so quickly among the studding sails. The Coast of Ireland has a very unprepossessing appearance. We should dislike a close acquaintance with certain parts of it—that of Wales looks less dangerous—Holyhead is very striking—the Welsh mountains can be distinctly seen in the distance, dotted here and there with snow. Snowden looks magnificent, looming high into the clouds. We are itching to set our foot on land, and to feed once more in luxuriant repose and certainty, without being obliged to hold on to the table with the desperate energy of a famished man. Good night to Holyhead.

LEAF III.

Morley's Hotel, London.

Here we are in London, and our money is flowing like water from the rock; every thing must be paid for here in a quadruple ratio. This is the land of lords and merchant princes, and the evidences of their wealth are apparent wherever you turn your eyes. Their docks are filled to overflowing with shipping—their ware-houses with goods —their fashionable squares are lined with private palaces —their drives crowded with equipages—on every side are monuments and terraces, club-houses and barracks. Their nobles are proud and handsome, their shop-keepers silky

and contemptible—their servants vultures and their police gentlemen. The government is a government "*per se*"—a visible ubiquity, a tangible torture; it lives in the earth, the air, the fire, the water. Agents in black, blue, white, and gray, like the weird sisters, mingle in every operation of life. Guards on horseback, sentinels on foot, mar the avenues, and prop the scaffolding of accidental greatness. "The pomp and circumstance of war" is here an every day exhibition, and one feels more like a spectator at a theatre than a wanderer in the "great metropolis."

Hyde Park was alive to-day, thronged with every order, for the weather is particularly fine for London. We stood by the main entrance, near Apsley House, looking on the serried files that poured through the archway; the Duke of Wellington had just received the Archduke Michael of Russia, and the carriages were in waiting. We saw the Iron Duke for a moment, as he accompanied his distinguished guest to the door. He is somewhat bent with age, but that identical nose whereon he wished "to hook the world," and which figures so conspicuously in every portrait, looked like an old acquaintance, and we could not help imagining that we had seen the Duke before. He is the man of the age, and we were delighted to get a glimpse of him. Apsley House stands just by one of the entrances to Hyde Park; from its front windows you see the triumphal arch crowned by the equestrian statue of Wellington, and from the rear windows a statue of Achilles, erected to him by the ladies. It is a miserable performance, made from some cannon taken in the peninsular war.—The house is partly barricaded with iron railing and wood work as a defence against another mob. The Duke has more than once touched the indignation point, and thinks, perhaps, he may have to stand another storm before Westminster Abbey receives his ashes. It is time for the hero of

Waterloo to die. He belongs to the past, and the commander-in-chief of the present must be steam. It is astonishing to see what a number of children and female pedestrians frequent these parks; many of the latter appear to be governesses, and it is rather amusing to overhear their conversation—it is a mixture of bombastic elegance and English brag. There is no foolish prohibition with regard to the grass, and people are allowed to pass over it when they please. In most of them are artificial lakes, filled with aquatic birds, the borders of which are laid out and planted with every species of hardy flower and tree: to these the names are attached, so that one is never puzzled to death to discover the species, or compelled to tell a scientific lie to the uninitiated. Some very pretty specimens of cottage architecture are also scattered about, giving quite a natural appearance to the arrangement.

We like to ramble through these Parks in fine weather: they afford an excellent opportunity for judging the extent of English wealth, in the shape of equipages, and of English beauty in the shape of petticoats. The women are decidedly the healthiest looking creatures in the world. As to their beauty, that is a matter of taste, and we will not attempt to decide it. All nations present some admirable specimens, and were another Paris summoned to decide the merits, bribery would again carry the day. If richness of color and brilliancy of complexion are sought for, here is the place to find them. It is really delicious to look at an English neck and bosom—such perfect fullness! such exquisite smoothness! such delicate exposure! and than that aristocratic grace and calmness of look, that quiet self-assurance, that blending of the intellectual with the sensual in the coldness of the polished brow and the warmth of the heaving bosom, all conspire to make an extremely tantalizing picture; but then we miss the variety

of style so apparent in America; there is great sameness in English beauty, they all appear to come from the same mould. The Jerseys, the Seymours, the Gowers, have all the national brand; they all pass through the same physical changes, too: as girls, large-boned and healthy; as grown-up women, bright, beautiful, and voluptuous; and as old dowagers, fat, coarse, and ugly, like a pot of ale tipped with froth. Lowther Bazaar and Regent Street in the evening present as beautiful an array of frailty as ever tempted saint or anchorite—and it is from this order of beings that you can best judge of the beauty of a nation—especially in Europe, where it is a remarkable commodity—and always on the search for a bidder either in the matrimonial or the speculative way—but it would be unjust in a comparison to the beauty of the general mass in America to take the beauty of these creatures as the criterion and proof of the beauty of the masses in England—for they are all culled plants, and many of them no doubt owe their position to this fated gift alone.

Went to Drury Lane Theatre last night, to see Carlotti Grisi in the Peri. She dances with great grace, and a certain joyful abandonment of manner which is quite captivating; but she is neither pretty in form or feature, being small and thin, with nothing but a very "inviting eye" to fill up the picture. This she uses admirably, looking as wicked and passionate as the most faded blazé could desire. We paused a moment in the crush room, as we were passing out, to think of the Regent, Byron, Brummell, the Marquis of Lorne, and many of those "sad dogs" whose empire now has passed away. How often had they gone through that room with the flash of wit upon their lips and a host of worshippers in their train!—and Brinsley Sheridan too! and Monk Lewis and

the stately Ponsonby!—where are they now? and where their successors? Recall the night when Byron's Address was spoken from these boards—re-assemble the beauty of the Jerseys—the frailty of the Lambs—the coarse wit of Harriet Wilson—summon from their shrouds the regal Betterton, the courtly Young; and he whose brow became the princely Hamlet—"pshaw!" what a miserable age we move in!

I will go to-morrow to see Harriet Wilson—they say she lives in one of the suburbs of London supported by the generous portion of her former admirers and slaves—she never could have been more fascinating than the present Mistress of the Marquis of Hertford—quite an Aspasia.

I have just finished a day in Westminster Abbey—the sepulchre for England's great—her undying ones! whose least memorial is their ashes. I did not feel very enthusiastic. There are too many great names crowded together—it distracts you, and there is little honor where so many Pretenders find room; the solitary grave of a Smollet or a Keats is more apt to impress you with the vanity of earthly fame, and to awaken those solemn reflections which lead to a lofty and nobler view of man's destiny. Westminster Abbey is more fitted to give the poet food for his dreams than the statesman remorse for his ambition, or the historian an antidote for his prejudice. The epitaph of royalty is but a poor record of truth; the churchman's adulation a still poorer proof of goodness; and the poet's monument a miserable consolation for a life-time of neglect. Still it is something for Genius to be able to secure a grave by the side of Royalty—it goes to prove the equality of the Tomb; besides, it is pleasant to see old rivals sleep so quietly side by side—to read over the names of Eliza-

beth and Mary, Pitt and Fox, as though they were "twin cherries;" to wonder how those inimitable children of song manage matters in "Poet's Corner;" whether Johnson finds a folio to hurl at his argumentative neighbor, or Goldsmith turns his unspeculative eye upon spiritualized Garrick. The tombs in Westminster Abbey are the poetry of death. The ruling stars of faction have sunk into the same embrace. The hostile orbs of beauty, poesy and sovereignty have closed their fiery orbits in one common centre; would the ashes of Byron disturb this heavenly repose?—would it startle the Regent from his coffined propriety, or taint the orthodox atmosphere of Southey? Yet here sleeps Warren Hastings, near the scene of his political apotheosis, and there lie Burke and Sheridan, the consumers of his glory—the sensual and the immoral, the vicious and the vain, the tyrant, the usurper, and the murderer, find place; but there is no room for Byron! If Westminster Abbey has been turned from its high purpose—if its sacred aisles and holy altar, built to teach men how to die, have been converted into a mere receptacle for England's "honored dead," then should room be found for all of them, no matter what their religious or political tastes might have been. The chapel of the Seventh Henry is exceedingly solemn and beautiful; there is a mystic power, a voiceless religion in its vacant stalls and knightly banners, filled with the dust of centuries—untouched by the breeze of Heaven. Time stands like a stoled Priest, at its altar, and the beings of the mind move noiseless o'er its marble floor. The chapel of Edward the Confessor stands immediately behind the altar of the church, and is approached by a flight of steps. Around you lay the marble effigies of the Henrys—with here and there some kneeling form, with stony hands stretched in eternal supplication,—rude figures, with trailing garments, bend life-like in the

"dim, discolored light" over the stiff and outstretched body of some armed warrior—and pale statues look coldly from their pedestals upon your reverential homage. You stalk like an earthly intruder amid the devotion of unimpassioned penitents, whose vow is silence, and whose occupation prayer. I could have murdered my guide without the slightest remorse. He persecuted me almost to death with his historical research and self-satisfied opinion. Cane in hand, he tapped upon every tomb, and glided on in a sort of oily slang upon the merits of its style and the virtues of its occupant. I thanked God fervently when he told me the rest of the Abbey could be enjoyed without his aid. He seemed very anxious to show me the Coronation Chairs, to have me know that Victoria had retired into that small chapel during her coronation, overcome with emotion—or something else, perhaps. These English guides are more annoying than a host of Orleans musquitoes. I would rather have a tiger, fresh from the jungles, by my side. The woman who shows the regalia in the Tower is a perfect emetic. Nothing could induce me to go there before breakfast. The architectural beauty of the monuments in the Abbey, as far as I could judge, is not of the highest order. That of Lady Nightingale is more odd than impressive—rather a work of art than of genius. The tomb of Andre is plain, but not the less interesting. There is also one to Wolfe. But I prefer More's Monument, in St. Paul's, to all others. The sculptor has taken the poet's lines on his burial for his guide, and has represented him just being lowered into the grave "with his martial cloak around him." The execution is equal to the design. London abounds in monuments, but mostly to her warriors. They have a fine one to Nelson in Trafalgar Square. Verily the children of glory have their reward!

He will almost stand high enough up there to see the grave of Emma on the Gallic shore: not a very desirable prospect.

LEAF IV.

Morley's Hotel, London.

I SET out this morning to take a glimpse of the palaces. The Queen's Band was playing in front of the Buckingham. It is an ordinary looking affair, and disappointed me greatly. St. James and Whitehall are the most interesting. I asked in vain to be shown the window through which Charles was led to execution. On my route I passed Almack's, an old, dreary-looking building, and which one would suppose would scarcely be selected by the aristocratic world as the theatre of their glory. Alas, for Almack's! Its Brummelism is over—its exclusive greatness has departed—the rose-leaves of fashion bloom no longer within its degenerate walls—the petted darlings of Bond street look superciliously upon its "barren sceptre," and from the nostrils of ancestral pride breathes "beautiful disdain" at mention of its once despotic sway. So fades the empire of folly:

"Farewell the plumed head, and snowy pearls
That make complexion glorious! O, farewell!
Farewell the coronet and glittering star—
The spirit-stirring voice—the princely smile—
The royal Garter—and all quality,
Pomp, glare, and haughtiness of rampant Fashion!
And O, exquisite mortals, whose long hair
The Nemean lion's mane doth counterfeit,
Farewell!—the reign of Almack's, is no more!"

The next generation will sneer, perhaps, at Eton Square and the West End, while some other haughty star will gain the ascendant. There opposite to my window, stands Northumberland House, the home of "Percy's high-born race"—dark, time-worn—with its grated portals and heraldric lion—emblems of the baronial age that gave it birth.

Turn into St. James' Park, down Carlton Terrace, and Marlboro' House greets you, where Annie's despot wove her web. Still farther, and the palace of the Duke of Sutherland is before you. Sweep along Pall Mall, and up Regent street: club-house after club-house, with more than regal splendor, crowds your way. This is the London focus—the heart of dissipation. In this circle revolve the favored children of fortune. Here is Crockford's with its outward gentility and inward hell. There is Brooke's—White's—Boodle's, the haunts of political hacks—the paradise of titled bloods. How many cross these thresholds whose drawing-room is a garret, and whose revenue is thin air and subtle brains; their home, their character, their means, their life is the club-house. Stroll by these civic barracks at dusk, and throngs of frailty of every grade will cross your path—frail and beautiful as dreams. Such eyes! complexion! hair! as I have seen offered for sale in Regent street! Talk of the Turks and their slave market!

Madame Taussaud's wax works! I thought of Mrs. Jarvey and Little Nell. Yet they were well worth a visit. Night is the best time. Like ball-room beauties, the "garish light of day" reveals too much. Here are grouped the distinguished characters of their day, from Napoleon to the Irish agitator. The Congress of Vienna is here in continued session; and the theatrical display of

George the Fourth, in his genuine coronation robes, is perpetuated for the benefit of posterity. Here stands the over-dressed Voltaire and the mantled Byron—the revolutionary Washington and the "Iron Duke." Here is Napoleon in his identical grey frock, the camp-bed he died in—yea, the very shirt stained with his precious blood. Here is the table on which he signed his abdication; and from the end of that string hangs a tooth which once masticated his provender. You may sit in the carriage which the enraged Prussians seized near the field of Waterloo, but which the hero of an hundred fights had already abdicated; and were it not for a glass case, you might even blow your nose upon the same "rag" or take snuff from the same box that titilated the proboscis of the Imperial demi-god! Who can analyze the sneeze that might follow such a desecration!

Walk up stairs into the chamber of horror. There is Murat just murdered in his bath by Charlotte Corday. The "friend of the people" had a villainous face. There is Robespierre, taken immediately after death. It is a placid and merciful-looking physiognomy, but the eye protrudes too much. There is also his brother, and St. Just, the lion-heart of the reign of terror. The little wretch Fieschi looks life-like, standing by his infernal machine. There, too, is an elegant sufficiency of scoundrels in that corner—the very elite of murderers—the "best of cut-throats"—the criminal aristocracy of the age, headed by that arch fiend, Burke. I have never seen more perfect Daguerreotypes of crime. Violence lurks in every wrinkle of the mouth, and cold blooded cruelty sleep coiled in every eye. I almost anticipated being stabbed in the back or Burked, as I descended the steps, by these waxen representatives of hell. It is no doubt a weakness, but nevertheless a truth, that most people have a passion for

wax works. There is something ghostly—something that savors of the "spirit land"—in the white brow, the quiet, unspeculative gaze of these digital creations. A child will admire and touch a statue, but it dreads a wax figure. Solve me the enigma of that, sphynx!

The railroad carries you within half an hour's walk of Hampton Court Palace. This is, indeed, a palace; and for the first time I felt disposed to envy kings and queens. The grounds are beautiful, and whether it was the fall of the leaf or a dream of the days of Woolsey, I know not, but felt as if it would be a near approach to bliss to live and die at Hampton Court. Charles the Second gave this palace to the Duke of Albemarle, but it was afterwards redeemed and occupied by him. The Cartoons of Raffaell and Lely's Beauties are the principal attractions of the establishment. The beauties have a strong family resemblance—the same soft, sleepy eye—the same complexion—the same voluptuous, or rather licentious undress—the same studied *abandon* of appearance. The infamous Duchess of Cleaveland is decidedly the handsomest of the party. Miss Brooks, afterward Lady Denham, is a good specimen of the English beauty; and the Duchess of Richmond (La Belle Stewart,) just looks vicious enough to show her limbs in the manner Grammont has recorded. The "lovely Jennings" is not among the number, and "La Belle Hamilton" disappointed me greatly; but it is difficult to form a correct idea of the beauty of these Courtly rakes from the portraits of Lely. There is too much of the languishing style of the painter, and the artificial wantonness of the age introduced into all of them—no variety of expression—none of the mental characteristics, which should distinguish the spiritual Whitmore from the silly and insipid Stewart. They are all equally beautiful, equally nude, and equally characterless. Lely might

well be an artist's envy, but should never become an artist's model. Sir Godfrey Kneller, with all his vanity and conceit, and with all the flattery of the age, was but an indifferent painter; and it is an enigma to me how George the Third could select such a portrait painter as West, when he could command a Joshua Reynolds.

It requires two days for a satisfactory examination of Hampton Court. There are some twelve hundred pictures, and many of them of great historical interest. It is the only spot which I have yet visited where fees are not exacted, or where one may stroll undisturbed by the magpie-tongue of a guide—it is a blessing for which we should be devoutly thankful.

I spent last night in studying human nature, and am repaid this morning with a slight touch of rheumatism, and a delicious headache—verily retributive justice strides close upon the heels of crime—I dined with Captain H——, and as he insisted upon showing me the "Flash cribs" of the Metropolis I could do no less than place myself at his disposal—to say that I had any disinclination to the amusement would be a falsehood—I lay no claim to that morality that covered Joseph as with a shield, and though I should disdain to set a trap for any straggling Mrs. Potiphar, I should still feel myself justified in relieving the sufferings of an amiable woman, who, believed herself the victim of a "prostrating passion." Virtue in others is my idol. I look upon it as the snowy garment with which Heaven has clothed its chosen ones—the stars themselves look not so beautiful in their pure glory as the heart of man or woman wrapped in the fleecy folds of chrystal virtue—but unfortunately for me I could never procure this species of clothing, and in its absence I have steeled myself in wisdom's armour—it answers the purpose

tolerably well and I sometimes congratulate myself, with reasonable degree of truth, upon my irreproachable conduct —but alas! for wisdom's armour! I too often find myself, after some oblivious era of darkness, looking upon it as the soldier looks upon his "cloven shield"—fragile and worthless and scarcely fit to bear a Spartan's body from the inglorious field. How I envy that man whose life is spent in one continued homage at the shrine of virtue! Here I was interrupted by a visitor, and for the soul of me I cannot renew the broken thread of my panegyric on virtue—no matter, it needs no eulogist. It is the holy water of the heart, and sanctifies all it weeps upon—quite a pretty thought that—I should have said conceit—as I was about to observe I went with Captain H—— first to Crockford's where I saw nothing but a fine saloon—some recherche looking exquisites—one or two hazard tables—a "rouge et noir" and no players—this was rather stupid—so we turned about to take an observation or two in the crowded circles of Drury Lane Theatre. The Captain seemed perfectly at home among these semi-Paphian bowers, and we were soon surrounded by a host of Cyprians lovelier than the Lamias of old—I could not but be struck with the extreme youth and beauty of many of these miserable creatures—the crushed rose leaves scattered from the vases of opulence and satiety to feed the passions and to lure the judgment of the crowd; such a state of things, to say the least of it, is distressing—but where is the remedy? Civilization brings luxury—luxury developes desire—desire seeks beauty—beauty is in demand—beauty is poor—beauty is vain, and beauty is victimized. *Voila tout!* Could Moses—could Lycurgus—could Solon—quench the fire? Preach virtue from the tops of Pisgah to the vale of Tempé—let its indignation roll like the surge over Italy, and through the Alpine passes to the very doors of

Drury Lane—still vice will have her palace, and float bouyantly 'mid the wrath of the tempest. Look at the eyes of that child of sin—see the dove-like expression of her glance—the pure white of her little fingers as she parts the long hair from her brow where purity itself seems throned—then mark that seductive little foot nestled on its blue cushion like a Halcyon on the water, and that sweet, young breast, whose gentle movement swells to rapture at your dreamy gaze, and those light lips so ripe, so warm, so full of bliss yet unrevealed; and tell me where mischief stops when such an agent holds the torch: and yet I had scarcely thrown myself into a seat in the Foyer of the second tier before just such a creature assailed me. Forgive me austere virtue! if resolution faltered and morality grew pale. True I had a cold constitution and magnificent stoicism to support me; but the crisis was dreadful. Frown not, Oh! shades of the untempted! so darkly upon your weak brother. I tell you I did resist! I cried avaunt! to the tempter. I summoned a spirit from memory's halls, whose pale cheek smote me to the soul. But like the phantom of Astarte it would not speak to me, and here by my very side was flesh and blood with the voice of Eve's charmer poisoning my senses, and sweetening persuasion with the incense of loveliness and passion. Oh, it is horrible for wicked woman to place her little hand upon your shoulder, and half whisper in your ear, while the warm breath of her sweet mouth is creeping through your hair like amorous Diana's stole on the slumber of Endymion. I turned away from the precipice. I took another seat, but the little wretch had already become a part of sight. She was again by my side. "My dear child," said I in the most parental tone, "go away! all this is "love's labor lost." Why don't you try some other

person. Surely such a face as yours can always command a customer." She hesitated a moment, and then answered good humouredly, "Your manner, sir, is certainly rude, and your compliment to my face indifferently flattering. Besides you are slightly mistaken. I am not in search of a customer, and if I were, you are not my style of man. Your whole income would not buy my gloves."

"Pray where did you learn that fact?"

"Your friend told me you were here with him the last night the Grisi danced the Peri. I was with S. in the opposite box, and in a capricious moment took a fancy for your melancholy face. I felt inclined to bleed you, and questioned W. yesterday about the extent of your banker's account."

"I feel much indebted for your kind intentions. But go on."

"He told me you were an American, but strange to say neither a millionaire nor a flat."

"Are we Americans generally ranked under one of these two divisions?"

"Frequently; at least those who visit Piccadilly saloon."

"By the way, do you see many Americans there?"

"No; it is too expensive for the few and too select for the many. Now and then some of your aspiring citizen princes drop in and out-Herod Herod in extravagance. Are you Americans so lavish with your money at home?"

"Why yes, I think it the national weakness of the young. But since you have made known your flattering intentions you will excuse me if I decline submitting to the operation. I hate a mercenary woman as I do the devil."

"My dear sir," says she calmly, "don't flurry yourself. Who asked you for money? I told you I liked

your face, and if you cannot take a delicate hint, you must be the essence of stupidity."

My dear Madam, there breathes not a human being under the sun whose sensibilities are so keenly alive to the fascination of a lady's challenge, or whose research has more fully investigated the subtleties of a lady's hint. I can ring you all the changes from the hint equivocal of the coquettish eye down to the hint direct of the wanton organ of speech. I am a virtuous man." She smiled. "You may smile—I am, but I dislike being considered an ungallant one. I am now going with Captain H—— to the "shades," but will be at Goodred's saloon by twelve. Let the carriage set you down there after the Theatre, and you can amuse yourself by ordering supper for three. We will join you at twelve precisely."

"But why bring Captain H—— with you? Why not a pleasant 'tete a tete.' Three are such poor company."

"The best reason in the world. I have never been at Goodred's, and must go under his auspices. Besides he tells me the Marquis' Mistress will be there, and I am to be introduced in form. So you may as well order supper for four, and we will persuade her to join us. So you know her?"

"Oh yes! intimately."

"But remember child, I only sup with you. Tempt me no further."

"No!" says she. "I suspect the Marquis' Mistress is to do the rest of the tempting."

"No! by the Delphian oracle I swear if I am to fall, you shall be the serpent, and your bower the Eden of my bliss."

"I imagined you were poetical" she replied, "but I had no idea you would compare me to a 'snake in the grass' after my open avowal. However, we will sup together —and then—and *then*—and THEN."

LEAF V.

"THE SHADES."

HERE Capt. H—— joined me. We left the theatre, and on our way to the "Shades," he told me I had made a conquest of a very capricious and extravagant creature, who had nearly ruined Capt. A——, and was now in the keeping of some very young and wealthy Hungarian. I felt somewhat alarmed at the probable sum-total which her aristocratic taste might prepare for me in the shape of a supper-bill; but the edict was irrevocable, and the smoke and noise of the "Shades" soon dissipated the idea. It was a terrible hole. We had to dive down a miserable, narrow flight of steps, and it was some moments before I could discover, through the dense smoke, that we had entered a long, low-ceilinged room, full of every description of character—thieves, cabmen, and flash mechanics, all feeding like open valves the dark cloud that enveloped them. I could scarcely breathe for the smoke, and in my haste to reach the bar, I stumbled over the outstretched legs of one of the vagabonds, who "d——d my eyes" with an energy almost ecstatic.

We called for some "Negus," and while the Captain entertained Jem Rice, the landlord, I took a look at the details of the establishment. It was the very Paradise of low-life—just the haunt where Vice is least adorned. Here was food enough for an hundred such heroes as modern novelists delight to draw; but the fancy nobility of crime which is portrayed in a Shephard or a Clifford, could scarcely survive the test of a visit to the Shades. There is nothing of the grand or the sublime in its une-

quivocal, unmitigated rascality. Apart from the bestiality of the place, there was one or two touches of the ludicrous which might have furnished a Van Mieren with many a subject for his pencil. There was one group in particular especially rich. They were deeply engaged in discussing the merits of Bendigo, the prize-fighter. It was almost impossible to recognize the language they used, and it would have puzzled Mezzofanti himself to pronounce upon it. One short-legged little individual had just put a question, which seemed a poser to his long antagonist, and was looking up at him with his finger on his nose, in a sort of "answer-me-that" air, exquisitely perplexing. His long adversary was endeavoring to evade the question by sinking his chin into the depths of a very high and very flash cravat. The whole party seemed greatly interested in the resolving of that single point. It must have been the very hinge of the controversy. The little-legged man, perfectly aware of his interrogative strength, threw off another Tusculum question, with an energy that fairly raised him from the floor, and with a convulsive thrust of the left hand into his waistcoat pocket, awaited the result. The excitement was now intense—every pipe hung lip-suspended, but unexhaled—one general paralysis of the imbibing functions; even the petticoat portion of the group ceased to coquette with their "Negus." The long gentleman with the interminable cravat eyed the opposition as a Matadore does a bull, and said, in a rather subdued tone, "Damn me, if he did!"

"What!" cries the small man, frantically, "you make out Ward a liar?"

"Most distinctly," was the quiet reply.

This announcement acted like a galvanic battery—arms, legs, and hats struck out with nervous fervor. The "impalpable air" grew thick with wandering pipe stems and

winged tumblers. Jem Rice shouted like a Bacchanal possessed, and, decanter in hand, floored the nearest combatant with an impulse that sprinkled the baptismal liquor in every direction. The Captain and myself threaded our way through the different discords with the speed of Love, and soon found ourselves once more in the open air. I declined visiting any more of these haunts, so we took our course direct for "Goodred's." It was some minutes before twelve when we entered, but the party had already arrived and were cozily chatting together in one corner of the saloon—I had once before seen this famous mistress of H's—but in a bad light, and under the influence of a pet—she was a clergyman's daughter—had received an excellent education, and is considered among the most accomplished courtezans of the season. She is a blonde, with a very warm eye, and a certain sincerity of manner very attractive—the shape of her head is superb, and her feet are like a fairy's—but her chief charm is a laugh whose gaiety would bring a smile upon the lips of Niobe herself, and throw sunlight over the deepest shade of grief—she enslaved me with a look, a voice whose fascination soothed the ear as does the sound of "many waters." I found myself gliding like a launched ship—smoothly—softly—sweetly, into the Syren's power, and my virtuous resolutions stood like weeping Ariadnes on the shore!—truly all is vanity and presumption—I had placed myself between the dove-eyed devotee of Pleasure, and the rosy Hebe of Mirth—I had thrown the softest metal into contact with the "compound blow-pipe," and was then amazed that it should melt. I had already consumed eight glasses of "Negus"—I was now upon my second bottle of Sherry, and all creation had become one reservoir of Love—my humanity had expanded itself into an ocean of good feeling, and I could have solicited martyrdom in support of

social freedom—"Goodred's Saloon" had become the "Portico" of another Athens, and I listened to the silvery voice of the Enchantress, until my bewildered senses exclaimed, "Yes—this is indeed Philosophy!" "Philosophy!" cries the Blonde—"It is *more* than Philosophy—it is rapture! you love and are adored! you enjoy and are satiated! you take the wings of the morning and fly with new desires to new objects—you roll on the wheels of sentiment over the pathway of life, and take up or drop a passenger as love or caprice dictates"—

"Not forgetting by the way to crush a host of matrimonial rovers, as Tarquinia did her father under your chariots"—

"You say true—it is our greatest triumph—one good husband chained to our car outvalues the spoil of whole provinces—I do so love to ride by Berkeley square, and show my jewelled fingers!"

"Does Lady H—— live in Berkeley Square?"

"Yes—in the season—I can never forgive that Harriet Wilson for sparing Lady F——; she was a little fool—she might now have been a Marchioness, instead of living a pensioner on Argyle and the rest of them. The Villebois played her cards better, and is Lady Langly. How long do you intend to stay in Paris?"

"Only while the novelty lasts—"

"Of course you will keep a French mistress—"

"No," says I, "that is a superfluity beyond my means—"

"But I am told in Paris it is not a superfluity but a necessity—"

"The mistress is doubtless in every place a necessity, but the *keeping* belongs to the number of those luxuries we prefer seeing our friends indulge in—besides coin destroys confidence and assassinates sentiment."

"Shame upon you! you love the plant, yet will not water it!"

"Excuse me, my dear, your conclusion is incorrect—I have an antipathy to all purchases of tenderness, and should I for mere safety sake consent to a salaried idol, I should surround her abode with man-traps, and every species of nocturnal peril; I should then crawl upon my hands and knees about these dangerous grounds, and fondly try and persuade myself into the sweet deception that I was approaching another man's preserves—without this precaution I should be miserably discontented with the interview."

"What an absurd idea! You only like a woman then in proportion to the difficulty of approach—why not imagine your mistress a Paixhan gun at once! You men are all traitors at best—you pursue a woman with the impetuosity of a cataract, and when you have dragged her over the fall, you leave her to the eddies, and glide calmly on your course in search of some other piece of feminine weakness; and yet the sole difference between us consists in you taking the head and we the heart for a guide. If nature would but make a woman's heart and head accord, you fortunate unmarried devils would soon be starved into capitulating—as it is we are divided and conquered—the head makes a short struggle, to win the heart into the confederacy of reason—but the little fluttering, wilful thing goes right over to the enemy, and is then the first to droop and faint away under the disgrace of its own defeat."

"But," says I, "you have your revenge in ruining the health and the resources of your arch-fiend! and then there is the gratification of your vanity and your indolence!"

"Poor recompense, that, for the loss of affection! the lot of a mistress would be happy enough if she could retain her hold upon her lover. That is the beauty of

matrimony; the law effects what woman cannot—converts the lover into the husband—with us when passion dies—all dies, and we stand like the survivors of plague-stricken cities, amid ruin and hospitals."—There was a slight sinking of the voice as the blue eyed creature finished the last sentence, and I looked upon her beautiful face with the half intoxicated worship of sincerity—there must have been something very adoring in my gaze, for she laughed outright, and said, "No, no, you cannot cheat me—that look might have done its work some three years ago—but now I am a very Phœnix—I can bear the furnace of love's ardor, without scorching one feather of the wing of feeling. I don't take the slighest interest in you—you might pay your court for months, and though you might prove yourself the very jewel of good fellows, I could 'whistle you off' with the same indifference I pour this water in this wine."

"Yes, and I should probably be quite as diluted as that identical liquor by that time—but seriously, you don't mean to say that I should sue all this time in vain! I am not prepared to find a Lucretia in a being so full of kind impulses as yourself—you would yield on the same principle a French woman does—not on your own account, but out of pity to me." She looked at me with a certain degree of fictitious sterness which became her face about as much as a scowl would a cherub's, and replied, dryly, "You must be intoxicated."

"Positively drunk," says Captain H——.

"No wonder," chimed in my dove-eyed friend, "he has entered upon his third bottle—it is time to think of moving—Capt H—— and myself have exhausted all the scandal of the town, while you and sister Nell have been bandying sentiment—come on, sir—I desire you for a 'morning gallopade'—We will drop the Captain at Morley's, and as

the Marquis is no doubt feeling very solitary, we will hurry Nell to Oxenden's —— to console him."

Strange perverseness of human nature! there was a lily on the shore—just there—within reach of my hand! and yet I wanted that other flower, not a whit the prettier, floating away out in the stream, and tossed about in the current. I looked upon it, and as I looked the hue seemed whiter—the cup more swelling—the hidden fragrance more delicious! I closed my eyes, and lay deep sunk in the richly cushioned carriage—a moment! there came the phantom of a goodly resolution—yes!—I would get out at Morley's—I would be indisposed and virtuous! but alas! there was a devilish pulpy piece of flesh and blood crushed up against my unhappy leg, and the littlest hand in the world fell passively in mine—Oh! this infernal poetry of contact! Was it Dove-Eye or the Blonde? I knew not —who could tell? Was it not dark, and was not my brain confused? and my wishes warm, and my resolves unsteady?—Methinks I slept—and yet I do remember me of a long, warm kiss—a pleasant pressure and a soft "good night," and the laughing Blonde disappeared in the darkness of some lofty portal—and then came another roll of the carriage—another dream of happy lands beneath the tropics—where all was beauty, and the heart did waste itself in mere pursuit of joy—and then methinks I woke? Yes—I did wake—and there was couch and ottoman—crimson and blue—the draped glory of oriental luxury—I turned, surprised, and lo! a face glowing with a "languor which was not repose"—but oh! how beautiful! and Pride whispered to my penitent spirit:—

"The light that led astray
Was light from Heaven."

London is indeed a fact. There is a frightful reality in

every thing connected with it. You read of strange things in books, and wonder if it can be so; but your wonder ceases when you have "done up" London. You are confident that every thing can and does happen in this grand crucible of humanity; the hideous and the lovely are in daily contact; and in the darkness of crime, bestiality, and starvation, you can detect here and there the light of some good action, the result of affection, or a true nobility of soul which no external blight can touch.—It is the little taper of the charnel-house, lit up by Innocence in search of Love. There is an absence of all social feeling about the English character, which is truly detestable. Among their own clan they may be very clever; but woe betide the poor stranger who dares to plant his foot within the sacred circle of an Englishman's egotism. His monosyllables chill the atmosphere like an iceberg, and you can almost see the wine freeze as it passes his lips. He will sit at the next, or even the same table with you, and, should you inadvertently pass him a dish, or let fall a remark, he will look at you with a sort of idiotic stare, and exclaim, "Oh! ah!" with about the same facility as one of Maelzel's semi-human inventions. You may, however, console yourself for this anti-social propensity, with the fact that an Englishman cannot talk with that desirable agreeability necessary to a stranger. He has not the gift, and when you do take the trouble of inviting an acquaintance, and the party finds you can be safely talked to without his losing his pocket book or his caste, ten to one you will find him a bore, and be glad to step out of his English prejudices, again into the negative enjoyment of your former solitude. There is an arrogance of opinion and national conceit about them which sounds harsh to my ear, and an obliviousness with regard to certain historical events connected with our progress, which makes me

doubt their sanity upon that particular point. That they are at present the greatest nation on the earth is indisputable, but to maintain that proud position requires more vigor and less confidence than they possess. The next war with America will be the test of their stability. If they come out of it victorious, they will endure for ever. "Nous verrons."

There never can be any cordial good feeling between England and America. The courtesies of the press—the flattery of books—and the reciprocal kindness of individuals, can be fostered and indulged; but to bring about a general amiability of the two nations, is impossible. There is such a bravado spirit and pride of country in both parties, that they must naturally provoke each other.—They may kiss and lip-flatter like two ball-room beauties, but they are "too knowing" to over-estimate the value and strength of such an attachment. The warmer the kiss, the deeper and more enduring the dislike. Interest, principle, and position, drive us into rivalry and hostility, and the loftier the flight of our eagle, the deadlier must become the monarchical aim of England. The two principles cannot breathe the same atmosphere together. They poison each other's current, and the strongest constitution has the best prospect for the survivorship.

LEAF VI.

Hotel Meurice, Paris.

What a splendid Blanchisseuse is that! Never was dirty linen consigned to fairer hands. If Paris can boast

a dozen women as handsome as that washerwoman, I will consent to live and die here. What a terrible wash-bill I shall have if that creature superintends my laundry! I shall wear white cravats if only to swell the list; but pshaw! this is all French cunning. Handsome agents are the decoys of trade—the commercial syrens of the strange voyager. I must open a safety-valve for my sensibilities, or I shall be ruined here. I am worse than an Innocent. I would throw myself under the first Juggernaut in a fit of Idolatry!—but then I am a little bewildered. I am in Paris. "Je la suis." There is the Tuilleries, and every thing looks as yet so bizarre. The "bon jour" and the "merci" sound so excruciatingly foreign—besides, my "moustache" has a fair field now. Don't I remember the first effort at college!—with what maternal fondness I coaxed the fibrous attempt to assume a downy attitude! and with what feminine grace and weakness it struggled into hair!—and crouched upon my lip in the shrinking joy of infancy! It was the ugliest child I ever reared; indeed, the only decided character it possessed was ugliness. The faculty watched its growth in stupified amazement—more appalled at the attempt than the deed; and my class-mates put on a shuddering smile as they looked upon the ferocious sweetness of its earlier propensities. It had not exactly the power of Medusa's "serpent brood," but the sensation it produced was immense; and the moral force exercised by each "particular hair" was tremendously evident in the lofty carriage of its owner. Poor thing! how surprised it would be to mark the expansive fullness of its successor!—yes, I may without vanity pronounce my existent moustache superb! and I shall let it flourish in un*dying* glory until my return to the fetter of opinion. Something one must have to love, and as I am out of "humor with myself," I will concentrate all

my tenderness upon the physical developement of this child of civilization and classic fancy. I wonder how many men are better employed!

But let me cut my moustache short, and return to London, thence to embark, which I did, from London Bridge. We were one whole day steaming down that winding and filthy Thames, and four mortal hours crossing over to Boulogne. The channel was somewhat rough, and I had a slight touch of an ocean spasm, but I soon paralyzed the movement with a shocking drench of raw brandy. It was near eleven o'clock at night when we landed. I left every thing to the "commissionaire," and hastened to devour my first French meal. It was faultless. What a change, too, from the dull, saturnine rigidness of the English waiter to the talkative, white-aproned "garçon" of Normandy! My long lost identity returned, and I felt crisp, pert, and amiable. I mounted to my chamber with the spirit of a legatee and the bound of a bayadere; and it was some moments before I ascertained that I had walked into the darkness of an uncandled apartment. I rang for a servant. Presently I heard the sound of a wooden shoe come clattering along, and the tall cap, prominent hips, and roguish face of a "maid of Normandie," made its appearance with napkins and candle. She glided into the room with the air of a "thoroughbred," and as I scanned the poetry of her motion, I soliloquized upon the fate of man and the loveliness of woman. She lit the candle, bustled about, and disappeared with the same indefinable ease of manner. I soliloquized on, and scarcely heard her parting salutation. I do not know whether I did ring or not—that is a question which in all probability will never be accurately settled. But certainly my door was again opened, and the identical pair of lips, cap and face appeared.

"Did Monsieur ring?"

"No!"

"Does Monsieur want any warm water?"

"No! my dear!"

"What does Monsieur want?" with a strong emphasis and a most inviting smile.

I hesitated. It was a trying scene. My fingers itched for a hold upon her waist—for, be it remembered, she was the first of an unknown series, and I was dying for an essay upon Gallic coquetry; but the idea of commencing it with a mere chambermaid, when a duchess was anticipated, the decision was made, and I dryly replied—

"Monsieur wants nothing just at present; but don't forget me in the morning."

"*Oui!*" says Normandie, and each clack of her pretty foot as she walked along the corridor sent a pang through my heart. True, I had acted like a Scipio, but I felt like Anthony. I was proud in my strength, yet could not but sigh over my victory, and I buried my head in my pillow with rather a drowsy curse on frailty.

The diligence started at eleven next morning. We dined at Abbeville, and reached Paris at one o'clock the following day. I had plenty of time to collect my half-forgotten fragments of Gallic speech, and found to my entire satisfaction that I knew precious little of the language. But what does a man want with words when he has eyes and hands? I staggered through the different articles of speech as a drunken man would make his way through crockery. I slipped over an article here and there, and broke a sentence into the smallest pieces, when I could not entirely clear it.

We had a small dash of the pathetic on our route. An old soldier, with the "Cordon rouge," bidding adieu to some Parissienne, who had doubtless been gilding the

winter of his provincial discontent—it was extremely affecting. He took her hand with a tenderness not often exhibited by martial men, and kissed her cheeks with a paternal dignity which would have removed even the sting from jealousy. A tear stood in her eye as she whispered, "Adieu, mon ami!" And yet the rattle of our diligence had scarcely died away upon the ear of her disconsolate friend, before she was ancle deep in a flirtation with her "*vis-a-vis!*"

Such is Parisian lightness of heart. The tear of sadness scarcely parts from the eye-lids before it is lost in the channel of a smile.

The Abbey of St. Denis was the first French "lion" I had the pleasure of beholding. And now for the winter campaign! Plenty of time, money, health—which way shall I turn? Shall I rush into the Faubourgs, and live hand and glove with the students, the Macaires, the loafers? Shall I patronize a "grisette," or abandon myself to the pleasures of the world among the "haut volée?" What shall I do? Shall I enlarge my understanding and exhaust my resources—or shall I pass my time morally, usefully, studiously?—be an example of youthful gravity, or dwell a little longer in the vapors of mischief and folly? How easy for a man of sound judgment to choose the proper path! I vow by the finger of King John, that in two years from this date, 18—, I will be wise, virtuous, and happy—but in the mean time? Well, in the mean time! What? Why, I will grovel in the "epicurean sty!" I will be a miniature edition of Sardanapalus! "Who's afear'd?"

"FAUBOURG ST. GERMAIN."

I am in the old aristocratic quarter of St. Germain—redolent with the dying perfume of the "Ancien regime," and honored by the presence of the "Academie" and the "Sorbonne." Medicine and law reign supreme (always excepting the gens-d'arms,) over this section of Paris. The dissecting knife and the "Code Français" are the emblems of fraternity, and a billiard cue the "telegraphic conductor" of familiarity. Here I have acquired a glimmering knowledge of the peculiar social arrangement of this community. The students are the Bedouins of Paris. They wander about the "Latin quartier" without and fixed idea or ostensible means of subsistence—their whole available property being confined to a Greek cap and a female companion. With these they manage to smoke through a certain period of time, and then flit upon the wings of a diploma, the Lord knows where—their place being instantly supplied by fresh hordes.

The French women cannot be called handsome. They are flippant, heartless, and affected. Their mouth is full of point and sentiment, and they can smile, weep, faint and hystericise to perfection; but it is all sham! Every thing with them is for effect. They speak, dress, act, with this one view, and it must be confessed they do it with astonishing tact. The sincerity of a French woman scarcely survives her childhood. They are perfect slaves to "eclat," and will sacrifice health, comfort, consistency, feeling, principle, itself for mere brilliancy. Let a French woman but sparkle—let the Parisian world admit that she sparkles, and it is a matter of perfect indifference to her what defects of character may cloud her glory in the eyes of the good. Their loftiest idea of woman's position

and destiny is to please, and of course the only qualifications necessary are the graces of mien and politeness of manners. Beyond this they don't pretend to look. They have but one instinct, and that is Love—not as an ennobling, purifying feeling, but as a pleasure and a pastime, which may change its object and be unfettered by any of the sober principles of morality and reason. There is one virtue which they possess in an eminent degree: they never conceal their caprice or their vanity. They even disdain to conceal their art. Most other women are mere Bible definitions of faith—"the evidence of things not seen." It is one constant struggle at concealment, and she who bears her mask closest carries the palm. A French woman cares very little about your having a perfect knowledge of the details of her toilet, provided the "tout ensemble" gratifies your eye. Beauty of outline is her ambition, and she will laugh with you at the oddness of "filling up."

A French woman is to be regarded as a connoisseur does a painting—the style, the school, the details, the grouping, coloring, and effect, must all mingle in one harmonious view. There is supposed to be a great distinction between the native and the imported "Parisienne." The provinces send an annual supply of the latter into the metropolis. They have more heart and less elegance. Their feelings are not polished to that transparent hue which looks so beautiful, yet is so false in the native. Some one says: "On nait Parisienne, comme on nait poete ou rotisseur, la coquetterie developpe, mais ne cree pas. Paris n'invente pas; il perfectionne. Le monde lui envoie des blocs de marbre; il en fait des statues. Paris est un artist." A French woman has but one solitary observance, and that is "form." This duly gone through, all else is nought. In the dominion

of Fashion, with her, Paris is the only true church—all beyond is heretical ground. In her manner and locomotion she is charming. She neither strides, nor minces, nor walks; but she rather undulates—a sort of snaky motion—perhaps it is the remnant of the old serpent. There is only one misfortune which can compel her to leave Paris, and that is the loss of her beauty. It is impossible not to admire them; but how an American could seriously marry one of them, is incomprehensible to me. A French husband is a mere symbol. You hear speak of him, but you don't see him. He is no obstacle in any of his wife's arrangements; she appears to be the absorbing party, and if there is any personal identity lost in the contract, it most assuredly is his. I don't believe a French woman ever really loves; she only selects; and in a matrimonial sense, if she ever adores, it is the superfluities. They are as necessary to her as flowers to the butterfly. It is not to be supposed that there are no exceptions to these general principles; but there is an atmosphere of frivolity and looseness about this whole town which must, in a greater or less degree, contaminate the moral constitution of all its inhabitants. I don't imagine that the aggregate of wickedness rises much higher than in other places; but it is more openly patronized. The French go on the principle that when a man sees a woman's foot and ankle, his imagination naturally sees more, and they show the leg at once. You see the worst features of Paris at a blush. Vice stands unveiled, and the social system, like an ostrich, hides but a small portion of its carcase in the decencies of life, and leaves the rest uncovered. Suicide, foundling hospitals, &c., form strong features in a first glance at Paris. But one soon gets used to it.

LEAF VII

AN EXECUTION BY GUILLOTINE.

PARIS, 18—.

In visiting the guillotine, some months since, I had expressed a desire to witness an execution, should any take place during my stay in Paris. I had almost forgotten the circumstance, when last night I received a very polite invitation from Monsieur Henri to be present this morning whilst he performed his duty upon some unfortunate victim, whose organ of destructiveness had led him to knock out the brains of one of his fellow creatures with a hammer.

Executions in Paris, considering the population, are quite rare, and always take place early in the morning, without any previous announcement. The criminal himself is only informed of the hour the night before. All this precaution is intended to prevent a crowd, and also to avoid whetting the appetite of the people with the sight of the Guillotine in play. It is generally erected after midnight, so that few, except those in the immediate neighborhood, can have time to congregate between daylight and the moment of execution.

Eight o'clock was the hour appointed, and we were advised to be there in season, as the government is very punctual in its performances. It was hardly daylight when we reached the Barrier of the Rue St. Jacques. We found but few persons there. A small body of mounted municipal guards formed the inner circle round the spot; immediately behind these were stationed some grenadiers, three or four paces apart. The majority of lookers-on appeared to be soldiers off duty, and the ubiquitous "gamins"

of the Faubourg. We, as invited guests of the executioner, were conducted into the smaller circle, and placed only a few yards from the instrument of death. The platform of the guillotine had a railing, and was rather higher than I had expected, there being some eight or ten steps to mount, so that the execution may be seen some distance off. The guillotine itself is a very simple contrivance—nothing but two perpendicular shafts about eighteen inches apart, and some 15 or 20 feet high. Between them, near the top, the axe, or knife, is held suspended by a spring, which being touched, it descends rapidly along the grooves in the sides of the shafts. The axe is triangularly shaped, and leaded at the top, so as to run swiftly and forcibly. At the lower part of these shafts is a wooden collar to fit the neck. The victim stands erect, a short distance off, on a foot-board, which reaches up to his breast. This board has straps attached for binding the party, in case he should prove unruly, and turns upon a pivot in the centre, so that the executioner merely raises up the lower end of the board—it immediately brings the man into a horizontal position, with his neck in the collar—the spring is at the same time touched and the knife falls—a box receives the head, and a long basket, which runs parellel with the victim, receives the trunk.

While we were awaiting the arrival of the principal personage in the drama, we overheard one of the guards giving an account of the execution of Fiesche, of "infernal machine" memory. I asked him how many executions he had witnessed. He did not recollect; but he said that he had seen eleven persons executed in fourteen minutes. At the time I could not credit this assertion, but I soon had evidence of the possibility of the fact. Early as it was, the crowd began to increase rapidly. They laughed and joked together as though it was a farce instead

of a tragedy they were about to witness. There was quite a ludicrous dispute kept up for some time between the occupants of sundry trees, near the scene of action, and the "gens d'arms," who insisted on their vacating this leafy eminence. Plenty of witticisms were bandied about as these ragged climbers scrambled away from the points of the bayonets. Nothing can dampen a Frenchman's animal spirits.

The prisoner came in a close carriage with the executioner. He alighted, and paused a moment at the foot of the steps to speak to his confessor. He was a young man, stout, but small sized, and dressed in the blue "blouse" of a laborer. His face was pale as death, and his step somewhat unsteady. He had probably never seen the guillotine, for his eye ran over the instrument, and at last settled with a stare upon the glittering knife, which had just caught the first rays of the morning sun. There must have been one dreadful concentration of agony as that poor fellow's imagination shaped the fatal process. The mere sliver of the knife is nothing; but who can paint that one instant of consciousness as the first noise of its descent strikes his ear—before its cold edge passes with the crushing weight of eternity to its fearful goal. He had scarcely mounted the scaffold, and placed himself upon the foot-board, before the executioner had stripped him to the waist, and pushed him gently forward. His feet rose with the motion of the board, and there he lay, perfectly horizontal, with his face downwards and his neck in the collar. The knife came with a whizzing sound—the head jumped forward—the trunk quivered convulsively, but was instantly rolled into the basket, and every trace of that unfortunate man disappeared from sight, save the "gouts" of blood upon the knife!

I could scarcely believe my own eyes! Was it possible

that life had been taken? But a moment since, I had seen that man step out of the carriage: and now he was gone—vanished—dead! It was the quickness of thought—hardly time for an emotion. His rapid transit from the carriage to his wicker coffin forbade even sympathy. He passed away like a shadow—almost too quick for the exercise of vision. No evidence of violence—no struggle—no torture—no apparent agony—no lifeless body—no distorted features, to brand their hideous impression upon the spectator. With the exception of a cold shiver as the heavy jar of the knife broke the painful silence, there was no other feeling produced in me during the execution, and that, too, was momentary. I had nerved myself for horror, and there was not enough to shock the most sensitive.

The guillotine—that name of terror, which has sounded the shame of France in every quarter of the globe—appeared to me the most humane of instruments. We all looked at each other as if there ought to be more: there was an unsated something, which almost amounted to a desire for another victim, as "if the appetite increased by what it fed upon." We could partly account for the calm indifference with which man after man was sent to the embrace of this infernal machine during the period of the first Revolution. There is a neatness—a despatch—a cold-blooded apathy about the whole affair—that deceives a man into the belief that all is mere machinery. It only wants the aid of steam to make it perfect. There is no realizing sense of violence—and one almost doubts whether the victim be a man of straw, or real flesh and blood. It would have sounded very natural to hear the crowd cry out—"Give us another! and let it be done slower so that we may see." I am by no means bloodthirsty, and yet I fear I should have joined in.

The executioner was a very benevolent looking indi-

vidual, with a soft, sleepy eye, and a certain quiet, gentlemanly manner, that was quite insinuating. He handed the criminal up the platform with the polished grace of the ancient regime, and no doubt begged his pardon as he removed the poor fellow's cap.

After the execution, water was thrown upon the instrument. The head was thrown into the same basket with the trunk, and both handed over to the dissecting knife. I noticed two drummers stationed near the scaffold—intended, perhaps, to drown the voice of the party in case he should address the crowd. It was thus Henriot stopped Louis XVI. when he attempted to speak.

I afterward went to the Ecole Pratique to see the remains. The neck had been very smoothly severed, about the third vertebra. The expression of the face was remarkable: not the least trace of pain—not the slightest distortion of feature; but there was a settled sorrow—an intense sadness—about every line of that pallid visage. It had more the appearance of deep sleep than death—the sleep that follows mental exhaustion. We were satisfied that no muscular action could have taken place after the blow—and as to the blush which is said to have suffused the face of Charlotte Corday when the executioner held up the severed head, and slapped her cheek, it is all absurdity—French nonsense. Yet, for mere supposition sake, if a person could feel conscious for a second or two after decapitation, and be aware of one's mutilated condition, how excessively awkward must be the sensation! one must feel a sort of "divided duty"—a two-fold existence—like a broken series of equations. Yet it must be a moment of refreshing intellectual energy—cut off from the earthy part—the vile body:—grand subject for speculation!—Why don't somebody give us "The Reflections of a Decapitated Man?" If it turned out stupid, he might excuse himself for want of head.

LEAF VIII.

CRITICISM—"TEMPUS FUGIT."

PARIS, 18—.

I KNOW nothing about painting or sculpture. I am trying to get an idea or two from books—but it is slow work. I never did like fixed rules—the erratic has too great a charm for me, and when I stroll through the galleries of the Louvre, I invariably find myself admiring some outlawed effort of genius, which the arbitrary taste of the connoisseur has criticised down to the marshy district of mediocrity. There must be some radical defect in my ideas of the beautiful in art. A cloud of ignorance is brooding over me. My knowledge of the divine art is like an alderman's law—just deep enough to lead me into error, and I shrink back at the labor of acquiring more. My eye is corrupt, and carries away my judgment at every view of the original and striking, without any regard for the excellent. There is no doubt a great deal of nonsense perpetrated in the shape of artistical criticism. The cant terms of "tone," "warmth," "rapidity," "soul," and a thousand other quackeries, which pictures are bedazzled with, can only be enjoyed by the initiated. My weak vision recognizes but few points in this wide field of canvas-gazing—the close imitation of the natural, and the natural idealized; in the first, the artist's excellence lies in his choice—his coloring—his correctness of outline, and his arrangement of the subject;—in the last lie all the others with the boundless tract of poetry and invention superadded. Farther than this I cannot follow—my plebe-

ian foot falters—the deep design—the far-reaching allegory—the thoughtful mysticism—that shadowing forth of a transcendental something which the connoisseur detects in pictures, is vaguely shrouded from my unskilful gaze. The filmy cataract has not yet yielded to the touch of the pictorial oculist. Whether my Italian travel that is to be, will give me this "mystical lore" is more than I can venture to assert. Those elaborate criticisms which I have waded through, have much of the character of Homeric notes. They would make the "blind old man" wonder at all he knew, and puzzle him not a little to understand the full bearing of his own text—and the old painters would be in the same predicament to discern the true character of their designs. The highest order of these great artists painted as they dreamed—no more—the grace, beauty, and loveliness of expression which a Raffaelle, a Correggio, or a Guido, have immortalized in their Madonnas, their Magdalens, and their Heathen Divinities, are but the idealities which visit all in a greater or less degree, but which the gifted few alone have the power to substantiate—to summon from their floating, varying evanescence of shadow, into form and permanency. Why ask for more? Why sublimate upon the etherial texture of their minds, and insist upon their having dreamed more than dreams, and seen more than visions? There is scarcely any would-be critical description or analysis of a picture which does not describe more than the painter intended, and frequently ascribes causes for their grand effects, which he distinguishes at once, but which the painter did not aim at. I must content myself with the negative enjoyment of admiring these things without understanding their deeper mysteries, or I shall lose myself in the pictorial kantism of the day. At present I see in Raffaelle the most beautiful of all creators; in Correggio the most

attractive; in Guido, all that is silvery and soft. Of Angelo, of Dominichino, of Da Vinci, of Del Sarto, and the Caracci, I have seen nothing.—In Salvator I have no difficulty to mark the gloomy; in Rembrandt, the dignified; in Van Dyke the polished, and in Reubens the coarse, clumsy, flashy, and dashing spirit of self-confidence and genius. It is rather amusing for an American whose knowledge of this art is confined to the elaborate productions of his Primer book, and the frontispiece of fashionable magazines, to be passing judgment upon the masterpieces of all time—but then it is so pleasant to get up an opinion of one's own, though it be of the inverted pyramidical order, and to spin it round and buzz it in every body's ears, until it sinks to sleep like any other schoolboy's top. Descartes' evidence of existence should have extended to the possession of an opinion—with many men it is their sole property, and they do exercise the right of ownership most distinctly and exclusively. What a happy state matrimony would be if a man in absorbing the identity of his wife, could also absorb her opinions! In the present stage of civilization it is very clear that one's opinions of things is reduced to a science; but one's opinion of persons is still an instinct, and one's opinion of one's own dear self is indisputably a religion which would fire and faggot every disbeliever;—but where are we wandering to? "Come back, ye mental brats," as Nelly Gwinn once called her royal bastards.

"*Tempus fugit.*" I quote that to convince myself of a rather dubious fact: my estimable parent did give me a classical education, but I can only realize its intense absurdity when I venture to make use of it. "Tempus fugit" is a Latin quotation. "Yes," says the witling, "but it would hardly require great ability to reach a

complete knowledge of said quotation without ever entering the walls of a college." Yes, child, but there is no philosophy in that remark. No man ever did or ever can know the full force of "Tempus fugit," that did not learn it from a collegiate tutor; besides, I don't want to argue the point; I only deal in assertion—and I assert most positively that "Tempus fugit" recalls more vividly the remembrance of a classical education than any other piece of Latinity in the whole range of Ernesti. Just think of swamping four years in hot whiskey punch and logic—then graduating in white kid gloves and raven outlines, with a ruined constitution and a vast amount of elegant encumbrances!—then step over here and begin to wonder whether it would not have been more to the purpose to waste the aforesaid years in hunting down French and German idioms; then have the climax capped by a pretty French woman quizzing you unmercifully with the equivoques of her language, and truly one is forced to ejaculate most mournfully, "Tempus fugit." The faded beauty is not more vexed at the truth of her mirror than I have been at the retrospect of hours consumed over Greek hexameters, and airy triangles. How fortunate, after all, were those who fell by the way-side; martyrs to conic sections! or victims to their philosophical indifference of "form." I have been led into this current lately by being obliged to devote two hours every morning to my French tutor. It is deplorable; I came in pursuit of pleasure, and behold! the curse of labor still follows me! This life here—indeed, life in any place, with a sufficiency of gold, is excessively agreeable. Breakfast at eleven in slippers and study-gown—two hours to the tutorship and toilet—a game of billiards now is refreshing. You may then throw yourself agonizingly upon the Boulevards, and expire gracefully in

a social prattle with the presiding divinity of the "Cafe Lemblin;" her "eau de vie," mantled with a smile, will soon revive your pleasurable exhaustion, and you can then indulge yourself an hour or two at the intellectual banquet of Barthelemy, Saint Hilaire or Adam Mickiewiez or Royer Collard—or if in a slaughtering mood, you can criticise the operations of Roux or Valpeau. Then comes a constitutional walk free from flirtation or viciousness of any kind. In this walk I never execute the most abandoned worshipper. I even deny myself the subdued emotion of a new and most decided conquest. I sacrifice myself entirely to the gastric juices: it is the mere man-machine in search of appetite. By six, destiny has fixed upon your dinner. This should be a "filet de bœuf," with Madeira sauce—a bottle of Chambertin or Clos Vaugeos, and whatever else your purse will sanction. The opera then unfolds her velvet doors and the voices of "cherubim and seraphim" hover around you; yes, Paris is quite plastic—you can make it take what shape you please, always provided you "put money in your purse." Gold is the Glendower that evokes the spirits from this vasty deep. On Tuesday night you have the *Prado*. On Wednesday, the Rue St. Honore; on Thursday, the Salle Victoire, and so on until the end of the chapter. These dancing saloons are full of life—here you see the lorette, the grisette, the blanchisseuse, the student, and the stranger; here the famous "Queen Pomare" and the dark-eyed "Waltzer of the Prado," shower their favors upon suitors seared and dry as "Autumnal leaves in Vallombrosa;" here flourishes that seductive waltz which Potiphar's wife should have taught Joseph, and thus destroyed the moral of her tale. Poor Mrs. Potiphar! where was

your tact? Here that great National dance, the "Cancan"—interdicted by law and gospel—shadows forth its wild propensities under the very eye of the police;—a singular affair it is too! quite indescribable. It must have been invented by a genius. I understand the late Duke of Orleans introduced it to a very select court circle, where it became quite the rage. It is very lascivious, but when danced well, has such a fascinating movement that it is impossible to find fault with its unequivocal pantomime. There are many varieties of it: some, indeed, amounting to complete distortion of the body, and I have seen the "Cancan" when I really thought the dancers were in a nervous agony. These balls are obliged to close at eleven o'clock. A passing visit to the "Aveugles" is not to be despised; they are under the "Cafe Lemblin" in the Palais Royal. The music is so-so, but the performance of the "Sauvage" on the drum is striking! it is emphatically the richest humbug in Paris. He is dressed like the pictures of the Inca of Peru, and looks fierce as the essence of a thousand "Dalgettys." On a sudden he rushes from behind a curtain, as if stung by a gad-fly. He seizes his drum sticks, and almost annihilates his audience with a glare. Expectation is now on tip-toe; nothing short of cannibalism is looked for from such a piece of rampant ferocity. The music of the blind harpers commences, when, "oh! most lame and impotent conclusion," the promising and melting savage closes his short and war-like career in a ludicrous "tattoo"—and yet the spectators are delighted; the girls are lost in admiration of his splendid muscle, and the men are lost in the depths of savage grandeur and villainous beer. At the top of the stairs leading to this precious interlude of the general madness, stands a mud-eyed individual with coat "for two," and a cocked hat

large enough to awaken reflections on a grand scale in the emphist noddle. It is just the kind of hat to salute the Pyramids with, or to withstand a charge of cavalry. This door-keeper, or rather this combined result of many wardrobes, cries out continually—"Venez!" "Venez, Messieurs!" "Ici"—"ici!" "Chose extraordinaire!" "Le Sauvage." "Messieurs!"—and does the honors of your entree with fervent grace. "Pardon, Monsieur!" "Place pour Monsieur—par ici—pardon—non—par la! bien!"—and then, with an amplified swing of his coat tail, he mounts again to ensnare "more men." I have seen some excellent "by play" down in that cavern of the "Aveugles"—but, then the beer is so wretched, and the segar smoke so herculean, it almost knocks one down. By the way, this morning my bell rang, and a modest-looking grisette came sliding along into my ante-chamber; she curtseyed, blushed, apologized—a mistake—was in search of Monsieur Somebody, &c. Just as I was proving that a slight error in this case was no error at all, I was relieved by the arrival of the student who occupies the room behind mine, and I bowed myself very politely into retreating order. I felt like a cut-off fountain, stopped at midday, in the full light of the sun; the "nasty" student had the impudence to thank me profusely for having answered the bell. Never mind, his bell will ring again, and we shall see whether his goods shall pass my ante-chamber without "stoppage in transitu." If we must be tenants in common of the department, I will claim my share of the profits, no alloying of the precious metals without my concurrence. Shylock asks for Justice.

LEAF IX.

THE LORETTE AND THE GRISETTE.

PARIS, 18—.

THERE are two species of the genus Woman, which revolve more or less remote in the visual orbit of the stranger in Paris: and which afford him, perhaps, more food for his peculiar telescopic observation than brighter luminaries. They are the "Lorettes" and the "Grisettes." The Lorette is the child of any body—mostly some colonel in the "grande armie." She neither "toils nor spins." Her worldly goods are a tooth-brush, a seal of original device, and a host of under-petticoats. Her partiality for the latter article is extravagant, and she sometimes swells them out to an incredible circumference. Her accomplishments are manifold. She regards life as a "deshabille," which should be unrestricted by any social chord. To her, money is a fiction. Champagne and Burgundy are all she knows of France; and as for the beef-steaks she consumes, why she conceives them a natural product, like the fungus of the forest. She has all the graces of voluptuousness and all the charm of virtue—but it is virtue after its fall. In her mouth indelicacy becomes wit, and "badinage" warms into sincerity. The Lorette becomes the friend of a prince or a peer, a Turk or a minister. Her lover is selected from the theatre or from among the artists. The Grisette is the particular property of the student—his wife, only without the legal sanction—his slave, only without the jurisdiction of the "bow-string." She smokes his pipe until "culotted." She drains the "salve d'amour" from his goblet. She shares his antipathies and adores his friends. More-

over, she supports herself, and frequently her lover. She is a degenerate image of the Fretillon of Beranger. The Lorette is the result of luxury—the Grisette of over populousness. The former takes the path of coquetterie to ruin—the latter the high road of the passions. The Lorette dresses with great care and finish. Her toilet is a sort of "prospectus" for the passing speculator to invest at his peril. The dividend is very uncertain. With the Grisette the prospectus is plainer, but there is less to lose for the instalments are lighter. With your Grisette it is your first kiss—with the Lorette it is your first dinner. The Lorette is becomingly devout—the Grisette superstitiously so, The one kneels rather in behalf of her graceful mantilla, than herself—the other prostrates herself unreservedly to the business of devotion.

I do not know whether it is a marked characteristic of the Lorettes, or whether it is common to most women, but I find that at the very time she is portraying most eloquently with her tongue, her fixed aversion to the measure in process, she is making but feeble resistance to your encroachments upon her toilet. I could never account for this want of generalship. History would give a strange account of that commander who should attempt to defend his fortress by playing with his flute upon the ramparts while the enemy were scaling the walls. Philosophy is mightily puzzled to account for a woman's vagaries. Ask her for a small favor, and she treats you as the Athenians did Aristides; seize her as Napoleon did Venice, and the key of her possessions is in your hand. When Belisarius commands, the world obeys; when Belisarius turns beggar, the weakest may refuse.

But we are "off soundings" again! The Grisette is passionately fond of smoking. She also taketh great delight in the exhibition at the "Chateau d'Eau," where the

little fellow with the big head discourseth wisdom and witticism with the learned door-keeper of the wax-works and puppet-show. Here you will see her in the midst of the crowd with her clean cap and pannier basket, listening to the cynical remarks of the little man with the big head.

The "Bonne" is another character to be seen around these exhibitions. She is "my lady's maid" and confidant —the children's guardian and the lover's mercury. She takes the place of the mistress on more occasions than one. She is an ardent admirer of Punchinello and "Le Chien Flora." She devours enormous quantities of "gaiet," and as the keeper of her mistress' conscience, occupies comparatively a high social position. No man should make war without securing the "Bonne" for an ally. This is done by a trifling outlay of platonic affection and five-franc pieces.

KISSING DAY—THE "TATTOO."

Jan. 1*st.*—This is the day of general salutation. On a rough calculation, there is probably more kissing done in France on New Year's day than the whole American nation accomplish in a year. I am a very indolent man myself, and yet I managed "to bag" a brace of ladies—four married women, one widow, a semi-virgin, one child in arms, and a score or two of Lorettes and Grisettes. The widow I took upon the wing. They are such a scary bird; I do not know how long my ammunition would have held out, but, unfortunately for the day's sport, we all got slightly intoxicated at the dinner-table, and could hardly be called in kissing order. Friend D—— was shockingly far gone; his diseased vision recognized nothing but "gens-d'arms," and he was continually striking out at the innocent empty bottles arrayed before him. He entreated in the most earnest manner, to be allowed to knock a long-necked flask of

"Maraschino" down, as he was confident it was the identical "gen d'arme" of the "Salle Victoire," who had once put an extinguisher upon his merriment. There was no mistaking his long neck. He succumbed gradually. We lifted his sinking remains from the festive-board, and carried him like a vanquished warrior to bed. As I settled his head on the pillow, he pressed my hand affectionately, and begged we would execute him with his face upwards, and not forget to tell his wife that he had lived virtuously even in Paris, and now died happy!

I smiled at his dying confession, and whispered in his ear, with the solemnity of a father confessor, "Remember Rue Montmartre and the sisters two?"

His eye gleamed with a sort of drunken memory, and he hiccoughed out, "Oh, misery! wasn't Agnes ugly?" Oblivion was upon him.

Last night we had rather a rich joke. It was impromptu, and we enjoyed it wonderfully. S—— and myself had just returned from the opera. As we entered my ante-chamber, we heard a terrible drumming in our court yard. What the deuce could it mean? Quite alarming! It was near midnight, and there stood a file of drummers beating their drums most lustily. Up went the windows over-looking the court-yard. All was commotion in the American quarter. D—— and X——, unable to get any information from their windows, came rushing down stairs, and met S—— at the door of my room. It was as dark as a cavern, for we had as yet no light.

"Hush!" says S——, to the party; "there's the devil to pay! The gens-d'arms are after Y——!"

I took the scent, and immediately threw myself under the bed-clothes.

"My God!" cries both at once, "what's the matter?"

Here S—— lowered his voice to a whisper, and told

how we had got into a row—how I had stabbed three Frenchmen in the Rue de Bussy, and received a tremendous cut in the side—(here I groaned audibly.) The drums changed to a tattoo, and I could hear X—— breathing hard under the excitement.

"Horrible!" whispered D——, "What shall we do?"

"Lock all the doors," says S——. "Let's get into Y——'s room, and strike a light. I have an instrument case in my pocket."

Here they entered my room, and while S——was fumbling about for a match, D—— came feeling his way up to my bed, and asked me where I was hurt. I groaned fearfully, for I should have laughed outright if I had attempted to answer. In my hurry to get into bed, I had kept my hat and gloves on, and now succeeding in pulling my hat over my face before the candle was brought, I presented rather a crippled appearance to my examiners. How S—— could look on unmoved is a mystery. While D—— was feeling my pulse, X—— made an effort to remove my hat. This was fatal to our scheme, for my eye fell full upon the pale, spectacled face of X——, and then a wink from S—— finished me! I roared convulsively. D—— looked aghast. The resurrection of Lazarus was not more startling to the beholders. X—— did not know whether to laugh or cry. He was perplexed in the extreme. Both were candid enough to admit that we had quizzed them beautifully.

The drumming, we afterwards discovered, was intended to announce to one of our neighbors that he was drawn to serve the ensuing year in the National Guards.

LEAF X.

THE MASKED BALL—"THE INCOGNITA."

PARIS, 18—.

The masked balls have commenced! They are racy, wicked, and brilliant. Just imagine some six thousand people let loose at midnight in the Grand Opera House, determined to dance, flirt, shout, and gallop until morning, with Musard for the presiding genius! I got my first view of the floor from one of the upper tiers, and I thought there was a general rush to insanity. The dance was in full blast, and from the very foot of the orchestra to the balustrade of the boxes was one grand "cancanic" movement. The soul of every man and woman seemed absorbed in the enthusiasm of a shuffle, or the delight of a whirl; while the fiddle bow of Musard described the most fantastic diagrams upon the frighted air. The boxes were crowded with dominoes of every description, and it was almost impossible to get through the dense mass of intriguants assembled in the foyer. Disguised voices and unknown pressures of the hand, greeted you from every side.

I went down to get a better look at the dancers. I had scarcely touched the floor before I was whizzed off in the embrace of some big warrior, and away went the gallopade, neck or nothing—hundreds before, hundreds behind me, they came like the Assyrian. I was in the very midst of the melee. My warrior urged me on, shouting, pushing, helter skelter, until we all fell head foremost upon one another. Then came a burst like a war-whoop. I found

myself at least three deep among the petticoats. My hat was irretrievably ruined. In another moment we were all on our legs again. Amiability reigned supreme. "Give and take," was the motto. A hasty "pardon" was sufficient atonement for receiving a flesh wound from the spur of a cavalier, or having your eye damaged by the pointed chapeau of some military hero. The personation of the devil is a favorite character, and you see his red legs and chicken-cock feather on every occasion. The women delight in playing the "gamin"—a vagabond sort of boy,—or the Spanish cavalier, with slashed sleeves and velvet sombrero. It is no easy matter to detect your most intimate acquaintance in domino and mask. The figure is so completely concealed, and the eyes have such a singular appearance, peeping from behind the pasteboard bulwarks, that they can defy the closest scrutiny. It is a point of honor not to attempt to raise the small piece of silk falling from the bottom of the mask over the mouth; so you have but few points left to identify your tormentor. The hand and foot may sometimes betray, but your cunning intriguante takes good care never to draw her glove or allow you to tie her shoe. I detected a little wretch the other evening by a habit she had of shaking herself; but I am dreadfully puzzled now with a very lady-like looking domino, who has accosted me at every Bal Masque yet given at the Opera Cómique. I cannot imagine who the tantalizing witch is. She will neither walk with me, sup with me, nor dance with me. She talks French and English fluently, and is always with the same gentleman.

The most astonishing part of her knowledge is that she pronounces my name distinctly and correctly—a thing no foreign woman has ever yet done. Ergo, she must be an American; yet her conversation is too loose for that—besides, she knows too much about tactics and the conve-

niences of social freedom. My first encounter with her was startling. I was trying to talk German with an Alsatian girl who had as pretty a neck as ever spurned a chemisette, when I heard some one whisper in my ear, "You speak wretched German for a Pennsylvanian, educated among the Moravians."

I turned about as if shot, and in the forgetfulness of astonishment, exclaimed, "Who the devil are you?"

She said, laconically, "I am the devil," and glided off.

I cut the Alsatianne, and followed the new sphinx. She wore a pink domino, with the hood closely drawn over, and ruffled. I could not even see the color of her hair. Her partner was very tall and very ugly. He looked neither foreign nor domestic. I could make nothing of him. They spoke little to each other, and after a turn or two joined a bevy of masks in one of the boxes. These were evidently natives. I entered, and requested the pleasure of a stroll with the pink domino. She declined —was tired; said she had strolled often enough with me in America, and found me a very stupid companion.

I ventured to insinuate that perhaps my visit to Paris had improved me. She doubted whether that was possible, as my conceit would prevent me from taking advantage from the opportunity. This was sharp shooting, and I coolly told the lady I hoped she possessed sufficient character to study it with the same care she had evidently studied mine.

Here we had a cessation of hostilities. I began to plot a bold move for a discovery.

"Did your sister accompany you to Paris?" says I.

"Try it again," says she. "You used to be famous at college for your diplomatic ability."

I was slightly dashed, but returned the charge.

"I take this opportunity, my sharp-tongued beauty, to

fling an unpalateable truth or two at you; but I will be generous. I knew you by your walk, and, to prove my knowledge, I need only tell you that you have red hair."

"You were never more mistaken in your life," says she, and pulled back her hood. It was all I aimed at—but it availed me little. Her hair was dark, without ornament of any kind, and, to my utter disappointment, uncurled.

I was now without helm or compass, and begged for quarter. She consented to meet me in the foyer, provided I would not make the slightest effort at discovery, or behave at all imprudently. This latter clause savored of Americanism; yet I feel perfectly convinced she is no American. She told me of my intended trip to Italy, naming my route, and my companion. Where she got this information from is the greatest mystery of all, as we had but a few days before decided upon those matters. She promised to meet me in the San Carlo, at Naples, on the last night of the Carnival. She will then enlighten me upon sundry perplexing riddles, to which she pretends to hold the key. This is doubtless gammon. In the meantime, I shall see her once more at the Academie Royale, and perhaps unaccompanied by her tall protector.

After much legerdemain, I succeeded in stealing her handkerchief. I felt like Bonaparte at Marengo. I ran my eye over every inch of it, but it was blank as a virgin page or a dandy's face; not even a hieroglyphic. My invention is now exhausted, and if some accident do not favor me in our next interview, I shall be reduced to despair. But I much mistake human nature if she is positively determined not to give me some clue to the secret.

Last night, D—— and myself made a slight error, and took possession of a private carriage in front of the theatre, mistaking it for a hack; indeed, the rain was

falling in torrents, and in the darkness and hurry we took no trouble to distinguish the difference. The coachman grew furious at the astonishing coolness with which I ordered him to drive us to our lodgings. The little man threatened to hand us over to the police if we did not descend instanter. I insisted upon explaining the matter before alighting, but the incensed Jehu would not listen to me, fully persuaded that we had entered the coach designedly. Finding him unreasonable, I became indignant, and knocked the unhappy man's hat over his eyes. We made our escape into another vehicle, while he was filling the depths of his hat with execrations, and dancing about in the rain like a decapitated chicken.

In a few weeks we start for Italy. I begin to grow weary of these crowds without company, and this dissipation without pleasure. I long for ruins—for vestiges of the giant kingdoms of old—for meditation—for change; give me a look at the tideless Mediterranean!—at Genova la Superba! New worlds of enchantment are spread out before me; why should I tarry longer here? A curse on the imagination! Why are we not satisfied with what we have? I must devote a few days to sight-seeing, lest I should be hurried for time when I return. There is Pere le Chaise, and the Gobelins, and a visit to Versailles, and the Abbey of St. Denis. I must also be presented to Georges Sand, and must not forget to see Civiale operate.

What will become of my flirtation with the modiste in the Rue de Bussy? It has reached its most interesting point. She replied to my last note, and vows she never had an Arthur, and never will have one. Poor creature! what a melancholy fate! she must be handed over to S——. I danced with Marie at the last masked ball, and she called S. a "*lapinchaud.*" What could he have been doing?"

LEAF XI.

OUR DEPARTURE FROM PARIS.

PARIS, 18.—

WE started this morning at 11½ o'clock, for Chalons—not one petticoat in the whole diligence; and a dreary-looking cloud dropping an occasional tear or two, was our only accompaniment down the Rue de l'Arbre and across the old Pont Neuf. We rattled on at a dreadful pace. The streets were just dirty enough to afford a tolerable excuse of the display of a pretty leg and ancle. There was quite an exhibition of them along the Quai, and, like other blessings, they seemed rounder, neater, brighter, as we dashed through the barriere de la Gare into the distance, and left Paris and its mysteries, perhaps, for ever! Not as a Neophyte had I entered the vast metropolis of pleasure, nor was I about to leave it with a very exalted idea of its extravagantly lauded enchantment. The charm of Paris is said to be its infinite variety, its social freedom, and the advantages it presents for the gratification of sensuality; of course the man of mere idlesse rarely looks farther. For the real student who wishes to employ his time usefully, I know of no place equal to Paris; but for the "refined loafer," its superiority has been greatly overrated. Its variety consists in some eighteen or twenty theatres, whose highest ambition is to see which can run a given piece the longest time, and in some two or three balls per week, whose only recommendation is their brevity. For the novice and the debauchee it is a paradise—the former being satisfied with any thing, the latter requiring a

brutality of pleasure which would not be tolerated in any other capital.

Night after night have I passed from one scene of mis-called gratification to another, and the same wearisome repetition of face and farce met me continually. A perfect toilet and a fascinating manner—good wine and an excellent cuisine, constitute the whole essence of Paris. Yes, there is one other admirable quality which the women possess: the handsomest feet and legs, and the cleanest stockings in the world; but there the catalogue ends. As companions they are witty, talkative, and agreeable; as mistresses they are cold, calculating and damnable. Early and continued prostitution renders them unfeeling and worthless. They substitute art—indeed, they live on art. "Life is art and art is Life," with them; they doubtless deceive themselves, and, like great actors, believe they are the character they portray. Strange, that in a city like Paris, where individual existence is a mere drop in the ocean, all, from the attic companion to the Prime Minister, spend their life in striving to raise their dead in some shape or other above the great mass; and your lorette, who has wheedled her lover into paying for a pine-apple at the "Trois Freres," actually believes that all Paris is aware of her having dined on the delicious exotic, the expense of which her fond adorer is recovering from by a species of smallnesses too contemptible to have their origin in any but the head of a Frenchman. A carriage and a purse are all the requisites for inflaming Parisian adoration. Let the godly temple of your person be ever so shabby, the devotees will crowd around it, from the sable cloak of the Chaussee D'Antin down to the denuded bosom of the Latin Quartier. Go to a licensed house of prostitution—half the National Guard will have been there before you. Go to a procuress—pay

her enormously, and the probabilities are that the "fresh girl from the provinces" will turn out to be your own or the mistress of a friend. Go "solitary and alone" to cull from the general crowd, and the chances are a few months residence in the hospital of Ricord. Such are some of the claims which Paris has to being called the home of pleasure! Save me from the delicious ecstacies of the Parisienne. No wonder "L'homme blase" is such a common character. With all my resources and Epicurean philosophy, "three little months" sufficed to make me quite blase with the simple joys of Paris; in the "complex" ones I felt no disposition to participate; but then the masked balls! they are an exception—they stand unrivalled—and it is only French abandonment that can give the necessary soul to these splendid exhalations.

But our diligence has reached Charenton—not much of a place; indeed, the same may be said of most French villages; generally, a row of low, plastered houses, with a dirty auberge. Here stand two of the detached forts, intended to protect Paris. With what rapidity French postillions change horses! A curse, a kick, a crack of the whip, and all is over. One has scarcely time to steady the refreshing flask of cordial on the lip before the huge machine is in motion. It would be rather amusing to see a diligence break into an American village! It would create a greater sensation than a menagerie. The postillion's boots would be the first point of attack for the young democracy; his short-tailed coat would receive a respectable proportion of the slang; and should he unfortunately be undersized, so as to make the mass of leather show to advantage, there is no telling the consequences. A convention of tanners would doubtless be held, to take measures for the immediate adoption of that style of dress, and the poor victim of juvenile curiosity and persecution would be

glad enough to creep into one of his own boots, to avoid further molestation. What a laugh the railroad stockholders would indulge in, as they criticised the dimensions and terrible weight of the mammoth vehicle—prophesying death to all the horses in the country; and with what a contemptible sneer our four-in-hand Jehus would regard the necessity for postillions. The coupe and interior might meet with some advocates; but the shocking rotunda would be condemned distinctly. Some Brummell of a saddler might also venture to ask "if that was harness!" and eye it with the same sovereign indignation bestowed upon the "Duke's coat."

But with all this your diligence is a very comfortable sort of thing, and, for a long journey, decidedly preferable to any other species of conveyance—that is, provided you have this coupe corner seat, with nobody in the middle, and a very pleasant creature in the other corner. Now here I have plenty of room to sleep, plenty of room to eat, &c., &c.,—while the conductor takes a good care to keep my feet warm by replenishing with coals a sort of brass compartment in the floor; so we jolt along right pleasantly, and have already reached Montereau. From those heights yonder Napoleon poured destruction upon the allies in 1814, and where that bridge over the Seine stands, the Duke of Burgundy (Jean *Sans Peur*,) was murdered, so says the incomparable Murray, Prince of Guides.

On through Sens to Auxerre, where grows the Chablis wine; roads muddy, and soil bad—nothing but up hill and down. Another night before we can reach Chalon.

I got through last night admirably—slept from seven o'clock till midnight—waked with a tremendous appetite—reached into the pocket of the diligence to examine our stock of provisions—found a poulet and a bottle of Chab-

lis. The moon was shining gloriously, and beneath its chaste light I proceeded to the dissection of the poulet. My principal weapon was a small pocket-knife—a Congress knife, by the way. As the operation did not require great delicacy of touch, I seized the unfortunate bird by the left leg, and attempted a lateral incision under the wing. Like some other great surgeon, my instrument broke, but happily the subject was already dead, and I escaped the mortification of suffering the victim to breathe her last in my hands. By this time the flavor of the virgin corpse had waked T—— to a sense of existence, and by our united efforts, a la Turk, not a bone was left unpicked, nor a drop of the grape unfathomed.

We both again withdrew into sweet oblivion, and the scream of "Dejeuner!" this morning, was the first cause of recurring sense. Talk of a bivouac compared to a night in the diligence under such circumstances! What a stupid place Chalons is? They bring us in at 5 A. M., and then make us wait in a cold, smokey cafe until 7 o'clock, for the boat.

T——is trying to warm himself by the light of a horrid tallow candle! I wonder if Abelard was ever compelled to wait for Heloise under similar circumstances. It would have cooled his ardor. He died at the Abbey of St. Marcel, about two miles from this very Chalons. Could I wake his spirit from the dust of Paraclete, I would set him to reforming the means of travel on the Saone, instead of dallying with his pale-faced nun. There is one poor old woman who has come all the way from the neighborhood of Paris, to Chalons, to see her daughter, and returns again this evening. She tells me she is seventy-two years old, and is as merry as a cricket. How she has borne the fatigue of her journey is astonishing. Who says the human heart doth wear itself out?

LEAF XII.

STEAMING ON THE SAONE.

LYONS, 18—.

Got here after eight hours' steaming, in a tolerable boat, with a very uninteresting set of passengers. A priest monopolized the best-looking woman, and an officer the only newspaper on board. I took two "dejeuners" in order to kill time, and had the additional satisfaction of finding plenty of mud and rain upon our arrival. The pleasures of traval began now to dawn upon us with increasing brilliancy. Temper was below par, and patience out of question. An umbrella for two is, at the best of times, but a small allowance,—it becomes absurd when the rain is coquettish, and plays with the wind. Of course there was no fiacre about. There never is when you really want one. Cloak in hand, I run the gauntlet through a line of porters, leaving T——with the umbrella and luggage. Where was the Hotel des Ambassadeurs? that was the question! A moment of hesitation would have ruined me—I should have been surrounded by guides at a franc per head. With desperate energy I dashed along the quai, ancle deep in the delicious torrent, and too much blinded by the rain to navigate with certainty. I brought up against a soldier—fortunate for me had I tumbled him over. But it was only a shock of attention; and he ordered me back until my baggage should be inspected. A stroke of lightning could not have been more mal-apropos. But obey was the word; and I strolled leisurely back to see my linen and the little elegancies of the toilet blended in admirable confusion by a hard-hearted member of the customs. T—— was al-

ready undergoing the agony, and we exchanged a sickly smile as our trunk executioner inquired if we carried any tobacco! How soon the great democratic heart would break if such things were allowed at home! The idea of asking two sons of America if they had any tobacco! Here, salt and tobacco are the pets of the revenue.

Wet and irritable we reached our hotel. Not even the smile of a bright eye, as I crossed the bridge, could appease me. A bad dinner, and the prospect of starting at five in the morning, make the climax of aggravation.

I will indulge in the historical, and look out upon the square where Cinq Mars and De Thou suffered death. There also, the Guillotine, under Fouche, and Collet d'Herbois, did its work—beautiful fruit of French license, miscalled liberty. Lyons was to be blotted out of existence by means of fusilades and itinerant guillotines, to gratify the spleen of an actor and the vengeance of a knave. Fouche & Co. certainly did a heavy business in blood during the French Revolution—and the wonder is that the arch-fiend was ever allowed to die in peace. But it seems to be always more secure in France to transact such affairs on a large scale. They have no mercy for awkwardness, impoliteness, and ordinary murderers. It is reserved for those who slay by the quantity, and with a certain finish of manner, which may be called the etiquette of atrocity—the beau ideal of slaughter—the decencies of crime. It seems to be their greatest characteristic to preserve the outward formula of propriety in all circumstances. Your grisette would no more commit suicide with a shabby weapon, or in an undress, than she would live constant: and should a Frenchman accidentally stab his father with a table-knife, his greatest regret would be that it was not a poignard.

Avignon, 18—.

I have frequently travelled in steamboats; but my descent of the Rhone in the Sirius rather surpasses my former experience. We started from Lyons—that is to say, we attempted to start—at five o'clock A. M., but were some three quarters of an hour getting under way, amidst the most infernal din imaginable. We had scarcely gone three miles before we were aground. There was a general rush for the deck. Fortunately we numbered only six passengers, and nobody was crushed to death. There was little satisfaction to be gained on deck. It was barely light enough to show the confusion into which the anti-marine Frenchmen had been thrown by the disaster. The whole crew, amounting to six men, with the steward, were standing on a plank which ran from one wheel-house to the other, and were holding on to a huge pole, which I afterwards discovered was the handle of the rudder. The captain stood amidships, on a stool, cursing the engineer in most villanous French, while the latter raised his head above the hold, in order to reply more conveniently and efficaciously. In the meantime the pilot, at the bow, was completely overwhelmed by the torrent of advice flowing from the six screaming steersmen, and roared like a lunatic. In the very height of this war of orders, the machinery began to act "per se," as it were, and off moved the boat with a short, grating sound. The crisis was passed—each of the actors claimed a victory, which neither had achieved, and we left them wrangling about it to get some information out of the steward. He was a poor devil—said he had never been in a steamboat before—and would never go again. We ascertained, at last, that this was the first trip of a new company founded upon the bankruptcy of the old.

Pleasant business! After steaming from five in the morn-

ing till five in the evening,—at which time we were to have arrived at Avignon,—the captain very deliberately landed at a sort of wharf without a solitary house in view, and told us he should not be able to proceed further until next morning, as the river was too low. But how was the height to increase over night, without rain?—that was a query he disdained to answer. There we were: no village —no accommodation on the boat—and what was worse, nothing to eat;—besides this, the water, from the leak of the morning disaster, had already penetrated the cabin, and there was a prospect of the boat quietly sinking at the wharf. After a hasty debate on the "ways and means," we all started off for the nearest town some few miles distant. This proved only a change of evils; and after a slight taste of the cuisine, and a sight of the chambers, we agreed to return to our flag, and with the assistance of some fresh eggs, and our crest-fallen steward, "survive or perish." We did survive the night—some on carpet-bags, and others in extempore hammocks, swung among the chains. One talkative Frenchman argued himself to sleep upon the merits of Ricord's system of treatment.

Next morning we floated down the Rhone with our shattered bark, by St. Peray, where grows the delicious wine, and by the Chateau Grignan, where Madame de Sevigne lived and died; on by Orange to Avignon. And right glad was I to see this old seat of revelry. But one's troubles were not yet over. The porters of Avignon are world-famous, and we prepared to give them battle. Most unequal contest! Two trunks and a carpet-bag, backed by a cane and hatred to imposition, versus the whole blackguard population of a town. Talk of Saragossa, or the storming of Badajoz! In a council of war, it was unanimously agreed to resist all demands beyond five francs for the porterage, to the death. The boat landed

some distance from the town. The shore was crowded with the enemy: on they rushed, like Cossacks to the spoils!

"Ten francs! ten francs!" was the cry.

"Won't give more than five!" was the counter salute.

The combat thickened:—we were attacked in front, flank, and rear. The carpet-bag was carried by a "coup de main;" the white trunk surrendered after a spirited resistance. This caused a division of our forces, the respective owners following their conquered luggage, like so many captives. Still the struggle raged. We determined to make it one Thermopylæ—but, alas, the strap of our principal trunk gave way, and we were finally defeated, with the loss of five francs and an indefinite amount of temper. Oh! ye victorious porters of Avignon, had I but my college trunk, what a different story would my annals tell! But who can make a successful stand with such pasteboard things as these?

This Hotel de l'Europe is certainly one of the best in France. What capital fried potatoes—and then the sparkling St. Peray! After a hearty dejeuner, we sallied forth to see the Papal palace. It is remarkable for nothing but its immensity—a heap of irregular, massive walls, with lofty towers, at least 150 feet high. It is now a barrack. Within its walls was passed the Babylonish Captivity—a period of seventy years—a succession of seven popes. It also held Petrarch as a guest, and Rienzi as a prisoner. The papal throne is still preserved, and the balcony from which the benediction was pronounced. The tomb of Laura has disappeared, and her ashes have suffered equally with her reputation.

I shall not go to Vaucluse. Firstly—because I am no admirer of Petrarch: —and secondly—it is too stormy. The wind rages about that old papal reminiscence as if the spirit of Cæsar Borgia possessed it. What a set of luxu-

rious scoundrels those Avignon Popes were! Earthly sovereigns and heavenly viceroys, with a court whose profligacy stands unrivalled in the records of debauch. What a lesson to mankind of the power and abuse of spiritual despotism! Will they profit by it? I think not.

LEAF XIII.

AVIGNON, NISMES, AND ARLES.

MARSEILLES, 18—.

ON our journey from Avignon to Nismes we had the benefit of a very clever snow storm, which prevented our seeing the Pont de Gard; it, however, cleared up very beautifully as we entered the town. Here commenced the first real labor of sight-seeing. There was an immense Roman amphitheatre to be clambered over—a Roman fountain to be inspected—and judgment to be passed upon the famous Maison Carree. We set out early in the morning to our task. It was my first lesson in taste. In my opinion there is as much study required to appreciate ruins as there is in the acquisition of a language. That much abused word "picturesque," is supposed to be the all-sufficient in the composition of decay; and the intelligence necessary to build up the lost fabric is considered entirely superfluous. One stands by the side of a half shattered edifice, ignorant of its architecture, and indifferently versed in its era and history—an even more ignorant guide will babble of its uses, and the thousand probabilities, which his continued repetition has reduced to facts. Does it please the eye we pronounce it beautiful, and are satisfied; has it the stoop of age—the melancholy

shroud of ivy—we call it "picturesque;"—do we wish for information, we consult Murray. If I were asked for a receipt to make an amateur, I should prescribe one-third Murray to a full dose of brass. Such a man would become an oracle. I do remember in my younger days, to have studied architecture; but I must confess there remains, at this moment, with me a very contemptible knowledge of its origin, and its different gradations to perfection.

I admire the Maison Carree, and take it for granted that the proportions are faultless; but, at the same time, I feel certain of having no fixed rule to graduate its merits, and therefore take no interest in a critical examination. I must use it for the present as a mere instructor—a creator and fashioner of a correct taste.

The Amphitheatre is a perfect fac-simile of my ideal—a vast oval, with stone seats reaching from near its centre to its outer rim, step after step, to a dizzy height, and looking like a conqueror of ages. Arch upon arch, in beautiful regularity, supports the huge fabric. Nothing could be more grand and imposing than this simple array of seats.

In the Maison Carree is a collection of paintings, one of which struck me forcibly—it is Cromwell by the dead body of Charles, by Le Roche. He has just raised the lid of the coffin, and stands contemplating his victim. It is life-like, and one pauses involuntarily lest one's approach should startle the usurper from his fearless meditation. The costume is exact; and the contrast between the wan, cold face of the Stuart, and the calm yet thoughtful—the stern, yet not remorseless—gaze of Cromwell, is admirable; it is successful ambition at the goal of its hopes, yet not unmoved at the mournful traces of its triumphs. It made such a strong impression upon me, that I began to doubt the historical truth of the assertion that Cromwell did visit the corpse, and I could scarcely bring myself to

believe that even the iron-hearted Cromwell would dare to seek such a scene alone, at the dead of night. My nerves are not weak, but I should most assuredly have absented myself from Whitehall under the peculiar circumstances.

From Nismes to Arles we had part railroad, part coach. T——, thinking he was still in Germany, took our seats in what was called the wagon. When the bell rang and the gates opened, we moved under a weight of cloaks and other appurtenances of travel, towards the train. The conductor pointed out our locality—and, heaven knows! it was a wagon sure enough, without top or seats. The steam began to fizz and we began to fret. Could not think of travelling in that affair—the conductor refused to admit us into the regular cars, because we had not the necessary ticket—would not hear of our paying the difference to him—must go back to the office. The train showed symptoms of moving off—no other chance for Arles that day—should also miss the Marseilles diligence. Affairs grew desperate. I was about to seize the conductor by the nape of the neck, when the office clerk came along, and we had just time to bundle in, bag and baggage, as the inexorable engine started. I employed most of the time to Beaucaire in a Billingsgate assault upon the conductor; but he was fireproof, and had, besides, the hardihood to assert that I spoke bad French. My conscience would not allow me to dispute that.

At Arles we got a miserable dinner—a misfortune which I tried to remedy by seeking a dessert in the market place. It was a lucky hit, for I met as angelic a face as ever woke the minstrelsy of Heaven. It banished hunger, weariness, and vexation, and while the unconscious creature turned to say her prayers in the Cathedral, she little imagined she had already blessed a fellow being, and deserved thanks instead of bestowing them. So much for

the unknown benefits we sometimes lavish unawares! Perhaps we redeem our errors in some such manner. Delicious doctrine! Seriously, it is no small blessing to finish one's dinner with the music of a lovely face-tune. It requires a great delicacy of appetite to appreciate the boon, and I will not assert that it could be all-sufficient for an entire meal; still it goes a great way, and I have myself noticed that there is a slighter consumption of food in dining with a pretty woman than with an ugly one—always excepting the oyster dish, which should never be slighted, even in the presence of beauty.

Our diligence for Marseilles was a loose, rickety old machine; the cushions were hard, and the windows any thing but air-tight; the mistral, too—a mixture of all the infernal breath of boreas—was blowing terribly, and giving us no favorable impression of the much vaunted climate of the South of France. We did not get to Marseilles until five in the morning. Like a sensible man, I immediately crept into bed, and nothing but a most pressing appetite had the slighest influence in getting me out again.

I don't like Marseilles. It is a dirty, active, commercial town, with an innumerable quantity of ugly women, rowdy sailors, noisy savoyards, and brawling politicians. The opera is wretched: but then the national song was born here: "glory enough," as the Sage of Lindenwald observed.

Nice, 18—.

A French "dejeuner a la fourchette" is usually a great luxury, but especially so when it follows in the wake of a bad dinner and a tedious night-ride. I can scarcely realize the change. But a few hours ago, and my philosophy was wrecked, my body a prey to cold and famine, and my very identity a question;—and now my humanity could

embrace creation, and my content be the envy of kings. The very sun that plays upon my carpet, the air that idles 'mid these orange groves, is not more indifferent to the fate of to-morrow than myself. And what is the great cause of this languid satisfaction? Fried potatoes and a bottle of Beaune! Smile not, ye imitators of Lucullus—"Tall oaks from little acorns grow." The annoyances of travel are great; but then one has small glimpses of paradise occasionally. Now look at this garden my window opens upon—profuse in exotics, with the pomegranate and the orange in full bloom; feel this summer air, that comes so balmy from the bosom of the Mediterranean; inhale the fragrance of that jessamine and clematis, creeping so sociably into my very chamber; gaze upon the English girl, with her wavy hair, pretending to read in that arbor—and tell me if there is not a feeling of happiness, a quiet enjoyment, a negative kind of——pshaw! there is no real pleasure in creation—it is all "leather and prunella," a sort of comparative absence of misery. I am deceived by contrast with last night.

That diligence conductor! Would to heaven the mistrel had blown him from the top of the Appenines! He brought us to the gates of Toulon at four o'clock in the morning; there we had to sit and wait until 5—the hour for opening these nonsensical fortifications—with the wind howling around us like a madman, and our teeth chattering ridiculously. When we did get into the town at last, here was a delay of two hours before setting out for Nice. Not a cafe open! T—— and myself strolled towards the dock, and were met with the "qui vive" of a sentinel. We turned back, and by dint of hands and feet aroused the inmates of the cafe. A bad "bavoiroise" was the only result—better than nothing.

At 7 we got started again, and reached Draguignan at

5 P. M. Here we were fed most wretchedly; but then there was comfort in the prospect of getting to Nice by 7 next morning. Seven o'clock came—but no Nice. I was hungry as a wolf, had slept poorly, and the air came with a chilling salutation from the sea. On we drove, through olive groves, with an occasional glance of the Mediterranean, on which the morning sun was shining gloriously; but I had no eye for the beautiful just then, and my only approach to pleasure was in waking the conductor every half hour to inquire the distance to Nice. The villain sank into slumber again with the ease of a negro. What did he care for our sufferings? Had I been the Autocrat, Siberia should have been his least punishment.

Eight—nine—ten o'clock, and Nice came at last into sight. The worst was over! No, not yet—the unqualified scoundrel drove us under the scaffolding of a house just being erected; one of the logs scraped the top of our vehicle. Crash! went something to the earth. I felt a presentiment of evil. I looked out of the window, and beheld, oh, fate! the "mangled remains" of my trunk and a small wine cask, to which the shock of the fall had communicated an unseasonable "flow of spirits." The red juice of its bacchanal profusion was fast reaching my wardrobe. I smiled sweeter than patience ever did at grief. There could be nothing beyond this but destruction, and I was resigned. The Christian conquered the man. With the dignity of Hamlet's ghost, I pointed to the wreck of all my worldly goods, and requested, in the softest voice imaginable, to have the corpse carried with care to my hotel. Upon the conductor I disdained to look—the expense of striking a man being five hundred francs and upwards. But now I forgive the wretch: I could even sign a petition for his promotion.

LEAF XIV.

NICE REFLECTIONS.

NICE, 18—.

NICE is full of English, consumptives, and orange trees. The climate may be very beneficial to invalids, but it strikes me as being too variable. Here and there may be a sheltered nook, alike free from wind and cold: but the presence of so many cloaks under a burning sun, proves the change which his withdrawal creates. You pass frequently from a tropic to a frigid by merely turning a corner, and the wind often gives chilling evidence of its presence. It matters little, however, where the physician sends you to die, for he never advises the change until death has endorsed your passport. The grave-yard here affords as comfortable accommodations as most places. The sexton is a "very nice sort of person," and would see one properly stowed away. It is very melancholy to observe these hasty candidates for Eternity gliding about—it makes one feel so insecure; though life be but a cloud-embrace, still we don't like to leave in the early train. It is one of the few expeditions we don't want to start upon, and the last bell finds us quite as unprepared as ever, though we have not a particle of baggage to attend to. The conductor is inexorable, and wants his complement. The omnibus is there, and one must go at last. Death's invitation is a horrid nervous sort of thing—worse than putting on a new hat and going into company. What an absurd idea of the ancients, to have Charon with only one boat, to row us across the Styx! Why, it would be another small life-time before one's turn came! The march of intellect

has been at work there, too, and we probably go by rail now at proportionate periods: 1st train for the victims of accident; 2d, consumptives; 3d, mixed; and, lastly, the stragglers who hold back longest with the aid of abstinence and devotion. Whether they have separate cars for the women is a question.

GENOA, 18—.

We have now been five days in "Genova la Superba." Rather too long a stay; but there is no boat, and the land journey to Leghorn is too fatiguing. There is not much to interest me here. I have admired the beautiful position of the town from all sides—the magnificent street of palaces—the Saracenic cathedral, and the home of the great Doria. I have heard the enrapturing "Il Lombardi" of the new composer, Verdi, and seen the brilliant eyes of the Marquisi B——.

As a general thing, the Genoese are not pretty. Their costume is captivating in the extreme. The loose veil thrown over the head adds greatly to this appearance. They walk well, too, and look picturesque when kneeling in the dim light of their churches. I find myself really in Italy. I asked the maitre d'hotel where the assignations were made. "Go to church," says he; "you won't be long finding out."

This sounded Italian; but my stock of the bastard Latin was too limited to take advantage of such opportunity.

The streets of Genoa, with one or two exceptions, are very narrow and very crooked. It would be an easy matter to jump from one window to the other, and the houses on each side are so high that you see but a small patch of Heaven between. The palaces in the Strada Nuova are superb. They seemed formed to laugh at time. What a glorious place this must have been in the days of its pride! When all this silent and decaying splendor had a

soul—when the princely Dorias ruled over land and sea, and the light of incessant revelry flashed along these marble walls! I could not help thinking of Genoa's faded glory as I stood last night in the ball-room amid the remnants of her own proud nobility. The inmates of these lofty palaces, too poor to light their festive fires, were content to sport the diamonds of generations in the foyer of a theatre! And yet they waltzed and laughed as joyously as though their ancestral halls were still the scene of their gaiety. True Philosophy!

That ball was a pleasant affair! Those soft bewildering eyes of the Marquisi B—— haunt me still. I should like to wear her chain—say one little month—she looks so seductive—nonsense! she is a mere coquette: I saw her give that very identical gaze of invitation, which sent me to Heaven, to a bald-headed Englishman—here was the sting—I will not give her another thought; still she is deuced nice for all that. Had an adventure the other evening, or what should have been an adventure. I started out to take a cruise with a Frenchman, who came with us from Nice. He seems to be a dealer in soap—at least he had a deuce of a row with the custom house officer as we crossed the border on account of some French soap which he called mere samples, but which the lord of the customs pronounced subject to duty. Monsieur protested—threatened the vengeance of the King: the searcher of trunks was immoveable, and insisted upon the payment of ten francs at least. No use in resisting, so the money was paid; as I condoled with the unfortunate man of soap, he showed some gratitude, and volunteered to accompany me as cicerone in my nocturnal prank. I had not determined upon the precise nature of our pursuit, but intended to be guided by circumstances. We had hardly reached the square in front of the Exchange, when an offer from one of those

amorous brokers, who frequent that spot, greeted us—"What kind of a demoiselle," says I,—"Is she a native, has she the true Doria stamp?" "If your excellencies will only come with me I will show you a beauty, a marquisi,"—"lead on!" says my guide, and away we went in the wake of the mercantile Cupid. He could not have been more than ten years of age—and I fervently hoped he might one day receive the benefit of Sunday School instruction—just at that moment he was a part of my system of amusement. He led us up one alley and down another, through a perfect labyrinth of passages; the Frenchman got alarmed, and talked of retreating; as this word is not in my vocabulary, I left him, and continued the hunt close upon the heels of the boy. He stopped soon after before the entrance of a high antique-looking house—the interior was dark as Erebus, but then I imagined the Marquisi's eyes were bright enough to dispense with gas; as a precautionary measure I took hold of the boy's coat tail, and gave the order to proceed; up we mounted—step after step—there seemed to be no end to the distance—it reminded me of St. Paul's; he paused at last in the middle of an entry, and told me to wait a moment until he announced my approach to the Aspasia of the establishment. I hesitated, but finally released my hold upon the coat, he disappeared in the surrounding darkness, and there I was in a narrow passage, black as midnight, ignorant of the position of the stairs, and unable to advance or recede without danger to my neck; I had no weapon on my person, and no faith in the police. Trap-doors and assassins flitted before my eyes, and the value of my purse and watch increased tenfold. I thought of Florimel in the Inconstant. Then the idea of being murdered in a low bawdy house—pardon me unknown marquisi!—without the satisfaction of filling a respectable

paragraph in the newspapers was insufferable—what would the world say?—the victim of curiosity and adventure would be pronounced a "bad young man," and my poor shattered reputation would be carried about piecemeal in the pockets of the different Mrs. Candours of my acquaintance. At this stage of my reflections I heard some one groping his way stealthily towards me—my ears were sensitive to the slightest noise, and the sound of a velvet foot would not have escaped them—near and more near came the fancied murderer—now or never—I rushed forward and threw myself upon the opposing foe—my "prophetic soul" was wrong—it was only Cupid returning to announce that Aspasia was engaged with some happier Pericles, and I turned to seek the Hotel Feder, perfectly satisfied with the result. The Frenchman received me with open arms, regarding it as a special resurrection—"The gods take care of Cato"—but the next time I visit the haunts of love it shall be with a "bare bodkin" at least. I idolize excitement—but there is no sense in playing the Leander on shore, and disappearing in some Italian mud-puddle.

The churches begin to give evidence of the former wealth and superstition of Roman Catholicism. To the bare walls and Gothic chastity of the North, have succeeded the rich abundance of Southern ornament and the luxurious outlay of Southern profusion. Spiritual influence stands embodied here in all its pomp. Shrines of untold cost—pillars of the rarest stone—walls encased in marble—gilt altars and frescoed ceilings—all attest the enthusiasm of devotion; the influence of priestly power and Papal veneration. Step into the cathedral at what hour you will, some penitent is kneeling—some mass is saying—some vesper pealing. Turn to the other chapels on your route, the same scene presents itself: one crowd of devotees follows another in successive prayer, and were it

not for the wicked glance of some frail worshipper, as she tells her rosary, one might suppose the Genoese world thought but of Heaven. Breathed but comprehended not is their fervent orison, and the moral light of Godhead streams as dimly on their vision as the dying rays of the sun fall upon the deep fret-work—the faded picturing and the hidden sculpture of their solemn cathedral.

LEGHORN, —.

This Thompson's Hotel is a forlorn affair—Murray's recommendation to the contrary notwithstanding. Dirty linen and bad attendance are the acme of worthlessness. Thank fortune! it won't last long! We came from Genoa in the steamer "Ocean," and such a steamer! Eight berths to about forty passengers. Most of those she had brought from Marseilles left her, as unseaworthy, upon their arrival at Genoa; but we were too anxious to get off to regard that circumstance. Her machinery moved with a sort of spasmodic effort, and I expected every moment to see it expire. The piston rod had such a languishing manner that I could easily have written my name upon it before its return to the cylinder, had I not feared the increased pressure of the pencil might stop its movement altogether. But the night was clear, and the sea calm as a stoic. The berthless parties lay strewed about on the coffee-bags and canvas that crowded the deck. I took up a position near the boiler, with the two-fold prospect of warmth and short-work, in case of explosion. But an explosion is an unknown experiment, as I afterwards learned. There was quite a pretty young French girl shared my coffee-bag; but a sharp attack of sea-sickness destroyed the effect of some trifling amiabilities which I had bestowed upon her. Neptune was too powerful a rival for me to vie with, so I handed her over

to his attention. Her sisters soon followed suit, and it was ludicrous to see the despair which seized upon the camp at the approach of this marine assault. They had crouched amidships, surrounded with blankets and sheets, like a Gipsy party. Anon they rose and stalked about like phantoms in their unearthly shrouds. Another moment, and they stood in admirable disorder along the balustrade of the steamer, gazing into the sea. The agony had come. What to them was the "deeply, darkly, beautiful blue?"—what the pale stars and the unwritten poetry of the Ideal?—the music of the mermaid and the love inciting breath of the pure Heaven? Nothing. Their whole existence was narrowed down to a horrid something indicated by no equivocal position of the hand. Yes! it was a reality! The things of yesterday and to-day were before their eyes—"relics of joy"—fleeting and painful.

What a damnable nuisance the liver is! The morning sun shone gaily on the pale faces of our Gipsy party as we rode into the dock. Here we had to wait one hour for a clean bill of health before we could land, assailed all the time by a host of boatmen. Our permit came, and we jumped into the nearest boat. In it was the Marquisi Seatti, a gay, vicious-looking Milanese, with a husband twice as old as herself, and ugly as a tallow-candle. On our way to shore, T—— and myself indulged in sundry English remarks on the beauty of the wife and the hideousness of the owner. Methought the Marquisi's eyes sparkled as her hand played with the water of the bay. But there was no time for close observation, as the land-sharks were already upon us, and our luggage captured. I resigned myself to fate, and followed to the hotel, paid exorbitantly, and have since discovered that our boat should have landed us at the very door.

We are progressing rapidly in our knowledge of tricks

upon travellers. Nothing like experience! We went to a mask ball, given the evening of our arrival. It was a slim affair—few maskers, but plenty of spectators. The girls in the boxes were handsome—a compound of Jew and Italian. There was very little dancing. Most of the parties seemed satisfied with promenading about and lolling in the balcony. They must have a poor idea of real bal masque.

In the public square I saw, for the first time, an itinerant vender of elixirs, a regular Dulcemara. He was standing in an open barouche, and haranguing the crowd upon the merits of a plaster which he held in his hand. A more fluent orator never addressed a mass meeting. It was astonishing what an effect he produced. I could not understand his language, but his gesture was inimitable. At the close, many purchasers advanced, fully persuaded of the unfailing sanitary power of the preparation. The quack himself was an oddity. A real Italian face, with a shabby hat and a tremendous shirt collar, which served as a sort of barricade to a heavy pair of whiskers, and contrasted strongly with a rose-tinted nose, which threatened explosion to any powder magazine within firing distance. Such florid characters are not found out of Italy. She certainly has the honor of producing the most perfect specimen of vagabond in creation. There must be something in the soil—or is it the Pope? Poor "Italia!" verily, thy "dower is present woe!" Thou hast quaffed deeply of the cup of conquest, and played the spoiler till the very earth grew weary of thy ponderous weight, and now art thou partitioned out like old stray trinkets among the vandal dynasties thou didst quicken into life. Thy people have scarcely a national character left, and strangers do stare at thee

through their "eye-glasses," and wonder over the fragments of thy still regal toilet.

T—— talks of changing his route, and going through Pisa to Florence. I am sorry, but cannot help it. My way leads along the shore of the Mediterranean. Our passports begin to grow troublesome and expensive. They are only intended as a support for government loafers. I forgot to visit the tomb of Smollet. Must attend to that in the morning. Oh! the toil of travel.

LEAF XV.

ARRIVAL AT NAPLES.

Hotel New York, Naples.

Here have we "pitched our tent" for at least three weeks—long enough for a good breathing spell. Our quarters are comfortable—terms reasonable. My window looks out upon the world-renowned bay, with Ischia and Vesuvius in the distance. The landlord talks English, and altogether I promise myself a pleasant sojourn.

Our trip from Leghorn was much more satisfactory than our previous experience had led us to expect. We had a good steamer and an excellent captain. The first object that saluted me as I touched the dock, was the roguish eyes of the Marchesi Seatti. There was a singular intelligence in their glance,—not disguised during the course of my English remarks with T—— at the dinner-table, and it was afterwards explained by Captain Olive informing me that the Marquisi spoke English as well as

I did ; but, very fortunately for me, her husband was unacquainted with the language, or "pistols and coffee" might have been requisite. Had I been at all doubtful of this fact, it would have been confirmed by the decided pertinacity with which she always exhibited her foot after my remarking to T——, as she stepped into the boat at Leghorn, that it would be an excusable adoration to kiss the Pope's foot, if it was any thing like the Marquisi's. She left us at Civita Vecchia, and as I raised my hat to return her flattering bow, a smile of mischievous sweetness played upon her face; she had overreached me, but if we ever meet again, I will pay her back with interest. She is welcome to my opinion, and if there is any truth in eyes, she did not dissent from my estimate of her own and her husband's qualities. I must be more careful hereafter.

The sea became very rough as we left the harbor of Civita Vecchia, and they took advantage of it to give us our dinner. Rather a thin table. T—— could scarcely conceal his emotion at sight of the soup, and retired to his sofa. I survived three courses, but found fresh air indispensable, so mounted upon deck. Here I found fast-coming darkness and a pretty stiff breeze. The excitement revived me some, and Captain Olive came finally to the rescue, took me into his own cabin, and over his stories, flavored with good brandy and water, I soon forgot the demon. There we sat, until near midnight, dwelling upon the beauty of women and steam.

When I returned to the cabin, I found an impudent Frenchman occupying the spot allotted to me. It was a shelf close to the stern-lights. It was bad enough to have no berth or sofa at all, but it became insufferable when your only miserable place of refuge was invaded in this manner. My brandy potations had been too deep to parley long, so I woke the steward, and asked him if platform No. 70 belonged to me.

"Undoubtedly," says he.

"Then go and summon that Frenchman to descend."

The steward obeyed. But Monsieur did not feel the force of his remarks, nor the justice of my claim, and merely grumbled out a positive refusal. This was sufficient—equal to a declaration of war. I mounted the platform, seized the croaking sleeper by his woolen night-cap —it was his weak point!

He screamed out, "Doucement—doucement, Monsieur!" (gently—gently, sir;) and was on the floor of the cabin before I had time to finish the demonstration.

He muttered something like "Quelle fureur!" (what excitement,) and started to play the porcupine some place else, while I climbed into the vacated throne, and dreamed of Marchesi Seatti.

We entered the bay of Naples some three hours after sunrise. It was a delightful morning. The sea had calmed, and whole fleets of fishing craft lay scattered around us. The approach to Naples, though extravagantly extolled, deserves all the praise bestowed upon it.

It bears no similarity whatever to New York Bay. They are as different in their respective beauties, as land and water well can be. Both have their claims, and it is a difficult matter to decide to which the preference belongs. The accessories here are certainly great additions to its beauty. There is Baiai, St. Elmo, Vesuvius, Castelemare, Salerno, the islands Ischia and Capri; each in themselves would establish the scenic reputation of any locality. What then must be their effect in combination? For my part, cold as my eye is to the beauties of inanimate nature, I can sit by the hour and look out upon this enchanting scene. Whether it is the languid influence of the climate or a new sense before undeveloped, I know not; but certain it is I feel no more that wearisome ennui of idleness,

and time flies as rapidly in my objectless occupation, as it would in the hour of active pleasure.

I have become a real dreamer. From the life and bustle of the Via Toledo, I find myself turning to the quiet walks of the Villa Reale, to watch the tideless flow of the Mediterranean. I am not in love. Therefore it must be the climate that has produced this revolution in my temperament. This it is makes the lazzaroni the child of nobody—who does nothing—lives on nothing. The climate is his creator and support. He is a being as distinctly separated from his fellow-citizens in feelings, habits, and inclinations, as the terrapin is from the fish. He holds about the same rank in the social system that the oyster does in the animal kingdom; and if only the Almighty had endowed him with a shell to crawl into at certain seasons, the lazzaroni would be the most fortunate of creatures. As it is, he consoles himself with lodging in a fish-basket during the summer, and disappears like the swallow in winter. This mode of life has its advantages: family cares, family loves, and family quarrels, are alike unknown to him; and when you see the little lazzaroni crawling about like a mud turtle on a log, you take it for granted he is a spontaneous growth, not to be recognized by the census; he costs the government nothing, and his parental claims are more visionary than the profits of the South Sea Company. In this respect the lazzaroni is excessively fashionable. It would be a positive vulgarity to recognise his offspring. He gives the brat an existence, and casts him into the market-place, as though he was hurling a planet into its orbit. Instinct and climate do the rest. The infant lazzaroni expands into a red cap and a piece of blanket; he is then fit for society, and becomes a frequenter of the Mole. When not in a state of torpidity, he is either being amused at the ha-

rangue of the improvisatore, or playing sentinel over a stem of old segar stumps, paraded before him like soldiers, upon brown paper. These figments of tobacco are his real estate: hence his income, and woe betide that minister who would dare to tax it. It keeps all his ingenuity alive to prevent the encroachments of his fellow lazzaroni upon his stock. I have seen the title to one-sixteenth of a segar stump disputed with as much ability as the Girard will case; and invariably during the course of the argument, the subject matter would disappear most mysteriously.

When a lazzaroni once reaches the rental of a terni per day,—which is about a half-cent,—he becomes a capitalist, and, were they a business community, would be quoted on 'change. It is a great mistake to suppose that the lazzaroni is a consumer of maccaroni; that is a delicacy far beyond his means, and it is only after ransacking the pocket of some stranger, and disposing of the spoil, that he indulges in any extravagance of that kind. Melon is his principal article of food, and this only after it has passed through first hands. You will always find him lying in wait for a dinner at the melon merchants, and the half-eaten particle passes out of your hands to run the gauntlet through a row of hungry applicants, until it degenerates into the smallest possible piece of rind, which is magnanimously left in the street for the chiffonnier to gather up. When the lazzaroni wears out—for he never dies—they drop him into the Campo Santo, wardrobe and all, without the formality of a dirge or the discord of a will. Your Diogenes was a fool compared to these fellows. He was an inferior sort of ancient lazzaroni, and yet the world calls him a philosopher par excellence, while a thousand real philosophers doze unnoticed along that sunny market-place; but things are changed, and what once was honored as splendid stoicism, this active age calls shameless indo-

lence. The police don't allow men to live in tubs now-a-days. It would be evading the house-tax, and any eccentric character who might be found running about with a "Lantern," would be indicted for burglarious intent.

LEAF XVI.

IN AND ABOUT NAPLES.

Hotel, New York, Naples.

The last day of the Carnival here was not celebrated with much ardor; the rain interfered with the frolic, and, after one or two turns in the Via Toleda, the maskers retired. The San Carlos closed that night,—they gave us an opera and ballet. The theatre is immense, but badly lighted. It was crowded to suffocation. The ballet corps is one of the finest I have yet seen. The first danseuse, without being an Ellsler, was a most graceful, captivating creature—and, strange to say, is called positively "sage." I am sorry that Lent has put a stop to the theatrical season.

We went yesterday to the Musée Borbonico. The collection of paintings did not please me so much as I had anticipated. But the marbles are superb—I expect to see nothing finer at Rome or Florence. There is a draped Aristides beyond all praise. The ideal cannot conceive any thing more characteristic of the calm, proud, upright victim of popular frailty than is stamped upon those marble features. It is the very personification of conscious rectitude—half indignant—half lamenting the littleness of human nature. The hand is the only limb visible; and

the dignity of the attitude greatly enhanced by this complete folding of the person in the majesty of drapery. It looks so natural, yet is so unlike every-day apparel. The Flora is airiness itself, although colossal. The famous group called "il Tauro Farnese" I could not exactly understand. Are they tying the woman to the bull? or are they releasing her? I have no classical dictionary with me, and have forgotten, if I ever knew the story. It is very spirited, and the sculptor who restored the bull's head deserves a monument. The Farnese Hercules stands in the same room with "Il Tauro." The great skill of the ancient sculptor is apparent in this statue. What under other hands must have become a mere clumsy mass of muscles, presents here the finest combination of natural proportion and evident strength, not the impression of mere size—but real beauty of shape and ease of limb. Among a host of Venuses is the Venus Callipyge—she who successfully disputes the pretensions of the Medici,—and a sweet creation she is! not the modest, startled, timid novice, that genius delights to represent her—but the saucy, warm, inviting Queen of Love, whose life was one voluptuous sea of passion, and whose character was neither shy, bashful, nor intellectual. I have seen tolerably correct copies of the Medici and the Venus of the Capitol. As embodiments of the purely ideal, they seem perfect. Finer forms never blessed the fancy. They are the very type of love's young dream. But, still, not the Venus of Cyprus—who was a thing to feed on—an every day enjoyment—a real woman! They are mere Nympholepsies, and could Pygmalion give life to the Venus de Medici to-morrow, his passion would calm itself to sleep under the gaze of her cold, unearthly, intellectual face. She looks the essence of pure Platonism, whose serenity of soul no emotion could ever ruffle—and yet they call her the repre-

sentative of a goddess who was entirely and completely a woman, with all a woman's charms, her faults, her follies, and her feelings. Look at that delicate head of the Medici, that lofty brow, that thin, unsensual lip, that shrinking expression, and tell me if it conveys a correct idea of her who cuckolded Vulcan, flirted with Mars and ravished Adonis. As the wanton Goddess of Love, the Naples Venus stands unrivalled. The attitude alone is decisive, it is so original—the half-turned head, the playful uplifting of the robe, the careless exposure of the limbs, the coquettish manner, all bespeak the enchanting art of the fair Cyprian. Then the expression of the face is so characteristic, mischievous, confident and tantalizing, full of warmth and sensibility, yet disposed to make you woo before you win. The right breast and shoulder can truly challenge Nature. Nor is classical correctness of feature the least charming part of her face. There was a young French girl looking rather superciliously at the legs, as if she could present a better pair if allowed to mount the pedestal. But such comparison would be dangerous for any legs that have yet come under my observation, and I have seen not a few good ones in my time.

The gem of the collection, in my poor opinion, is a mutilated head of Psyche. There is little left save the face—but such a face! It has the very expression which I always thought impossible for the sculptor to give to marble—which I have never before seen, and which I never expect to see again. The stronger passions of agony, pride, disdain, breathe under the chisel—as also the calm, reflective, passionless caste of beauty; but there is a half melancholy, subdued sweetness of face, the impression of which the sculptor labors in vain to effect. The absence of the eye, so necessary to accomplish this, seems too decisive to be counterbalanced by his skill. The face of the Sphynx

approaches nearest to it. Still, there is too great an air of meditation—not enough of feeling—in fact, mind is too evidently the predominating power in all marble faces in repose. True, the Venus Callipyge has warmth, but it is the warmth of mere lasciviousness, which is gained by giving a voluptuous manner or attitude. The Psyche alone embodies the idea of the pure, strong, earthly love; she alone possesses that unutterable gentleness—that thoughtful presence of emotion which ought to accompany it;—the downcast look, the softly veiled anxiety, the dejected bend of the head, are there;—the joy that was—the sadness that is—the sorrow that may be—are all blended in exquisite harmony, and you pause to watch her soul awake from its sleep. The history of earth's most beautiful passion, in all its phases, breathes in that eloquent fragment. I shall certainly have a hand in the next revolution in Naples, if it is only to take advantage of the commotion to steal Psyche. Some future Massaniello may be loafing in the sun at this present moment, biding his time. If it were not for Austria, it would be an easy matter to upset this throne. The soldiers never fight, and the king has no other support, as he farms out all the offices—receiving a stated sum for each monopoly. Beautiful system! Not at all liable to abuse! Why, the custom house officer ran after me to the hotel to get his bribe. I discharged him with a lecture upon breach of trust—but it was labor lost, as he did not understand me.

Thus far the Italian women have disappointed me. With the exception of the Genoese Marchisè, I have not seen a decidedly handsome woman. They have brilliant eyes, and hair like midnight; but they don't look clean, are badly dressed, and have miserable limbs. There seems to be no middle class of society among them: over-

dressed ladies and under-dressed slovens are the whole extent of the division. They have but two occupations—love and devotion. The morality of the upper classes I know nothing about,—rumor makes it bad enough: that of the lower classes is below par.

I called with an Italian friend upon the first danseuse of the San Carlo; after ascertaining my intentions she declined the honor, but recommended me to her sister; this almost rivalled Cato—but it was outdone by a Maltese, who after several attempts to please my fastidious taste presented me to a young girl of scarcely fourteen—who spoke three languages, and was desirous of finishing her accomplishments by becoming a mistress; after pronouncing upon her merits, I asked her origin and the terms of purchase—the girl was her own daughter, and the equivalent was eight Napoleons; I smiled as I thought of our missionaries converting the heathen. Last evening near the Palace, I met a blind man led by a good specimen of Italian beauty—dark complexion, stealthy eye, all fire and softness, prominent breast and magnificent head of hair—partly from pity, more from admiration, I poured a lot of small coin into her extended hand—she looked at them a moment with sparkling eyes, then smiling most graciously asked me when I would come to see her; so much for my own experience of Naples' morality. Perhaps a vain man might find some palliation for such conduct in his own assassinating qualities; but excess of flattery would hardly dare to rank me beyond the deucedly genteel, or the quietly insinuating.

POMPEII.

We have visited Pompeii and Herculaneum. It was a good day's work. The former is particularly interesting. Some workmen were still employed in excavating. It is

quite a slow process. The French, during their occupation accomplished more in that short time than the present Government have yet done. According to the map, full two-thirds of the city still remain buried; but it is probable that the best portion has been brought to light. The collection formed from this disentombed city, in the Musée Borbonico, is immense. Mosaics, frescoes, sculpture, gems —all that bespeaks perfection of art and civilization is crowded in overwhelming evidence of the luxury, genius and refinement of these people. In the "Secret Cabinet," too, is also the damning confirmation of a lasciviousness and wanton brutality which can even shame the modern French metropolis. It would seem as if excess of civilization necessarily denaturalized mankind, and while external beauty wooed the eye in every shape, instead of elevating, it degraded the senses. It is both melancholy and humiliating to wander through these empty rooms, stripped of their ornaments, save here and there, some fragment of Mosaic or some half-obliterated fresco,—and to think that all our efforts are bounded by a bourne long since reached in these unburied walls, and that our boasted march of intellect has had a parallel in the calendar of time. The seal of two thousand years has been removed, and we discover the corpse of a mere provincial town of the Roman Empire, arrayed in more than the laborious splendor of our most exalted capitals. Pshaw! We are but imitators! I shall not be at all astonished if they dig up a steam engine some day in one of the Roman villas.

The most singular feature of Pompeii, to me, was the presence of tombs on the public street, and the existence of an assignation house immediately opposite the Temple of the Vestal virgins,—the latter was rather a suspicious circumstance. We had a French viscount with us, whose

highest eulogium was "tres original." He could not get beyond that. He wore a Grecian cap, and carried his sketch-book under his arm; but his artistical labors began and ended with an elaborate attempt upon the outline of a baker's machine for grinding. He fell in love at first sight with a deuced homely English girl, who was in the forum, dividing her time between a sandwich and a sketch of some marble columns, that stood around. I told him he might have the girl in welcome, if he only allowed me the sandwich, as I was awfully famished. It is astonishing what an appetite ruins do create. It is shameful that one's mortality should become so prominent in the midst of immortality.

Upon entering the theatre, we were assailed by a hideous remnant of humanity in the shape of a beggar. Indeed, the whole of Pompeii abounds in nuisances of this kind. One scoundrel was playing the guitar, and cutting the most ridiculous antics imaginable. A lover of the picturesque might have been delighted with his gesture and appearance; but had I been an emperor, he should have been hung with his own guitar string to the nearest pillar in the Temple of Justice. I would have revived the supremacy of that tribunal over the surrounding fragments. Such an unqualified vagabond desecrating the abodes where Grecian elegance once vied with Roman wealth to furnish forth attraction!

On our return, we passed some beautiful villas, filled with the blossoms and flowers of spring. They looked like delightful retreats, recalling the scenes of many a romance, whose pages glow with a luxury of description only verified in such a land. There is certainly something in the climate which renders mere animal existence an enjoyment. To mount the Hill of St. Elmo on a clear day, and stroll leisurely along its ridge far as the Grotto of Posillipo—through the villas of Regino and Ruffo—is an absolute

pleasure. The sense of toil is completely overcome by the enchantment around, and it is only upon descending again to the shores of the Mediterranean, one feels the exhausting power of this most enervating of climates. Shelley's "Lines written in Dejection by the bay of Naples" must have had birth after such a stroll, doubtless caused by the reaction of an excess which such a temperament as his must have indulged in amid such scenery.

LEAF XVII.

IN AND ABOUT NAPLES.

HOTEL NEW YORK, NAPLES.

I DON'T like the Naples cuisine. Fish and maccaroni are the only two things worth eating. The fruit is excellent—the wine decidedly bad; the famous Lachryma Christi is among the most wretched liquids I have yet tasted. One drop of ether to a pint of water would make capital Lachryma Christi! The Capri suits my palate best. There is also a wine called Marsala, has the flavor of an indifferent Madeira, but it is too powerful for summer work; it takes two persons to manage a bottle.

Two months might be killed very agreeably here with a nice female companion and a carriage. The out-of-door life of these people affords an infinite variety of amusement for an observer of matters and things. One has only to roam the market-place during the day, and turn into the puppet-shows at night, to find enough of Italian oddity and mischief to employ all one's faculties. An Italian quarrel is well worth seeing. There is a bustle and gesticulation about it not to be found out of Italy. It begins

with a fierce threat of assault, and closes with a tremendous exercise of tongue, after having drawn in all the bystanders, and elicited energy enough to have stormed a fortress. The women are particularly eminent, and much more likely than their lords to make a striking demonstration. It is really fearful to have one of them open the campaign against you; and before I became acquainted with the extent of the damage consequent upon it, I had some difficulty to keep from flinching; but now I should as soon expect a stroke of lightning from a cloudless sky as a blow from an Italian—at least, openly. Their religion is a strange business. I never can look at a procession of the Host with any thing like becoming gravity—it is utterly impossible. I try my best. Such a straggling group of patched humanity as it presents! and then the ludicrous energy with which the ringers agonize their bells, and the tattered breeches of the boys peeping out from beneath their ceremonial robes like a rat in a palace! The vagabonds in the rear, too, are a precious set! They crowd together, muttering their doleful aves in a sort of chorus with the bells, and they have scarcely finished the strain before you may detect the identical fellows picking a pocket, or offering a woman. The most famous assignation house here has a virgin in fresco at the head of the stairs, with an "ora pro nobis" beneath; and a girl when making love invariably takes the rosary from her wrist, and lays it carefully aside. No matter what the occupation may be, the outward form of devotion is never neglected, and there is no imaginable excitement which could make them forgetful of this duty. The villain who is telling a lie at every step—the prostitute who is seeking to ensnare you—will each go through the necessary ceremony at every sacred image they may pass. Incomprehensible compound of veneration and disobedience of God's

laws! I have stood by the side of many a girl in the cathedral merely to watch with what facility she could change her upturned gaze of devotion into a passionate glance of unequivocal earthly fervor. It is the result of the system. The prescribed form gone through with, and the sin-freed spirit may wander again wherever it listeth. A convenient religion, both to live and to die by. Should ever the weight of my crimes press too heavily upon my conscience, I shall throw myself upon the bosom of the Italian form of belief, and go to Heaven on the wings of a wafer. But save me from being buried in the Campo Santo here. It is a beautiful spot, and its tales of horror mere fictions; but then it is full of lizards, and I hate their crocodile shape, bright eyes, and rapid movements; it would be worse than hell to have such companions. If there was any truth in transmigration of souls, I should believe them to be ancient Romans. They haunt all these old ruins with the pertinacity of undying love. The very first object I saw at Pompeii was a lizard, and I never lay my hand upon old ivy without starting a dozen as green and glossy as its leaves. It makes me shudder to see these noiseless creature—these tenants of decay; and I would rather have a host of jackalls howling around me. The doctrine of antipathy is strongly marked between us, and I shall be careful to give my executors orders not to bury me in their neighborhood. Byron should never have written those lines in the Giaour:

> "It is as if the dead could feel
> The icy worm around them steal."

How did I get upon this subject?—Off soundings!

The ascent of Vesuvius is over. The French viscount accompanied us, and we had a fine day for the operation. The fatigue of mounting is greatly exaggerated, and I was

agreeably disappointed to find it such easy work. There was some disputing about our choice of a vehicle, and I was desirous to try the merits of the famed curriculo: but we finally took a carriage to Portici, where we found our guide and horses. The necessity for a guide was not apparent to me during the whole course of the business. The road is perfectly plain, and there is always some straggler about to take charge of the horses. As it was, we started with a bona fide guide and some four extra loafers, who managed to attach themselves as suite to the cavalcade, and who were of no possible use to us. I had my misgivings of the result, and attempted to discharge this volunteer accompaniment; but the thing was impossible. There is no getting rid of an Italian when he has once touched your bridle-rein. He then becomes a part of the animal, and it is like divorcing body and soul to separate them. At the Hermitage there was also another nuisance, called a guard, joined us, with the ostensible purpose of protecting us from robbery the remainder of the way; but we saw nothing of him afterwards until he came to claim his pay; and we might have been stabbed, buried, and rose from the dead, before he would have been aware of the fact.

The whole base of Vesuvius is one scene of desolation—worse than desolation—for it is the violence of nature in its most infernal form; whole miles of rough, black, upturned lava, lying like huge masses of iron ore in wild disorder. Nothing could leave a more fearful memorial of its destructive presence. War has its wreck—decay its herbage—even the desert has its palm and shrub; but here all is one dark, lifeless, mis-shapen waste. Over these hard breakers the horses picked their way with difficulty to the foot of the ascent. Here we left them, and began to climb. It is not more than twenty minntes'

walk, but laborious on account of the footing. One must choose a path among lumps of lava, which, lying loose, often give way under the foot, and cause some bruises, if one is not provided with stout boots. The ascent, for a tolerable pedestrian, costs but little exertion; though out of practice I walked to the summit without a pause. T—— and the vicompte had more difficulty; the latter, however, mounted unassisted by the guides. T—— took the whole crowd into service, some pulling in front, others pushing from behind; and he had scarcely reached the top before they all claimed pay. This was as I expected. With this hope they had perseveringly trotted along the whole distance, and now with some show of justice they came down like locusts upon poor T——. Their demand was enormous. We resisted, and appealed to our bona fide guide. He, of course, sided with his satellites, (no doubt receiving a per centage upon the amount swindled, to silence the scoundrels.) T—— paid the claim, and I threatened to throw the first one into the crater who dared to follow us another step. They vanished, and we had leisure to examine things unmolested. The wind was favorable, and we got a good view.

"*Il fume joliment!*" (it smokes beautifully!) says the Frenchman.

And, sure enough, it not only smoked, but showered fire in the most demoniacal style. The small cone within the main crater had bursted on one side, and the lava was pouring out red-hot. It moves very languidly, and had been some days reaching but a trifling distance.

We descended to the space between the outer rim of the crater and the base of the interior cone. It was rather hot and sulphurous down there, and our poor dog began to howl dreadfully from the pain; but follow us he would, even where it was almost red hot; and my consideration

for the animal induced me to shorten our visit. It is at best but a foolish undertaking, and only results in the destruction of one's boots. I saw nothing down there but horrid sulphur and molten lava; besides, it is not very agreeable to have the infernal machine belching fire close by you, and every few seconds hurling myriads of red hot stones into the air above your head. These must occasionally be dodged, as they fall sometimes rather erratically. Then there is no telling when the emetic may become stronger, and I should dislike to be caught in such a shower without a fire-proof umbrella, or something of the kind. To me the sight of Vesuvius was shocking in the extreme. A continual roar like the surging sea, a shock, a belch, a dash of flaming liquid, and a mingled storm of smoke, fire and fragments in rapid succession, form the principal features of this monster. It was a capital idea of the ancients to suppose the existence of some Titanic form struggling to release itself from this mass. The agony seems tremendous, and each throb appears to threaten an instant rending of its fiery prison. It is a miniature edition of Hell, "well got up," and likely to awaken serious reflections upon the locality and character of that much-disputed place.

We dined on eggs and capri, with which our landlord had furnished us on setting out, and then prepared for our downward march. The descent is made from another side of the mountain, where the lava is like sand, and one sinks ancle-deep at every step. It is tolerably steep, and care must be taken to preserve a just balance if one descends rapidly. It is rather a pleasant undertaking. The vicompte and myself dashed off at a furious rate, taking immense strides and sinking almost knee-deep into the soil. About half-way down we brought up from exhaustion and laughter. I looked back to see what had become of T——.

I noticed something rolling towards us with desperate rapidity, the guide following with vain attempts to arrest its progress. On it came like a small avalanche. The vicompte made a demonstration to seize it, but it passed him with the quickness of thought. I had but a moment for preparation. I sank myself deep in the lava about the line it must take, and prepared for the encounter. It came with a shock of a battering ram against me, but I succeeded in checking any further progress. When we picked the article up, it proved to be T——, out of breath, and not a little alarmed at this manner of proceeding. He had forgotten the doctrine of specific gravity as connected with equilibrium, and would most assuredly have shamed the speed of steam by the time he reached the bottom; but the experiment would have cost him his life. Had he been frictioned to a skeleton, I should have still been obliged to laugh. As it was, the damage was trifling, and the remainder of our descent was accomplished in safety.

On the road back to Portici, the Vicompte, too, had his accident. When he first mounted his charger, I perceived he was no Dazzle, and that riding could scarcely be ranked among the number of his accomplishments. Thus far he had managed his steed with vigor, but unfortunately his confidence on the return became too great, and he would frequently turn round in his saddle to take a parting look at Vesuvius. In one of these farewell ecstacies I thought I heard "Mon Dieu!" rather too emphatically pronounced, and turned to see what the vicompte was about,—we were riding single file, and he was close behind me,—the unhappy man was in an agony; by his frequent twistings the saddle-girth had loosened, and the saddle was slowly evincing a downward tendency. The vicompte, instead of jumping off when he found his seat precarious, dropped the bridle, and, like all novices, clasped the saddle more closely

with his legs and hands. The consequence was he only hastened the movement, and, before I could reach him, fell upon his head. The horse stood stock still, and the Frenchman picked himself up with another "Mon Dieu!" and an anxious, enquiring gaze at his Grecian cap—for this was of much more consideration than his head—the mischief was not great in either quarter, though I suspect, by the aid of a fine-tooth comb, there might have been some killed and wounded numbered. As a Frenchman never laughs at another's misfortunes, I respected his, but it was at the risk of my life. I never felt so strong an inclination to roar. The chapter of accidents was completed by our being too late for dinner, and we had to wait one hour, half-famished, before the arbiter of destiny announced "soup!"

In the evening I went to hear Anna Bishop sing in "Tancredi." There was a sprig of regality in the royal box, and a cold-faced blonde, whose dull look could never take back the imagination to the days of Joanna of Naples. Alas! for the splendour—the influence—the security of those days! Thrones are still facts, to be sure, but facts which Mind is fast wasting into shadows, and which, one hundred years hence, may be as unsubstantial as the glory of those scenes which made this land "a marvel and a spell." We ask now, where is the poison and the dagger, which once were the familiar furniture of these thrones?—and posterity may ask, where are the throne and sceptre themselves? What will rule in their stead, is the future mystery.

I flatter myself that is nonsense sufficient for to-night. I will suck four oranges and then drop complacently to bed. There is a "sound of revelry" in the next room, and they are beating the poor keys of a piano with unmusical frenzy.

LEAF XVIII.

ROME.

HOTEL NEW YORK, NAPLES.

I WAS half asleep—a shocking confession, considering the circumstances—when T. cried out, "Roma! Roma!" I rubbed my eyes, to "make assurance doubly sure," took a look through the windows of the diligence, and there was the Eternal City! I was, however, in no Roman mood of mind, and had the spirit of great Cæsar just then crossed my path, I should have been barbarian enough to wish him to the D——l. I was mad—downright mad! One contemptible Englishman had destroyed the whole glory of Rome! The glow of pleasure, the rose-tint of imagination, was gone. He had covered me over with the pall of mortality. In vain the colossal remnants of imperial grandeur wooed me—in vain temple and aqueduct, shrine and column, crowded around. The mist of his infernal presence shrouded me; and my only consolation was the soft eyes of his niece; in *their* still beauty lay my Rome —*the* city of the soul Oh! she was a delicious witch!—but the fabled dragon of the Hesperides was kindness itself compared to her guardian! May all the terrors of a wicked conscience wait on him forever! We were getting along so well together—no telling what an amount of love might have been squandered on both sides—it must have ended in a "prostrating passion." But the stars were not propitious. Like the worst of murderers, he strangled the cherub at its birth. A vigilant man was that uncle! Why T. and myself had scarcely settled ourselves in the diligence, before his brow clouded; and the whole distance

from Naples to Capua was dedicated to the god of Silence. True, an incessant and vigorous interchange of glances was kept up; but it was the whole extent of our allowance. It was deep drinking—quite intoxicating. She was a sweet-eyed creature.

Ar Capua I helped her to alight: this was rather a bold move—in the very teeth of the dragon, too, who stood watching the process. But it takes a higher power to detect a hand-pressure—and, strange to say, we were both ungloved: this may have been accident, and was at most a mere oversight. Here we took coffee, and succeeded in getting a grumble out of the inexorable uncle. I was amiability itself, but he would not thaw. He seemed to regard me as an impertinent species of ruffian, whose natural propensities squinted towards highway robbery. At dinner the prospects brightened. The laughable medley of dishes made it impossible to proceed without remark—indeed the conversation became quite animated. I had the angel next to me, and threw a brilliant shower of small talk into her ear, while T. made a diversion in my favor by attacking both uncle and aunt, but it was only the effervescence of a moment—the trail of a star—the shimmer of a good deed in an infinity of evil.

No sooner did I propose walking on a little distance, and allowing the diligence to overtake us, than all was changed. Yet they did walk down the road, while I was washing my hands, and when I joined them, the horrid aunt said they must return, or uncle would be angry. This was too much. I looked indignant. But when the poor prisoner smiled, and said she would like to walk farther, I was satisfied. But she had to return —and in hopeless impotence of will we rode on till night. At the custom-house on the borders we were detained two hours, waiting for the diligence from Rome.

All this time she was walked up and down, in order to prevent T. and myself from entering into conversation with her. Again and again we made the attempt—but scarcely a moment was allowed us,—always some excuse for moving her away from contact with us. But richly was I revenged at last. The Rome diligence stood ready to receive us—the aunt stepped in—something had been left in the custom-house—the uncle went for it—and there stood the niece, alone and willing. It was as dark as our fate. I put my arm confidingly around her, and asked her if I should assist her to mount. A diligence is, at best, a bad thing to get into; but when one wants to increase the difficulties, it can be made still worse. Twice—thrice she made the attempt to spring up, and each time came back into my arms with increased delight. It was a masterpiece of womanly tact, and she had to deal with one who could appreciate it. In the past, perhaps, she has enjoyed—and in the future there may yet be many an embrace awaiting her—but none more warm, more wicked and triumphant, than that midnight theft on the borders of Naples. I could not see her face, but I dropped into my seat with the air of a conqueror and the satisfaction of a genius, and in the sweet remembrance of such mischief, darkness had beauty and time had wings.

Beyond Terracina we received our guard, consisting of two miserable soldiers, one out, the other inside. The diligence had been robbed a few nights before, and we stood a capital chance of undergoing a similar experiment. It was a great consolation to me that I sat next the guard—there was not the slightest danger of the brigands firing at him, and as he was in duty bound to fire his musket in some direction, the probabilities were in favor of his shooting my opposite man—in both events I felt secure. Indeed, they frequently forget to fire at all, and take to their

heels before the presence of brigands is reduced to a certainty:—a noise in the thicket is sufficient to start them. In nine cases out of ten they are leagued with the plunderers. Protection from them is the height of the burlesque. I have my doubts whether there was any flint in the lock of the musket—I could not discern any. He slept soundly the whole way, and, with less money about me, I should have been delighted with an attack if only to see the sham defence. Those scoundrels about Terracina looked the perfection of brigandism. Yet they are all cowards. One spirited resistance or two would put an end to the annoyance. King Murat kept the road clear without much difficulty. He ordered every tenth man to be shot in the neighborhood where the robbery occurred. This methodical arrangement soon settled the romance of the business.

It was two o'clock when we entered the Porta Maggiore. The custom-house officer was very civil, and with scarcely any detention, we found ourselves housed in the Hotel D'Allemagne, with good Franz Roesler. Up to this time I had not received one letter from home. I immediatcly sent the valet to my banker's, and told him to meet me at the Coliseum, with my letters.

I strolled leisurely down the Corso—through the Roman Forum—under the Arch of Titus—on, till I found myself in the shadow of the Coliseum. The chief relics of ancient Rome were before me! yet, strange to say, I felt sad—dejected. The hour to which I had looked forward with so much pleasure had come at last, and found me cold—stupid—commonplace. The very events which made the scenes around me such hallowed ground, seemed to escape my memory. I essayed in vain to call the mantled Marius or the soft-eyed Nero from the realms of fancy. Angry with myself, I sat down upon the fragment of a pillar,

near the entrance of the Coliseum. The sun was just setting, and the air came chill through the deep arches of the mighty fabric. I began to doubt whether this cold, solemn, unsympathizing ruin repaid one for the toil of the pilgrimage. For the first time, the romance of travel grew "flat, stale, and unprofitable" to my oppressed feelings. The valet placed a packet of letters in my hand. I broke the seal mechanically, and read. The twilight was fast approaching. Did I see aright? The death of Y., the marriage of F.! Strange destiny! My first news from home greets me in the Roman Amphitheatre, with a marriage and a death! *She* was married!—the only woman I could ever have persuaded myself to marry. She was gone for me!—wrapped in the guarded coldness of sacred bonds! Her memories a crime—my future avowal an insult. Like the accursed Jew, I had thrown away a gem, richer than power, wealth, or fame. The curse of a cold-blooded philosophy fell back upon myself. I had exchanged substantial happiness for a momentary revel of the imagination: and now, when these scenes, so coveted, lay before me—that imagination played me false, and lay torpid as the encrusted toad. Past joys rose from the sealed depths of Time, with all the freshness of yesterday, and dimmed the glory of Rome itself.

Here my dream—for dream it must have been—was interrupted by my valet, declaring that my Excellency would take a fever in the night air without a cloak—and sure enough the night had come down upon my reverie. I stood a moment to take another look at the Coliseum. What a change! The majesty of imperial Rome stood revealed in its most glorious representative. Yes! night and solitude are the fit trappings of its decayed splendor. It circled me like some vast, unearthly thing, one sees in dreams. Up, up—to the very heavens—rose the dark

remnants of its Titanic form. The black depths of its arches—the shadowy outline of its lofty walls—the solitude of its myriad seats—the sight of the cold stars above—and the ruin around—it made my presence seem a desecration of its sublimity, and I walked away, half afraid of this mute witness of Rome's brutality—this survivor of the world's greatest empire.

LEAF XIX.

ROME AND ITS CHURCH.

Rome, March 20, ——.

I ENTERED Rome a decided friend of the Roman Catholic Church. From my earliest days I had a reverence for its attractive, mysterious symbols, though only seen in the naked simplicity of our own churches. History had taught me to regard its policy and maxims as the master-work of human intellect, based on the strongest stratum of the heart—Devotion. In the power and influence of its former pride, one recognised the presence of Godhead;—the creation of man—the work of his hands—had assumed and exercised the infallibility of Divinity through the aid of Religion. The thunderbolt of Heaven seemed not more certain of its fatal work than the anger of the Vatican. In the hands of a sovereign prince, whose territory was but a spot on the face of Europe, spiritual ambition had centered the despotism of the world. Conclaves of cardinals, bands of Jesuits, had framed a system so cunningly interwoven with the wants and weaknesses of mankind, that it has survived ages and revolutions, and will survive Time itself. True, its roots are severed, and its once

invincible arm palsied, but the vital principle that gives it birth and glory still lives on, waiting, as it were, some favorable change in the moral world, which may again revive its colossal proportions. But in vain. No change of maxim—no shifting of doctrine—no expediency can seat that gigantic shade of superstition and abuse upon its ancient throne. It may live forever—but ever in the decrepitude of its present state. The spirit of devotion which built up this earthly Godhead called popery, has taken a loftier flight, and in the realms of intellect, and not of outward sense, worships its Creator.—The pomp and magnificence of the Roman Church will still make and keep its worshippers. Perhaps for the European mass it is the best religion—it exacts faith, and in return procures pardon for sinners. The end and aim of all Religion is submission to the Divine Will, as understood through the Bible. That the Roman Church too nearly aspired to personify that Divine Will, in its own person, is a fault, but a fault for which it alone must atone; it certainly accomplishes the main object more than any other Church. Why look farther? If experience has shown that the majority of mankind require those forms and trappings which insult the mind of the more enlightened, why blame the Roman Church for using them? It does, ever has, and ever will consult its own interest. As a model of Ecclesiastical Government, it stands unrivalled. The infallibility of the Pope, regarded like the last appellant power in law, is excellent doctrine. It makes the Church an unity, and fetters the metaphysics of faith. The abuses of the Roman Church can never be revived. They are but the children of a Power too exorbitant to be ever again usurped. The ambition of the Pontiffs and the weakness of the age seduced the Church from its legitimate sphere. That ambition died, like a warrior, sword in

hand. It was the first victim grappled and bound by the recurring sense of the multitude, and with it perished every source for its re-production. This once boundless and successful ambition, hedged in by the gradual but progressive spirit of Time, is now looked upon as something monstrous, and the fear is, not that the Pope may aspire to increased dominion, but that his sovereignty will be absorbed by the surrounding powers.

This is as it should be. The Pope must eventually retire into the sole performance of his spiritual duties. The Papal States are too shockingly administered to remain much longer in priestly hands.* Already it requires the strongest protection from Austria to keep things quiet, and where Austria once protects, she invariably absorbs. It is a melancholy spectacle to see the Vicegerent of God surrounded with the tricky pageantry of an earthly Court, with but the shadow of kingly consideration. As the spiritual Lord and Head of a still powerful sect, he might command respect—but in the rank of sovereign princes he must ever hold that most contemptible of all places, a pensioner. This union of State and hypocritical Humility revolts the heart; and so long as his Holiness aspires to temporal sway, one is compelled to regard him as a mere political puppet—the creature of intrigue and expediency. A government administered in this age by priests is an anomaly, and can exist only in Italy. It would seem as if the doctrine of retribution has been fearfully realized in the annals of Rome—for ages herself the scourge of the earth, and now and for ages past scourged in her turn by the lash of an unrelenting, bigoted,

* It is remarkable that this prophecy was subsequently fulfilled in a great measure, but matters were unhappily restored again to their original condition by a nation, itself now as deeply sunk in spiritual and political despotism.—Ed.

and ambitious Church—the worst of tyrants. Rome is one garrison of priests. Their orders crowd the streets—their equipages block the thoroughfares. Go where you will, the shaven crown, the alms-taking hand greets you. Whole revenues, the toil and industry of thousands, are eaten up by the mere lackeys of spiritual pomp. Not one footman only, but in two's and three's they dance attendance upon clerical humility. If it requires the labor of two-thirds to maintain one-third in idleness, it is no wonder the country is exhausted, and still his Holiness is pressed for means to meet demands; for they have reversed the rule, and one-third support the others. With the annual thousands who flock into this Eternal City, with the lavish expenditure of idle curiosity that follows such an influx, the prosperity of other lands would rise to its maximum. Here it all sinks into the abyss of scarlet, while filthy poverty drags on its swindling existence. I have seen thousands of Roman peasants;—I have seen them in their holiday attire, where every thing around them invited to mirth, and yet I have rarely seen a joyous smile upon their features. Unlike every other part of Italy, they walk about surly and dissatisfied. They crowd the churches, not with the gay-hearted devotion of Naples and Genoa, but with the sombre brow of superstitious fear; and when some bright eye for a moment belies this dejection of spirit, it soon yields again to some unnatural, invisible restraint. Emotion dare have but one outlet here—the Holy Church. Into its arms must sink wealth, beauty, and passion. The union of temporal and spiritual sway to such an extent is a curse to the ruler and the subject. It seduces the one from his high calling, and makes the other the two-fold victim of abuse. It is time for the throne of St. Peter to part with its patrimony. The power to emanate the laws of

conscience is glory enough, without dabbling in the science of national government. The obsolete policy of the old Church can only produce distress and convulsion, and must lead to further foreign interference, until his Holiness will not even be able to retire with decency. I don't blame the old Pontiff for struggling to the last. It is hard for the possessor of that tiara before which emperors have bowed, to sink from his high pinnacle, and forego forever the dazzling hope of former power.

[Note by the Author. It must be borne in mind that these ill-digested ideas were committed to paper some years ago, when the writer was a gay, thoughtless young man. Did he write now of Rome and its Church, it would be in a very different spirit; but he is too indolent for that effort, and his Journal must stand as a true index of his rattle-cap disposition at that day. He has not written as an oracle or a wiseacre, but merely played the chiffonier in his own thoughts for his own amusement.]

March 25.

Well, thank fortune! the Ruins are "all done up" at last! I have been working like a Trojan over Ancient Rome. With less faith, but equal ardor, I have gone hand-in-hand with "Old Nibby" among the fragmentary heaps of imperial rubbish, and tried to image forth the colossal proportions of Roman genius;—In the Pantheon —by the lone shaft of Trajan—at the foot of her triumphal arches—amid the scattered columns of her Forum —by the side of her half-decayed temples, I have stood with admiring wonder of the taste, the skill, the lofty conception, the finished execution, the unbounded resources of the Empire. In the baths of Caracalla—in the halls of Diocletian—under the imperishable aqueducts—among the vaults of the Cæsarian Palace, and by the "Tempel del Pace." I have been bewildered at the luxury—the vastness —the costliness of her splendor-loving pride. On the

Tarpeian Rock I have smiled at the squabbles of antiquarians, and been amazed at the extent of my own credulity. Verily, the doctrine of Faith is as necessary in the exploring of traditionary lore as in the expounding of religion. Sam Patch would have laughed at "Treason's Leap." It would have been mere exercise for him. If I could believe all the dove-tailed theories of these ruin-mongers—these "monkbarns"—the night-owls of history, I have seen the very spot where Cæsar fell, likewise where Nero fiddled; but these are minor considerations. The skeleton of the Imperial City presents enough for reflection without appealing to the doubtful, the sceptical and the unknown. Whether the "agger of Servius Tullius" still stands, or whether Attila threw his lance over this self-same wall, depends upon the imagination alone. For the feverish and wonder-loving fancy, the Christians are still grouped in the fatal arena of the Coliseum, the wild beast still foams, the inhuman shout roars on, and the Gladiator dies. In the filthy Tiber it sees a glorious, bounding, and exulting river; in each rough antique the chisel of Praxiteles, and should some toga'd robber cross its path in the shadow of the Palatine, upon the instant the mysterious apparition is identified with the shade of Cataline or Sylla. To this fervid fancy the Brazen Wolf is a religion, and the stain upon "great Pompey's Statue" can be but the blood of Cæsar. Happy self-deception! Beautiful outlet of simplicity! I begin to weary of this eternal call for admiration. I have supped full of Ruins, and must "have pause," or I shall die of a surfeit. There is a satiety of the eye as complete as that of the other senses. To drop by accident in a lounging mood upon some old pillar, and find around you an elegant sufficiency of picturesque decay, is pleasant enough. One can speculate upon the head that conceived, the hand that framed, and the crowds that once frequented

its now desolate beauty. Dream after dream of the un returning Past may float on in indefinite array of shadow until the world of sense recalls you from the realms of fancy, and you proceed to dinner with the satisfaction of having killed a morning without a vestige of fatigue. But to rise day after day with the infernal certainty upon your mind that so much must be accomplished—to find such and such ruins "booked" for your daily task—to start out in the most business-like manner, guide-book in hand, upon your conquest of observatory spoil—to be called upon to expend a certain amount of gratification upon each object, and to listen to the most profound remarks; then to return, completely "fagged out," mournfully humming,

"I've been roaming!"

and compelled to hear your valet coolly dissecting the next day's subject. Oh! it is horrible! The pleasures of travel never rise to so high a pitch as when a man returns from such a ruinous tour of stone and mortar. How any individual can finish Rome in two weeks is appalling; and yet some Americans steam it over in five days!* I should consult an oculist, and insure my life to a large amount before I attempted such a thing. It must be a magnanimous sacrifice of comfort. How mournful, yet how beautiful, does the spirit of Byron haunt with its imperishable verse this city of the soul! There is scarcely a ruin, tomb, or temple to which his genius has not given a deeper charm. The voice of Manfred speaks in the sepulchral moonlight of the Coliseum, and the wandering Harold muses over the melancholy destiny of earthly glory in the Palace of the Cæsars; here, in this solemn scene of a whole country's desolation, his own passions and his faults are dumb, and in all the beauty of a holy calling

* Come, don't be personal.—Ed. Am. Cour.

he lays the offering of his inspiration and sorrow on a nation's urn. If the errors of a wayward disposition and the abuse of high talents can be atoned for, this alone should purchase it.

LEAF XX.

THE GALLERIES OF ROME.

March 28, ——.

I have nearly broken my neck with looking at frescoed ceilings. It is worse than star-gazing. Indeed, few of them repay one for the pain of such a constrained attitude. How they were ever painted so well I cannot imagine. My artistic enthusiasm would soon evaporate, if compelled to lie on my back and paint upwards. I begin seriously to doubt my own taste—it don't coincide with the established despotism. I have been barbarian enough to admire pictures of little reputation. The two master-pieces of the world don't appear to my weak eyes so infinitely superior to all others. Perhaps it is a blessing not to be a connoisseur: one can admire without being damned, and damn without being regarded. This continual repetition of religious subjects ends in being a bore. One would suppose the old painters lived with and fed upon Madonnas and Magdalens—that their only furniture was St. Sebastians and St. Johns—and that every new-born baby necessarily personified an infant Saviour! Raphael painted Madonnas enough to satisfy all creation. To be sure, there is a strong family likeness running through them, and it requires but slight observation to detect the Fornarini in disguise peeping through the softened sanctity of the virgin

mother. If this fact should shock the intensely religious spectator, why he has only to turn to Andrea del Sarto for consolation, as he has produced quite a batch of less objectionable Holy Families. I was very much amused at the question of a countryman of mine: we were looking at a Magdalen of Guercino; he asked me quietly: "Who is this Magdalen that I see painted so often in these galleries —is it intended for Mrs. Christ?" "No," says I, "it is the mistress of one of the old saints, I forget which." The poor man had the most confused idea of the biblical arrangements. I hope St. Anthony will forgive me for this little piece of slander—it was too inviting a chance.

In the Farnesina Palace is a fresco by Sodama—the marriage of Alexander and Roxana—which certainly has great beauty. It is one of my favorites. The face of Roxana has that indefinable something which sets one to dreaming. The eagerness of the little cupids to induce her to retire is admirable, and the expression of the black slave is exactly what I have seen again and again in the South. In the same palace is the Galatea of Raphael, and the History of Cupid and Psyche. In a corner of one of the rooms Michael Angelo sketched a magnificent head as a "Carte de Visite" in a morning call on Raphael. Power of genius! The whim of the moment becomes an immortality, and the loose crayoning of Angelo is now a Palatial gem. What a pity one cannot roam in peace through these frescoed halls without meeting some amateur at every turn, anxious to display his science, and to prescribe rules of taste. It is equal to a religious persecution to force a man to worship what he don't fancy. I believe in Raphael and Michael Angelo, but it is neither the former's famous Transfiguration nor the latter's Last Judgment, that converted me. The Barberina Palace possesses one of the most interesting pictures in Rome—the head of

Beatrice Cenci by Guido. It is an astonishing performance, which defies reproduction—an off-hand dash of inspiration which the artist himself could not have repeated. There is no limb visible—nothing but a draped face.—Shelley has given a truthful analysis of its expression. Tradition would have us believe that this portrait was taken the evening before her execution; but it needs no such artificial aid to rivet one's attention. It breathes the language of thoughtful, unmerited suffering—it is a countenance that comes long after, at your bidding, from the depths of memory, and almost persuades you it was once your friend. If Beatrice Cenci ever looked thus, her father was the most inhuman monster on record. In the same room is the Fornarina of Raphael, a vain, passionate-looking creature, but deuced attractive withal. She has the real Italian intensity of gaze which challenges and yet retreats—which woos and yet commands. There is no dallying about that face; she will brook no denial—you must either proceed to extremities, or not commence at all; no Platonic warfare there. What a contrast to the pale brow of Beatrice Cenci. In another room is rather a warm picture of Joseph and Potiphar's wife. The arrangement is good, particularly the foot of the lady placed so enticingly upon that of Joseph; but I don't like the legs; besides, the subject is ridiculous. Had Mrs. Potiphar been what painters delight to represent her, the virtue of Joseph would have melted like a January thaw. Such things do well enough on record when the absence of attraction is presupposed; but strong temptation! and human nature is very weak on that point.

March 29.

I LOAFED away the whole of this morning in the Borghese Palace. It has by far the largest collection of paintings I

have yet seen in Rome. It would be a difficult matter to make a choice. There are one or two of the half-licentious, mythological school, which certainly display great warmth of expression, and no slight knowledge of the poetry of passion. Correggio stands unrivalled in that school. He unites a certain ideality with the most natural disposition of the limbs, and gives a grace, softness and finish to the female form, which even the worst attitude cannot destroy. Titian himself must yield the palm to him in this respect. His carelessness of effect is astonishing. There is no preparation of position for his pictures. He throws the parties into the attitude which the intended emotion takes without any regard to the aspect it may present. Titian invariably has an eye to a handsome yet oftentimes artful distribution of the person. Correggio idealizes the shape, but retains its natural play. Titian idealizes both. The Danæ of Correggio is a perfect picture of its kind; so is Io embraced by the Cloud. The subject is not the highest order of the art, but if one dare judge by the attention it creates, and the admiration it elicits, it is the most attractive. There is a soft, half-bewildered, deep enjoyment upon Danæ's face, which reveals bliss more potently than ever canvass yet accomplished; and there is a wild, fitful abandonment in Io's limbs which speaks an ecstacy no other pencil has yet portrayed. The Chase of Diana, by Domenichino, does not please me; there is a shocking indelicacy in one of the most prominent figures which destroys the effect, besides considerable confusion in the arrangement. He has crowded too much action together; but then his Sybil is glorious!—a real child of inspiration! Titian's Sacred and Profane Love I could not comprehend—the face of one of the parties seemed to me the very essence of silliness. There is a head of Christ by Carlo Dolce, wonderful for its softness

of coloring and expression. This painter has a perfect passion for blue—either his mother or his mistress must have had blue eyes.

I drove from the gallery to the Protestant burial-ground, near the Porta St. Paulo. I had no difficulty in finding the grave of Shelley. He sleeps in the new portion of the ground, near the wall; but that of Keats I could not discover for some time. He lies in the old, neglected quarter, which is still surrounded by an impassable ditch, and can only be entered at one point. The idea of fortifying a grave-yard is new to me. I did not go in, as his tomb stood near the edge of the fosse, and I could easily read the inscription from without. In spite of myself and the reviewers, I felt sad as I looked at the lonely, desolate resting-place of the author of Endymion. Above the grave of Shelley the roses were in bloom, and by his side reposed the ashes of his countryman. The hand of affection was visible in the fresh sod, the flowers, and the smooth cleanliness of the lettered marble; but over poor Keats the rank grass lay matted and half-decayed; the broken lyre upon his little slab was almost obliterated, and the dark cypress around only mocked the unsympathizing solitude. In death, as in life, he seemed an object of neglect. He the most sorrowful-fated, even among the poets —the spirit whose diviner moments gushed forth in song— over whose young years already the wing of death sat brooding, and to whom a thing of beauty was a joy forever —this being, whose stinted existence was but a record of good deeds, sleeps worse than the common herd of mortals. "Weep for Adonis!"

In returning, I stopped a moment at the grotto of Egeria. It requires more credulity than I possess to believe that cavern to have been the haunt of any nymph. I don't envy Numa the interview, if it took place there. It looks

very like a quiz; even the valet looked doubtful, and the mere shadow of a hesitation in a valet on such a point must be regarded as a positive damn.

THE VATICAN.

I entered the Vatican in the wake of a magnificent French woman. Such a complexion, and such teeth! and then so young, and such a husband! It was Beauty and the Beast. The rich scoundrel, I hear, got her out of a convent. She threw the fine arts into the shade, and it was some time before I could descend to the worship of Raphael. In the Vatican are the proofs of his transcendant genius. Here is the Transfiguration, the Madonna di Foligno, and a host of frescoes, in what are called the Loggia of Raphael. I must confess he soars above my capacity, and I attempt in vain to analyze the undisputed superiority of his works. In my poor judgment, the rival picture by Domenichino—the Communion of St. Jerome—is decidedly preferable. Indeed, the different degrees of eminence in many of the old painters seems to me very like the Metaphysics of Kant; none but the initiated can detect the shade. The artistical world has pronounced Raphael the "Divine," and no doubt there is to them a something in his creations which justifies that stamp of divinity; but to the ordinary eye there can be but a slight difference of merit in the master-pieces of that age—so very slight, that it sounds much like affectation to hear so many assert that they have discovered and can comprehend it. If I can pardon myself for venturing an opinion upon Michael Angelo, I should pronounce it a mass of anatomical study, without being either sublime or terrible;—as a school of conception, contortion and grouping of every possible kind, it is justly considered unrivalled. This fact

only establishes Angelo's knowledge of the resources, and his ability in handling the art; but where is the beauty, the grandeur, the horror, which this conception should possess, if Angelo was such a consummate master of the most excellent ideal of the Art? The subject is one of the highest order for the display of power in all its varieties, yet he contented himself with a mere play of the human frame. There is nothing poetical or grand in the whole affair, and with the exception of the face of the virgin, nothing pleasing. Among the blest appears a sort of dissatisfaction that they are saved, while coarse vulgarity runs riot among the damned. The figure of Christ is more like a quarrelsome Athletæ, than one whose indignation should be tempered with sorrow, even in a just condemnation. Let the artist stand science-struck before this wonder of the world, I shall require something less scientific before I can yield my reverential homage to the great Michael Angelo.

The marbles of the Vatican collection are innumerable. I absolutely grew weary of the long line of busts, and hastened to get a look at the Apollo, the Laocoon, the Antinous, and the Perseus. These famous characters have separate vestibules, so that the eye may not be disturbed by the presence of mediocrity when gazing at their perfection. Poetry has done them no more than justice—they have the "odor" of immortality, and henceforth the sculptor dare but imitate—he cannot surpass. My beautiful French woman looked at the Apollo with real womanly admiration. By Jove! I envied the god! How quick that "beautiful disdain" of his proud face would settle into loveliness if she were the Pygmalion that waked him into being. He would step from that pedestal into her arms, and Niobe's children might be saved.

I came home to dinner with a terrific appetite. I must

change my place at the table d'hote; there are three Spaniards above me who could create a famine in Andalusia. They eat like God-forsaken people, gifted with an additional stomach instead of a soul.

PALM SUNDAY.

The ceremonies of holy week have commenced. We had the blessing of the Palms to-day. It may be very interesting to the devotee, but I thought it rather a tedious performance. The principal feature in the ceremony is the procession round the church; the pope is carried, under a canopy, along the aisles, upon the shoulders of some six or eight men, followed by the cardinals, bishops, and diplomatic body, with palms in their hands; they pass and repass the whole length of St. Peter's, between lines of Swiss Guards and the devotional multitude. The Pope would have quite a benevolent looking face, were it not for the artificial humility which he labors to assume; his nose is of the bottle order, and decidedly bad—they say he is afflicted with cancer in this organ. There is a striking contrast between his affected humbleness of demeanor and the natural bearing of the whole school of Cardinals; they don't pretend to even the common decencies of devotion, but are continually looking around at the women, and displaying their diamond rings: with few exceptions, they all bear the marks of pride, levity, and hypocrisy stamped upon their features. I have never yet seen a body of men who struck me so unfavorably, and whose manner so strengthened this impression, as the Roman Cardinals. The church could scarcely be called crowded, and yet what a mass of people! one can only judge of the immense

space in St. Peter's, by seeing thousands round its altars. The papal throne and crimson hangings were very magnificent. Here the pomp and ceremony of the Roman church finds a fit theatre for its display—yet it was less imposing —less captivating than I had anticipated. The character of the audience destroys all solemnity, and while the "Stabat mater" may be singing, one must not be surprised if the spectators are amusing themselves in a variety of ways. I noticed one gentleman near me fingering the waist of his delicate neighbor, and the blessing of the palms was a matter of very little consequence compared to his present employment. It is regarded rather as a spectacle than a religious ceremony.

LEAF XXI.

SUBURBAN RAMBLES.

Frescati, April 3d.

We made an excursion to Frescati, and came near freezing as we drove across the Campagna. The wind had a fair sweep at us, and the dust was awful. It is the most dreary looking piece of country I have ever seen. At Frescati they charged us eight pauls for dinner, right in the teeth of an agreement for six pauls per head. The scoundrel attributed it to our bad Italian, and insinuated that we were not quite perfect in our pronunciation of the numerical alphabet. This was aggravating. However, he balanced accounts by giving D—— an enormous bed for the night. It was a real royal affair—room for a regiment, and space left. There was some difficulty in climbing in without steps: but when once bedded, there was no

danger of ever rolling out. D——'s frail body was lost in the vast extent of surface; and his voice sounded as one "coming from the wilderness." He had to be waked half an hour earlier in the morning, to allow him time to travel from the centre to the margin. Q——, before going to sleep, entertained himself with a labored argument upon the usefulness of missionary societies, and most preposterously appealed to D—— for the truth of his assertion. Now this was worse than playing a game of chess across the Atlantic; for, without the aid of a speaking trumpet, it was impossible to hear D—— reply: so we insisted upon Q—— going instantaneously to sleep.

We got into the saddle about sunrise. Tusculum was our first point of attack. We reached it after a two hours' ride, interspersed with several spirited scrub races, in one of which we nearly ran down a return party of mules. Tusculum has an Amphitheatre and a Curia. It did not take us long to exhaust our admiration, and we were soon on the route for Monte Cavi. We passed through a place called "Rocca del Papi,"—dirty and picturesque in the extreme.

From the top of Monte Cavi we had a splendid view of Rome—the Tiber—the whole waste of the Campagna—the olive groves of Frescati—the Sabine Hills and "Nemi navelled in the woody heights;"—even the white surf of the Mediterranean could be seen along the far horizon. It was certainly very beautiful. But still, the contrast between the rich foliage of Frescati, and the desolate, houseless Campagna was strikingly mournful. There lay the Imperial City, the centre of a wide, encircling solitude —like a fated thing, around which the destroyer has drawn his accursed line. From the groves of Frescati to the very walls of Rome—from the shore of the sea to the base of Soracte's ridge—Death reaps continual harvest

The still breathing embers of the World's Mistress are hedged about with the pestilential air of a sepulchre, and each throb of living Rome almost touches the garment of the destroyer. The Monastery on Monte Cavi might well be a cure for ambition; when, in its silent cells, the active mind had framed its airy thrones, and rose in fancy its usurping height, one look from the lofty casement would show the worth of worldly glory. A nation of Emperors sleeps below! Who and what are they, and what could he be? But we are becoming philosophical.

They gave us a wretched dinner at the Monastery, for which we paid one scudi—or rather, the church received one scudi, and the dinner was gratis. Beautiful, sophisticated shadow of conscience!

We reached Rome in time to hear the first "Miserere" in the Sistine Chapel. It was crowded, and the heat very oppressive. I knew nothing about music, and it was more from a sense of duty that I attended the performance of this famous piece. The singing is doubtless very fine, but scarcely repays one for the fatigue encountered in hearing it. One must go an hour beforehand, and then listen to an apparently endless repetition of chaunting before the gem is sung. Had it not been for the presence of one or two beautiful women, and the prospect of a fight with a contemptible sprig of English nobility, who would not stand still, I should never have survived the whole affair. I saw the handsome French woman going through her devotions at a side altar, which was extravagantly decorated with candles. Nobody but the Beast was about, and I had a good look at her. She prayed long and fervently: one might have supposed she was asking Heaven to make an angel of her husband. After all, there is something about her smile not altogether right. It is not absolutely silly—but there is an absence of that bright

intelligence which is the soul of a smile: but perhaps this idea is founded on the sour-grape principle—so we won't analyze it.

To-day his Holiness was very busy in his offices of humiliation. After "blessing the oil" he proceeded to wash the feet of twelve pilgrims, that is to say, certain persons dressed in white and ranged on a platform, whose feet had been previously well scrubbed for the occasion. Very little of the ceremony could be seen; the pilgrims looked more like criminals dressed for execution. His Holiness, after tucking up his clothes and stooping to the work, was so surrounded by his attendants that it was impossible to ascertain what he was about. The banquet followed, at which the pope played the character of servant to the aforementioned pilgrims; altogether the most derogatory exhibition yet enacted. I do not wish to speak slightingly of these august things, but to say the least it is confounded bad taste to perform so literally those acts which in Jesus Christ were godlike and characteristic humility, but which, in a pope of Rome, degenerate into the broadness of caricature. Humility don't consist in feet-washing, and if the people require to be reminded of this fact, in the life of our Saviour there are other ways equally forcible for quickening the memory, without burlesquing Holy Writ.

TIVOLI.

Drove to Tivoli to see the Falls. They are pretty enough—plenty of foam—but rather a small supply of water. They belong to the ribbon order of cascades, and just about large enough to make a good tail for the Horse

"mentioned in the Apocalypse"—what a singular idea that of Byron's! We labored about under a most oppressive sun, and were fools enough to walk some two miles out of our way to look at an old Roman bridge, which proved to be nothing more than a common arch thrown over a little rivulet some ten feet wide. I should have pitched our guide into it had the water been deep enough to drown the scoundrel.

The Sybil's Temple is a "little love" of a ruin, and, seen from the ravine, is charming. We did not get into Hadrian's Villa, as we had forgotten to procure a permit. I was not sorry, as I felt no inclination to be detained at least an hour scanning doubtful memorials.

On our return, we induced three peasant boys to run about a mile after our carriage, showing them a bajocci whenever they felt inclined to give up the chase. We finally distributed the copper spoil, and got up quite an interesting fight among the parties. The smallest boy, as usual, managed to secure the prize, and we left him in an energetic attempt to maintain it. These Romans are, without exception, the most persevering beggars in the world, —it is their ruling passion,—and the eloquence of Cicero still lives in the supplicating prayer of these vagabonds. The blind, the lame, and the decrepid, form a hospital at the entrance to the principal churches—while the juvenile community range the streets. A month in Rome case-hardens most men, and one becomes deaf to all eternity.

April 7th.

Easter Sunday. At twelve o'clock the Benediction of the Pope was given from the Balcony of St. Peter's. The area in front of the church was a complete jam. The soldiers were drawn up at the foot of the steps—the cavalry were ranged between the two

fountains. Most of the strangers had places over the colonnades—the citizens and peasantry stood immediately under the Pope. It was quite a spectacle. As soon as his Holiness appeared at the Balcony, the whole crowd kneeled. Something, I know not what, was read. Cannons fired, bells rung, and heretics were damned. It was a matter of some fifteen minutes. There was a great scramble among the believers for certain scraps of paper—probably indulgencies, which were distributed from above after the blessing had been pronounced. In the palmy days of Roman belief, the effect of such a scene must have been sublime. Thousands in the beauty of faith and the ardor of holiness—men in steel, whose only law was will, whose only conqueror the Cross—kneeling in abject submission under the outstretched arms of an infirm old man, whose voice scarce broke the silence of their deep humility! What is it now? An empty show. The great majority neither sharing in its solemnity nor believing in its efficacy. The illumination of St. Peter's is brilliant beyond compare. Seen from the Pincian Hill it is indescribably grand. From its base to the topmost cross, the whole outline stands perfectly revealed. It seems to hang in mid-heaven, or be traced with lines of fire against the sky. Nothing could give one a better idea of its splendid, yet gigantic proportions: those details, which at other times distract the eye, are gone. The huge mass has disappeared, and in its stead rises a delicate frame-work of fire—a starry mould of some godlike temple, which the imagination might conceive but dared not fashion. Its range of columns, base, shaft, and capital, in liquid light—the lofty dome, spreading so gloriously above the frail fretwork, looks more like some enchanted spell than reality. Hour after

hour we stood gazing at this masterpiece of architectural daring, seen for the first time to advantage, and the genius of Michael Angelo was avenged.

April 8th.

Spent a whole day in the studios of Rome. I found several interesting models of Thorwalsden's. Among the rest, that of Byron and the Dead Lion. His famous work of Christ and the Twelve Apostles will hardly be completed during his lifetime. Crawford, the American, has finished some fine pieces, and is at present modeling an Adam and Eve. It seems too large; but it is impossible to judge of the effect in its unfinished state. He is considered one of the most promising sculptors in Rome. A Hero and Leander, by Steinhauser, has an easy, graceful air in its arrangement, quite captivating; but the marble is faulty. It is intended more for the garden than the saloon.

The Germans appear to be the best artists here; but I saw nothing very excellent or original, with, perhaps, the exception of a few peasant pieces by Weller, which were to the life. In the course of my visits, I only met one model girl; she was about eighteen, and had a remarkably sweet face. These girls are said to be virtuous, but I must be allowed a large degree of skepticism upon that point. They are no doubt very virtuous out of the studios, but it is all nonsense to tell me that a young girl—and an Italian one, too—can be attitudinizing under the scrutiny of an artist, and keep her blood in a cold, divine abstraction by some unearthly influence of the high art she is aiding. Bah! it savours of gammon. Flesh and blood don't recognize such flimsy cobwebs, nor is the latitude of Rome a very safe place for the experiment.

LEAF XXII.

DEPARTURE FROM ROME.

April 9th.

Our holidays are over. Last night we had the last performance—the fire-works at the Castle of St. Angelo. Alas! for the glory of the tiara! The thunder of the Papal bull is reduced to a rocket, and the battlements of St. Angelo frown with squibs. Old Rome, that poured her thousands upon the plains of Pharsalia, and choked the very vomitories of her Coliseum with ferocious masses to feast them with human blood, stands gaping at the fiery conception of the Papal pyrotechnist. Pshaw upon history! It makes heroes of the past only to belittle the present. Perhaps the very hunchback beside me,—whose "garlic breath," still strong as at the Lupercal, sent forth its "Bravo!" as each rocket rose towards Heaven,—was a descendant of great Cæsar; or, it may be, the blood of Mark Aurele. Ye gods! If the august shade of Hadrian could know how his tomb is thus annually besquibbed, to amuse barbaric strangers! It is almost as bad as finding the ashes of Alexander in a bung-hole. I am right glad these festivities have ceased; one will now be able to see things in peace and comfort. The birds of passage will be on the wing to-morrow, and in a few days Rome will be silent and deserted. The touring locusts will infest Florence and Naples next. We, too, must think of

moving. I have wandered about here so much, that I know nearly every nook of the Eternal City. I have stood upon her Seven Hills, and from the solitary summit of Testatio have passed in review her glories from the step of Remus to the leap of Bourbon. I have walked again and again the circumference of her walls, and paused daily beneath her monuments, to realize the fact that I was in Rome. Like her early youth, she is still a dream; and often, as one roams carelessly through her streets, the sound of "Roma" falls upon the ear with a startling cadence, as if the certainty of her presence was made manifest for the first time to one's bewildered senses. It is not the first glance of Rome, as her towers rise above the plain, that awakens the schoolboy feeling of awe within you, but after you have dwelt amid its desolation, and familiarized yourself with its woe, you feel how truly melancholy has been its fate. Truly, the "Niobe of Nations."

PALAZZO SPADA.

This palace contains the statue of Pompey, supposed by antiquarians to be the one that stood in the Curia, and at whose base "great Cæsar fell." It is a noble figure, and if not the identical one, it ought to be. We had a German custode to show us the pictures. He had ten times the intelligence of these contemptible Italian custodes. A head of Seneca, by Leonardi da Vinci, and Dido on her funereal pyre, by Guercino, are the gems of the collection.

We afterwards went to the Sciarra Palace. This is a small, but very select gallery—most all of them eminent. The "Magdalen del Radici," by Guido, comes nearer my idea of a Magdalen than any I have yet seen. Passion is

still struggling with repentance, and the voluptuous lip yields with difficulty to her sorrowing eyes. The woman has just passed into the saint, and there is still enough of earth left to show how easily she might once have forgotten Heaven. It is a sad and weeping face; but it is the sadness and tears of a young and handsome widow over a lost husband, not the unutterable anguish of a maiden over a lover. The indulgence of passion for passion's sake, can never leave behind it such faces as most painters give to their Magdalenes. Guido was aware of this fact, and left the trace of earth upon her features. The Mistress of Titian did not strike me as being so lovely at first blush, but after I had seen it several times, the beauty conquered, and became entrancing—what astonishing richness of coloring in her dress! The Violin Player of Raphael is really perfection; it requires no artistical skill to detect the genius there—it is evident to the poorest judgment. Vanity and Modesty, by Leonardi Da Vinci, though extravagantly admired, I did not like. I can see nothing upon the face of Vanity but a disgusting silliness which destroys the whole picture. There is a copy of the Fornarini, by Julio Romano, which cannot be told from the original. He comes nearer to Raphael in portraits than any other painter. His splendid Cæsar Borgia still passes for a Raphael. They are now selling the collection of Cardinal Fesch; but the best pictures, it is said, have been already sold, and the rest is rubbish. I attended two sales; the rooms were crowded, but the bidding was not very brisk. Two hundred dollars was the highest priced picture sold, and that pronounced far above its value. The majority of the pictures offered were indifferent looking things, and coming from any other gallery than that of Cardinal Fesch, would scarcely deserve notice. The English seemed to be the greatest pur-

chasers. They buy every thing from the tomb of Juliet down to the god Priapus. Would to heaven they would stay at home and cut their throats, instead of seeking distraction on the continent—or else go to China. No wonder Byron got sick at the sight of them.

ROMAN CHURCHES.

The churches of Rome appear to me innumerable. I have been visiting some two per day, and have not "done them up" yet. It is a painful operation. Most of them are so dark, and the paintings so high up, that one's eyes grow weary in attempting to get a correct idea of their merit.

I went to Trinita di Monte some dozen times before I could get a sight of Volterra's "Descent from the Cross," ranked among the best paintings in the world—called, indeed, the third best. It is a picture, the great merit of which I never could have detected. The Church of Marie del Angeli, made from a hall in the baths of Diocletian, is one of the most impressive I have ever entered. It is the form of a Greek cross, and its vastness falls at once upon the eye, unbroken by the masses of column which distract the view at St. Peter's. It contains a martyrdom of St. Sebastian by Guido, one of his best works. The tombs of Salvator Rosa and Carlo Maratta are here.

I was some time in hunting up the Church of "St. Pietro in Vinculo," and was finally led to its very door by a dark-eyed Roman girl, whom I stumbled over, making her toilet by the Temple of Minerva. I gave her a paul, and wanted to kiss her for her trouble, but the little thing said I had wicked eyes, and slipped away from me quite coquettishly. In this church is the Moses of Angelo; it may be sublime, but by Jove! the horns on his head look too *questionable*,

and his beard is too majestically extravagant. I cannot admire the divine Lawgiver. There is a statue of St. Susannah, by Du Quesnoy, in St. Maria de Loreto, which I would not exchange for Moses. But then the genius of Angelo appears again in all its glory in his Christ, which stands in the church of Maria Sopra Minerva. That is incontestably the finest Christ ever modeled. Leo X. and Cardinal Bembo have tombs in Sopra Minerva. It seems to be a favorite church, I heard the Pope say Mass in person there. Yet it is very ordinary-looking.

Annexed to the Capuchin church are vaults, in whieh dead bodies from some quality in the soil, are preserved from decay for an incredible length of time. We visited these mummies, and it is quite amusing to see what a fanciful arrangement exists in the distribution of these departed monks. Arms, legs and skulls are interspersed in the most ornamental manner; while one of the defunct brotherhood stands erect in each corner of the vault, in a complete robe of the order, with his cowl drawn over his half-fleshless skull, like some ghostly guardian of the charnel-house. The lamps that hang from the ceiling are made from a part of the pelvis and the small bones of the spine, and might form excellent patterns for some original manufacturer of astrals. The monk who showed us the premises was a sensual-looking scamp, and laughed as heartily as we did at the arrangement. I told him they would peal his skull some day to make a fashionable solar lamp. "Very probable," says he, and grinned with all the indifference of a man of enlarged scientific views. In the church is the picture of the Archangel Michael, by Guido. The face is superb. The sybils of Raphael are in Maria del Pace. This church is so small, and was so crowded on my visit, that I did not get a good opportunity to see them.

LEAF XXIII.

THE ARTS OF ROME.

April 11, ——.

To-day I took a tremendous walk through the Trastavere,—one of the old Quarters of Rome,—and then mounted the hill to the church of St. Onofrio. There is a fine view of the city from its portico; and within its walls are the tombs of Tasso and of Barclay. [By the way I must read Barclay's Agenis.] The gardens in this neighborhood are beautiful; that attached to the Corsini Palace reminded me of Naples. The sun was dreadfully oppressive, and I turned into St. Peter's to avoid the mid-day heat; here the temperature appears to be always the same, and it is quite a luxury to pass from the sultry glare of noon-day into its cool sublimity. I "loafed" about, looking at the tombs and mosaics, until the hour of vespers. There is little to admire in the extravagant masses of marble which mark the resting-places of the many popes, who sleep in this most glorious temple. There is too much sameness of design, and repetition of faith and charity in all of them. The genius of Canova is only visible in the Two Lions that guard the ashes of Clement, and it disappears entirely in his Monument to the Last of the Stuarts. One can scarcely believe it to be his work. Could not such a sculptor as Canova rise to a higher and more original conception to hallow the eternal rest of the last of that unhappy race of kings? His kneeling figure of Pius by the shrine of St. Peter is simple and life-like—perhaps the best of his sepulchral productions. There is a very voluptuous marble figure of a female in the transept, which Bernini

was called upon to drape. She certainly has a rather worldly appearance for an ornament to a tomb. But, in my opinion, Bernini's bronze drapery has not remedied the matter, as it only wakes attention to what might otherwise escape observation, and each one is only the more anxious to learn the incident connected with its covering. In the admiration of art, passion should sleep.

PALAZZO ROSPIGLIOSO.

In a Casino of this palace is the oft-copied Aurora of Guido. It is the favorite fresco, and one never gets tired looking at it. There is so much variety, grace and prettiness in the Hours, that no matter how different may be the taste of the individual, each can find something in them to admire. There is also another picture of Guido's here, Andromeda chained to the Rock. She is just the kind of Andromeda I should like to rescue.

We have made our last visit to the Capitol, and looked for the last time upon the Dying Gladiator. Apart from the ideal, it is the most astonishing piece of sculpture in the world. A man, a real man, is dying before your eyes every time you look upon that marble. Every moment, you expect to see the arm, on which he leans, relax, and the body drop unnerved in death. It is truly wonderful how genius could so completely seize nature in that slight pause between time and eternity, and fix it for ever.

I found the English girl, who travelled with us from Naples, admiring the Antinous. The inexorable uncle stood by her elbow. We exchanged salutations, and I expressed my surprise that we had not met oftener in our many sight-seeing peregrinations about Rome. The uncle gave a satisfied grin, which expressed any thing but regret at the cir-

cumstance. I did not notice the old villain, but ventured to hope to her that we might find each other on the road to Florence. She laughed wickedly, and said,

"Perhaps you mean when we exchange coaches."

I bowed myself off triumphantly, and in my satisfaction came near stepping upon the Mother of Nero, who was sitting in her marble stillness, the very beau ideal of a Roman matron. The renowned Bronze Wolf is alarmingly ugly—just the kind of thing one might suppose would be struck with lightning.

D—— insisted upon mounting the Tower of the Capitol. As it was rather warm, I declined, and took a seat at the base of the equestrian statue of Marcus Antoninus until his return. Here I was assailed by any amount of vagabonds, and compelled at last to take refuge in the Church of "Ara Cœli,"—but there were more beggars inside than out, so I was glad to mount the Tower in order to escape persecution. This climbing of steeples was never a favorite amusement of mine. It has a tread-mill air about it confoundedly disagreeable, and one don't feel at home so far above one's neighbors. I got enough of fresh air for a season the morning we ascended St. Peter's, besides being compelled to remain at least five minutes in that infernal copper ball up there, because I—— stuck fast in the aperture, and could neither get up or down. It was horrible! The heated atmosphere and copper taste, from the action of the hot sun without, was enough to stifle a dog, while the effort to hurry the fat man through only increased our torment. It was like being buried alive in a cursed still. I should have skinned poor I—— like an eel, rather than have stayed there another minute. I shall crawl into no more balls, at least in advance of ambitious fat men. I don't want to immortalize myself by any such manœuvre. One would look well

"corked up" in the Ball of St. Peter, like a monster in a bottle, "solitary and alone," to reflect upon the grandeur of one's tomb.

April 13, ——.

Walked out the Appian Way to the tomb of Cecilia Metella, and from there to the new church of St. Paul. It will be very magnificent when finished; but it is ridiculous to waste so much money on a church in a neighborhood scarcely habitable one half the year, on account of the Maremme. On our return, we took a glance at the Catacombs. They are immense in extent, but rather unpleasant places to be wandering about in. When we got to our hotel, the valet told us there was "a fete" at the Doria Villa. Without thinking, we jumped into the carriage, and drove to the Villa. We had scarcely entered before we discovered that, instead of a rustic fete as we had imagined, the aristocracy of Rome were revelling. There was an abundance of "white kids" and dress vests, and as we had not been invited, it was thought advisable to retreat. I felt like kicking our valet, as far as the walls of the city, and then throwing him over. But the poor devil did not know any better. He thought we would like to look on. He had no idea that American equality either participates or withdraws. They will never learn the American character in Europe. We are no doubt a gaping, intruding people, but we never offend with the consciousness of a secondary character. We murder in the first degree, and when we make up our mind to look at an emperor, we assume the emperor too, for the occasion.

That Doria Villa is a lovely spot. Nature and art seemed to have vied with each other to beautify it—but rumor says it is unhealthy. There are many fine villas about Rome—but they want the blue Mediterranean to

equal those of Naples. Most of them are thrown open to the public, and the Borghese is a favorite Sunday resort. The game of "Il Moro" goes on in its neighborhood quite as extensively as "Thimble Rig" on one of our race-courses. It seems to be the only game indulged in here. It requires too much practice for a stranger to attempt, and I suspect his education would be a costly business among such swindlers as these.

LEAF XIV.

"FIRENZA LA BELLA."

Five days of vetturino travelling is no slight matter. One must get up at two in the morning, and then have to race all day long with the other carriages, in order to get a bed at night. I cannot imagine what would have become of us if our horses had not been so good; we should certainly have starved on the route. Our carriage was the sixth that left the gates of Rome on the 17th of April for Florence. We were too lazy to start early on the first morning, and our poor horses had to make up for this deficiency in our own energy. We had three elegant black steeds and a capital driver. We had given a good price, and promised an extraordinary "buona mana," if his driving answered our expectations. I——, D——, and T—— had the inside; Q—— and myself took the front.

It was after seven o'clock A. M. before we crossed the Tiber; our lead and off horse were perfection—real devils.

In three hours' time they brought us in sight of our opponents! It wanted but an hour to the breakfast station, and in vetturino travelling every thing depends upon coming first to the different stopping places—particularly at night—for there is generally but one good hotel, and when thirty or forty are to be accommodated, beds are at a premium—to say nothing of the entire consumption of food by the early comers. An Italian larder is never very productive, and rarely stands the fierce assault of the famished travellers. The first carriage we passed submitted without a struggle. I noticed De Brescia and some other Frenchmen in it. The second contained the Spaniards who had been my neighbors at the table d'hote. I thanked my stars as we brushed by them, for if they ever get in first, it will be famine for the hindmost. No 3 had four horses, with courier and servant-maid in the rumble. We failed in our first dash at them, and they kept the road. My lady's maid laughed at our ambitious attempt, but I told her to wait a moment. A short distance further, and we came to the top of a hill. Now our forte was down hill, and we gave the off-horse, Bucephalus, the rein, Q——, the driver and myself holding on to the break. The postillion saw us coming down upon him like mad. My lady's maid set up a scream, expecting to be run into. The ruse succeeded. They gave us the road, and we flew by deliciously. I had just time to see Beauty and the Beast in the carriage. Here, however, our victorious career was stopped by an English posting party. It is contrary to law to pass post horses, so we attempted to bribe their postillion; but it was no go. We had to keep the rear, until they changed horses, which gave us the lead.

At the breakfasting station we found a party of four Dutch girls and "Mama." They had left Rome two

hours in advance of us, and declared their intention to keep the lead throughout—up to the very gates of Florence. We laughed at the idea. That night they certainly did get to Civita Castellana before us; but then we were kept back by the infernal post carriage. We came in third best, and had quite a row before we could succeed in procuring a bed a-piece. The maitre d'hotel could not imagine why we objected to two in a bed. I told him if he could arrange it with the handsome French woman, I would be delighted to share with her; but, as to sleeping with a man, it was uncivilized and unnatural. The English party consisted of two women; they had only a courier with them, and looked like crab-apples. By dint of a little hard swearing, we succeeded in arranging for ourselves, but what became of the other parties is a mystery.

The next morning we rose at two o'clock A. M. got the lead, and kept it all the way to Terni. Here we had plenty of time left to see the Falls. They are some three or four miles from the town—much prettier than Tivoli, but scarcely deserving that glorious description of Byron's.

Our third day's drive brought us to Foligno. We saw nothing of our opponents during the day, as Foligno is quite a large town, and has several hotels. We got into miserable quarters here. The dinner was abominable, and the scoundrel pretended not to know how an omelette was made. We soon taught him.

Our next day's work was the "tug of war." The distance was greater, and there was only one hotel for the whole party, and that in no very good repute. They all got the start of us, owing to D——'s determination to eat boiled eggs before setting out. It was a well-contested race; our horses, to be sure, had already acquired a reputation, and it was known that we could and would pay damages. The Spanish party fought hard; they kept

their horses on the run some three or four miles, but it was no use—we glided by them under a quiet trot. The Dutch struggle was less violent, but more persevering. They seemed determined to give us some trouble before we snatched the laurel; but some hilly ground in the neighborhood of Trasimene decided in our favor, and "solitary and alone" our carriage rolled along the shores of that beautiful lake, leaving our adversaries far in the rear.

It was just four o'clock when we reached Persigniano, and we had even roamed as far as the Sanguinetto and back again before the other carriages drove up. Out of compassion, we surrendered our rooms to the ladies, and took the attic. The Spanish and French party in despair had stopped short of Trasimene. The Dutch girls still declared their intention of getting into Florence before us.

The fifth day brought us to Levano, where we got a capital breakfast—indeed, the only decent meal we had. At Arezzo the servant got alarmed at our consumption of material. I never had such an appetite in my life. At Levano we again, in a spirit of magnanimity, gave up our rooms, with the proviso that the English were not to have them. Beauty looked divine, but the Beast was in a pet, because his horses were not so good as ours. The maitre d'hotel insisted upon our accepting an additional bottle of wine in consideration of our amiability.

We were now only thirty miles from Florence, and had resolved to take it quite leisurely the next day. At the breakfasting station we found all except the Dutch party; they had not yet come up; but we had scarcely seated ourselves at table before their carriage rattled by at a killing pace, with six horses and an additional postillion. They laughed and waved their handkerchiefs as they passed.—They were going without breakfast, in order to reach Florence before us. We called our vetturino, told

him he should have another dollar if he overtook them, and gave him a tremendous bumper of wine. "Good!" says he, and in half an hour we had six horses too, and were off. By Jove! it was spirited driving; but we saw nothing of our Amazonian challengers. Mile after mile we pushed on wickedly under a mid-day sun—our driver half drunk and our favorite steed Bucephalus absolutely snorting with excitement. Bets ran high, and already the Cathedral dome of Florence rose in the distance! Things were getting desperate, and we were rising the last hill of our hope. We mounted it with trepidation; we made a short turn to the right, and, "There they are, by Jove!" screamed I——. We had them—scarcely fifty yards ahead of us! They were taken all aback; and we dashed by them with a shout before their driver could give his horses the rein. We were but a mile from the gates of Florence! One of the girls broke her sunshade from mere vexation of spirit, and the postillion shook his head in despair, as though it were idle to contend with that team!

Florence is crowded. We could get no rooms at the Hotel York, but have comfortable apartments in the Hotel Suisse. Florence is a clean looking place, and the difference between the smiling faces of the Florentines and the scowl of the Romans, is very apparent. T—— has been here several days, having taken the route by Civita Vecchia and Leghorn. I must make an excursion to Pisa and Lucca.

LEAF XXV.

FLORENCE.

April 23, —.

We mounted the Campanile this morning, and got a snuff of fresh air. The guide, though he did smell shockingly of garlic, gave us a tolerably correct idea of the different sections of the city, and the situation of the churches worth visiting. It evidently saves us the expense of a map. T—— is rather averse to lofty positions. He hugged the balustrade of the Campanile with the energy of despair, and could scarcely be persuaded to take the look perpendicular. He was never born for a "samphire gatherer." He is now in training for the dizzy heights of Switzerland. If he holds on to the cliffs with the crab-like tenaciousness which he exercised this morning, there will be some danger of his unsettling them, and we shall all roll into the valley together.

The Duomo has a very singular appearance; I do not know whether I like it or not. The sights of Florence are at very convenient distances from each other, and one can "do them up" in a few days. The Palazzo Vecchia looks as stern and forbidding as the lawless democracy that so often ran riot within its walls. We had to ascend to the upper story before we could find the custode, (no small matter, considering our previous ascent of the Campanile,) and then were barely repaid for our labor. The paintings do not possess any extraordinary merit,

and the portrait of Bianca Capello completely destroyed my ideal of that notorious creature. It has vulgarity stamped upon every feature. The David of Angelo, which stands on the square in front of the Palazzo, is mean. It looks like a famished boy who has outgrown his strength, or labors under the ravages of a tapeworm. Even the genius of Angelo could not mantle that lean marble's infirmities. In the Loggia, by the side of the Palazzo, is some fine sculpture; and in the centre of the square stands Cosmo himself, in all the dignity of his character.

Most of the churches in Florence are unfinished, and the palaces have a gloomy, feudal appearance, recording with their iron bars and massive stone, the violence of the age their architect flourished in. The girls look saucy, liberal, and well-fed. There is a whole room full of milliners just opposite my window. Some of them look enterprising enough to scale a wall; and my morning salute is returned with as dazzling an array of white teeth as ever paralyzed a dentist. One of them has a head of hair which the "wing of darkness" must have brooded over. My sight weakens in the brilliancy of its gloss. She lays her hand upon it, and, though a brunette, the contrast pales the fingers to ivory. One bay-flower dashed into the midnight of that hair would shame the richest jewel in the ducal coronet. I don't generally deal in a platonic exchange of such trifles, but I really would accept a lock of that creature's affections. Shall I send the valet for it, or go myself? Perhaps the most convenient way will be to send for her—it will give a more flattering evidence of my confidence in her liberality. This atmosphere enlarges

one's views of society, and creates a desire for a more extensive range of social freedom. Is it philosophy or vice that predisposes one to look lightly upon this discord in the tone of the moral world?—but still, if one dip be a "false harmony," it is excusable to play out of tune in some portion of it.

April 24.

Took a run through the gallery Imperiale; met T—— in the tribune, gazing on the Venus di Medici. She is no doubt faultless, but I prefer the Naples rival. What treasures of Art does this little room contain! Whichever way you turn, some immortal creation greets your eye. Every picture is a gem, and every piece of marble a notoriety; the disputed knife-grinder stoops life-like by the side of the all-conquering goddess; the intricate contortion of the angry wrestlers contrasts well with the easy, joyful abandonment of the Dancing Fawn; and the god of Music closes with his entrancing face this circle of exclusives. From the canvas the naked forms of Titian dazzle you, and the Fornarini enchants. The only common-looking picture in the room is a Virgin by Angelo, which it is to be hoped is rather admired as a rarity than for any beauty discoverable in it; there is not one quality of the Virgin apparent in the picture. It is a coarse, cross-looking, middle-aged woman, more like the mother of a large family, than the sainted Madonna. Niobe and her Children have also a room to themselves. I was disappointed in the group. The face of the mother is poetry, but the children appeared rather theatrically "got up." The Mercury of John of Bologna is truly wonderful; the gossamer does not mount the air

with an easier grace. The blue-hooded Magdalene of Sassafarato is Heaven itself. One could give the world to call her back from celestial glory to the contamination of sense. What a charm does such a picture give to Religion! Talk of mind and its daring comprehension of the great unknown—of imagination and its bright conceptions of bliss beyond the grave—what are their cold and unembodied subtleties compared to the rapturous divinity which glows from the canvas and fascinates the eye until the heart worships, and fretful reason smooths itself to faith because faith is so beautiful? That one face has a spell fruitful as the blood of the martyrs;—but bless me! this sounds like Mahometanism! If Sassafarato's Magdalene is Heaven, there is but one step thence to Hell, which is the Head of Medusa, by Caravaggio, in a neighboring room. It is "horribly beautiful"—deliciously damnable! It makes one's hair stand on end; such a livid, snaky, gory, mutilated fright. Heavens! to have those nasty reptiles hanging like matted locks about one's forehead! It is worthy the gloomy pencil of Caravaggio.

We strolled afterwards into the Church of Santa Croce. It is crowded with monuments to the illustrious dead—Galileo, Machiavelli, Angelo, Aretino, and Alfieri; but none of them have the slightest originality of design. Sculpture-painting and architecture figure, of course, upon Angelo's tomb, and hope and charity inhabit the rest. Upon entering the church, Q——, not wishing to throw away his half-smoked cigar, thrust it, not quite extinguished, into his coat-pocket. We had not been there long before he came to me and asked if I did not smell something burning. "I said "no," though I suspected the cause. He walked on, with the smoke curling from his coat-tail, totally unconscious of the mischief, while T—— and myself stood convulsed with laughter. Again and again he

approached me, and asserted positively that something must be burning. We told him it was the incense. At last the old sexton, seeing the secret conflagration, came rushing up the church, and seized Q—— by the coat-tail with the anxiety of a father. "What the deuce is the old fellow about?" says Q——. I thought I should burst a blood-vessel. T—— roared, and poor Q—— discovered that he had not only lost his cigar by the operation, but had destroyed two-thirds of a very respectable coat-tail. The old sexton was too much alarmed to enjoy the joke, and he probably imagined that T—— and myself must be the "devil's own" to allow a fellow creature thus to make a lucifer match of himself. But we had a high moral purpose in view, which was to teach Q—— to be less economical in the cigar line. An American should never smoke a once extinguished cigar.

The flower-girls of Florence are a nuisance. One can scarcely walk out without an attack of bouquets. It sounds pretty enough in poetry to take flowers when the beauty of the gift is even surpassed by the beauty of the giver; but with such ordinary, characterless Nydias as these, one would rather be excused all contact. Flowers were not made to be hawked about by impudent girls. They are frail and gentle things, and the eye that solicits you to accept them should sink at its own impulsive rashness, and not invite your gaze with a licentiousness of look too marked to be agreeable. How few women, after all, know how to use their weapons! They owe their conquests more to man's eagerness to be overcome than to their own skill. Enjoy them and the chain dissolves, not because the man is satiated, but because the woman is unskilled and ignorant of her resources. She studies to win and not to keep, and, like Pyrrhus, her victory is her ruin. Show me a woman who is complete master of her resources.

you will find her victim once is her victim for ever. She is the conqueror of custom, habit, and satiety—she can defy change.

April 25

Michael Angelo is avenged! and before the tomb of Lorenzo de Medici I recognize the sovereignty of his genius. Originality, beauty, solemnity—all that combines to catch the eye and awaken reflection, is there, stamped in the immortality of marble. The simple arrangement of the seated figure is kingly, and in the shaded and half-seen features the very soul of meditation dreams its solemn visions. It is the Hamlet of sculpture. Perhaps a shade too gloomy, but then his footstool is a tomb, and his thoughts are of the grave. His Day and Night are less intelligible, but not the less striking. The costly chapel of the Medici is not even a gorgeous folly, and if the rarity and value of its materials were not carefully pointed out, one would pass through it without the slightest idea of the unparalleled extravagance of its founder. In one of the cloisters attached to the Church of Annunziati is a Madonna del Sacca, considerably damaged, but with as heavenly a face as any in Italy. It deserves careful preservation, and were I an artist, it should not want a copying. The pictures of Fra Angelico, though remarkable productions for their age, and interesting to students, are strange affairs. Q—— admires them vastly, but upon my soul! I can see nothing in them worth wasting time over. This may be a want of taste. His Annunciation is decidedly ludicrous; and in spite of the gravity of our guide and Q——, I could not help laughing outright at the performance. It is hard to tell whether the angel intends alighting or returning again; and, as to the Virgin, she appears any thing but satisfied at the arrangement. Then there is

an immense flower-garden to fill up the foreground, and Linnæus himself would have been puzzled to death to classify the good father's plants. The toilet of the party is original in the extreme, and shows an advanced stage of scenic effect. The wing of the angel is reversed, and when in motion would counteract the other. However, his pictures are said to have been painted during fits of inspiration; and such things have a license in them not accorded to the natural and common-place.

Apart from sight-seeing Florence is rather dull. The great era of the day is the afternoon drive on the Cascine, or a walk in the Boboli Gardens, neither of which possesses positive charms for an adventurous spirit. The theatres are good, and they are moderate in price.

At the representation of "Il Bravo" I saw as sweet looking a girl as ever tantalized a St. Anthony; she looked every thing; but what the devil is a man to do when he can not speak the language? After playing footman to her carriage, and wafting her an adieu in the most approved fashion, I went and consoled myself with a chat with the charming Nina—who by the way must be a descendant of the Sforzas—she has the imperious air of loyalty, and dispenses her favors with the caprice of a sultana. My dark haired Milliner looks sad—does she think me fickle, or is it the fever of affection? as Donna Julia sighs—"I'll ne'er consent, and yet consented." P—— is fanning a Platonic attachment, and feeds his Inamorata's window with a daily Bouquet—well, it is a cheap offering—"Ex nihil, nihil fit." T—— and Q—— are amusing themselves in the same quarter—poor thing! can she withstand such a legion?—she lives across the way, and these villainous conspirators sit in the dark and watch their prey at her nightly toilet from their window; D——gives the signal, "Douse the glim!" and immediately the candles are "dead as a nail,"

and there they crouch opera glass in hand, peering like excited elders at the innocent and unconscious Susannah. C—— goes to bed half delirious, and wonders how such things can be and overcome us like a summer cloud, while T—— sneaks to the embrace of the "Doctor's daughter." Oh! Man! Man! what an unaccountable creature thou art! One seems to wrap himself up in the stoicism of Philosophy—another in the self-denying vestment of religion—one absorbs all passion in the singleness and constancy of his only love—another sacrifices all to his darling avarice—glory consumes the hero—cards the gamester—yet one little leg, one swelling bosom, one toilet seen through the twilight of a maiden's chamber—sweeps Philosopher—Love—Priest—*all risk the general whirlpool* of sense, and the devil laughs at the impotence of his poor victims.

LEAF XXVI.

IN AND ABOUT FLORENCE.

May 2.

Q—— and myself have just returned from an excursion to Lucca and Pisa, after having enjoyed in the full the beauties of vetturino travelling. We had stipulated for the entire carriage to ourselves, though we were not at all astonished at the presence of another inside and one outside passenger, perfectly satisfied if things would get no worse in the course of the journey. We passed through Pistoia and Pescia, and reached Lucca time enough the same day to finish the sights. I thought our guide to the cathedral

at Lucca would never get through his elaborate eulogies upon every thing it contained, and I was glad to escape at last from his enthusiasm to the quiet promenade on the ramparts. The country around Lucca is one of the most fertile and carefully cultivated I have yet seen. The roads are almost straight lines, with scarcely three feet of rise or fall for miles of surface,—and the people all have the satisfied air of the Florentines.

We left Lucca early the next day, and singular to record had the carriage to ourselves. By 10, A. M., we were at Pisa; here our vetturino gave us miserable quarters, and left us with the promise of being ready at 5 o'clock next morning to take us to Florence. We spent the day in lounging about the Duomo, and trying to admire the frescoes of the Campo Santo. Q—— succeeded in getting up a considerable amount of inflatus, though not without some effort. I could not see any thing very pleasing in the confused and half-obliterated figures that crowd the walls, and as for their excellence I am not connoissieur enough to detect it. There are some fine pictures in the cathedral, and I was sorry we had not entered it at an earlier hour, as the approach of evening prevented us from seeing some of them very distinctly. We lay two or three hours on the grass looking at the Leaning Tower, and finally mustered energy enough to ascend it. If a blind man made the ascent, he would be rather puzzled at such a singular method of rising. There is apparently more down hill than up, and when one rounds the leaning side, the acceleration of pace acquired takes away all the effort in mounting the rise. To look down from above did not strike me as such a fearful sight, for the parapet prevents one from noticing the awful inclination. It looks more like a tower in the very act of falling, when seen from below, especially if you obstruct your view of the uppermost part by placing

your hand over your eyes. It is truly a very remarkable and very beautiful architectural monster, whether the result of accident or design is immaterial.

At 5 o'clock next morning we were ready to depart for Florence, in the hope of reaching there in time for the table d'hote. Hour after hour passed away, but no vetturino;—at last, about half past eight o'clock, a miserable looking equipage drove up to the door with two women inside, and a host of band-boxes on the top. The driver had a villainous cock of the eye, and it was perfectly impossible to catch his look. He announced himself as the brother of the party who had conducted us thus far, and declared his fixed intention of bringing us to Florence with the aid of two changes of horses, in time for dinner. Enraged as I was at this hocus pocus attempt to gammon us, I could not help laughing at the turn-out before me, and the unspeculative look of the villain's eye. The off-horse had the elephantis in both legs; they had been scored down with a knife like dead mutton or the young bark of a tree. The near horse had let down in the left shoulder, and when once started, had to keep on for fear of falling on his nose. The driver was screaming at them all the time, as if dreadfully afraid they would run away. I asked him how far the efficiency of this team was to be tested. He threw his "cock-eye" upon the off-horse which seemed the favorite, and swore by the sainted Virgin they should be changed 14 miles out. As I did not wish to incommode the women, who were not the handsomest in the world, I took my seat by his side, and assisted to the best of my ability in getting our chargers fairly started. After going sixteen miles, I ventured to remind strabismus of his promise. He smiled spasmodically, and a painful doubt crossed my mind. We came at last to a considerable village. Here he descended—took out the horses—

disappeared with them; and after some fifteen minntes' absence returned, leading the identical animals forward. I tried to look severe. The scoundrel proceeded with all the gravity of a Turk, to change the position of the horses, making elephantis this time the near-horse, and having hitched them, took his seat, and flourished his whip with all the enthusiasm of a new movement. There was no use in remonstrating, and I contented myself with enquiring if the next change was of a similar kind—for, if it was, we would dispense with the ceremony. After two more hours of semi-locomotion, he got a bid for us at last, and we were transferred to a new party, with a somewhat better equipage. These sales upon the road are very frequent in vetturino travelling, and without a strong agreement to the contrary, you will find yourself disposed of before you are aware of it. We did not succeed in reaching Florence until sunset. The road was very dusty, and the sooner they provide a railroad for travellers to cross it, the better for the peace of mind of the Grand Duke of Tuscany.*

MAY 3.

Florence is a very paradise for loafers. From a three hours' toilet in the morning one passes to Doney's, and feeds upon eggs, coffee, and delicious bread and butter, for which one paul (about ten cents) is paid; then a stride through the Gallery Imperiale is just sufficiently fatiguing to make one enjoy an ice or a lemonade which will cost half a paul. An hour may be consumed with the refreshing liquid, and in a luxuriant revival of strength. One may then drop over the Arno—sink into a cushioned seat of the Pitti Palace, and gaze on the Madonna de Seggiola of

* There is now a railroad, and a very excellent one, from Leghorn, via Pisa, direct to Florence, and thence branching to Sienna. —ED. A. C.

Raphael—sweet purification of the wanton Fornarina! Almost by her side is the Gitana-looking Virgin of Murillo; —a turn of the head, and the lovely, guileless, glorious Judith of Allori stands like some female Macbeth, whose hand is soiled with murder, but whose thoughts are noble and whose breast still harbors the milk of human kindness —strange contrast between the cruel clutch of her fingers in his matted hair, and the soft, womanly beauty of her dark eyes and full, warm lips. The next room will present you with the luscious death-scene of Cleopatra, and for a moment you will cease to sneer at the infatuation which lost a world to bask in such charms. A memory perhaps will come over you of younger days, when the anxious, politic, intriguant life of Augustus seemed to your fancy but a miserable destiny compared to that of the passionate worshipper and victim of Egypt's queen; but this weakness will vanish as your eye falls upon the "Sister Fates" of Angelo, and the gloomy "Conspirators" of Salvator Rosa. They call you back to a life of action, a thirst for power; the inexorable calmness, the cold inhumanity which frames our destiny without a sigh, sits upon every feature of those withered women, and inspires one with a sort of defiance to live on and endure in spite of fate, while the dark energy of the arch conspirator Cataline looks proud disdain upon the weakness that dare not aspire to be great even in crime itself. When your eye grows weary of the canvas, pass through these priceless halls of painted treasure and feast awhile upon the Venus of Canova—the marble sister of Napoleon—you will find her somewhat thin and a trifle too bashful, but still attractive; then call at the studio of Power, where Eve and the Grecian captive will charm you till dinner. They rank very properly among the finest pieces of modern sculpture; without having that classical severity of the

ancient Ideal, they have all their beauty and just enough of earth to keep them out of heaven. Eve is a real woman, and quite persuaded me that nature can compete successfully with the unrealized idea of the old sculptor. The Grecian captive is a sweet creation, and, when finished America may attach her label to the best sculptor in the world. Truly we are a great people.

After dinner, which will cost five pauls, a drive on the Cascine can be introduced with propriety, as the Florentine fashionables have agreed to do the same. One may thus consume an hour upon the meadows, coquetting with whatever may cross your path, from a ducal hare or pheasant to a duchess; but it is best to avoid any thing walking with a child or speaking the English tongue; the one will generally be a craft suspect, or "long, low, black schooner"—the other a bore. By this time the sun sets and the theatre opens. The age of poetry commences, and one sinks into bed with the notes of "Il Bravo" or "Torquato Tasso," murmuring in one's ears—or perhaps a more tangible luxury exists in yonder slumber. So fades day after day, like Banquo's issue—one fatal resemblance stamped on all, until the ennuied soul cries out—"I'll see no more!"

Sweet Florence! How unlike that once turbulent city whose fierce factions stained thy ducal threshold with fratricide, and blurred the finest pages of thy history with ingratitude! In the peaceful loungers of the Boboli Gardens who could recognize the descendants of that restless democracy, whose law was vengeance, whose liberty was license? or who, in regarding the enlightened policy which marks the present rule of Tuscany, could dream that the idiotic sway of the bastard Medici was once observed and respected? Nothing is left of former despotism here but the evidence of its refined luxury. The vices and the law

lessness which made it despicable are forgotten, and the stranger's eye can feast upon its magnificence without being shocked at the abuses of government, or the degradation of the people. Tuscany presents the only specimen I have yet seen in Italy, of a good administration of affairs and a contented people. The soldiers are few and civil. The court is economical, yet gay; aristocratic, yet accessible. The galleries and public places are thrown open at all times free of expense, free of annoyance. The liberty of the press can scarcely be called restricted, and theatrical representations have unbounded license. There is an abundance—a cheapness—a goodness of almost every thing. This proves the absence of exorbitant taxation, and might be inducement enough to detain the stranger, even if Florence had not those advantages of beauty and art which she so eminently possesses. What an eulogium from a republican. Well! I should like to snatch a little literary leisure here: but then travellers cannot read; always excepting Galignani's Newspaper and the Guide-Book. They are the traveller's oracle, his authority, his thermometer. He reads them with the same care an old woman does the almanac, and regards their theories and calculations with the same degree of reverence.

LEAF XXVII.

BOLOGNA.

May 14.

We left Florence with the same vetturino who had brought us from Rome. In the place of D——n and I——, we had T—— and D——r. Q—— and myself occupied, as usual, the front seat.

The road between Florence and Bologna is nothing but a succession of hills, and affords little to interest the traveller. Being anxious to reach Bologna early the next day, we proceeded rather farther than the customary day's journey, and were rewarded for our haste by miserable quarters for the night. The dinner, too, was execrable. This generally is one of the first effects on entering the dominions of his Holiness. T—— and D——r were somewhat shocked at their first essay in this species of locomotion, and they were unanimous in declaring it to be their last use of the vetturino mode.

It was almost night when we reached our stopping place; but then we had the pleasure of watching a real Claude sunset, from its first glow to its death-shroud. It was a pure Italian sunset, with all its characteristics—its harmony —its grandeur—its loveliness. We were among the Appenines, and the eye strayed over the vine and the olive. There were the dark blue hills and the deep blue sky; and the last gleam of its setting smile was playing upon the white walls of Filigare. There were peasant girls with their roguery, and beggars with their piteous supplication.

From each valley came the solemn peal of vesper, and the roadside had its chapels and images of the Madonna. The purple and gold of the "dying dolphin" lay soft and languid upon the hazy heights, and the soul of man, as he gazed upon this glory of Italy, involuntarily exclaimed, "How beautiful!" I have seen many rich and varied sunsets at home, on our lakes and among our mountains; they are much more brilliant, and have a bolder, more confused, unsettled, and varied coloring—but they want that soft, misty veil which gives to the Italian sunset its depth, its languor, its repose—they want the enervating climate, and that poetry of art which breathes from all man's works when hallowed by time; and, above all, they want that state of feeling which travel in Italy generates, and which in fact is half the enjoyment of the boasted Italian sunset. There is a landscape in the Pitti Palace by Claude Lorraine, where he seems to have snatched Heaven's own dyes in their sweetest hour. Whoever has looked at that picture, has seen the successful rival of nature. But what is a sunset either here or at home if its mellow light be not reflected from our lady's eyes? Association is the beautifier of Heaven's drapery. Without that, its most gorgeous glory is but tinsel.

Bologna is full of Austrian soldiers. A revolutionary spirit has been discovered among the Papal troops, and they have just finished shooting some six or seven officers in the market-place. We were not in time to witness the execution. There are rumors of another batch to follow shortly. Curse this foreign interference! Were it not for Austria, the Papal rule would soon be extinct in Bologna. They always were a restless sort of characters. Bologna was once famous for its picture galleries; but few now remain. The Academy di Belli Arte has some magnificent paintings. We spent nearly the whole day looking at

them. The St. Cecelia of Raphael, the St. Jerome of Caracci, and the Massacre of the Innocents by Guido, are well worth a ride from Florence, even to an indifferent admirer of the fine arts. D—— is flirting out the window with a little French woman. I must go and help him.

May 15.

Went to the Bacchiorchi Palace. The family not being at home, we were led through the whole range of private apartments—billiard room, dining room, sitting room, concert room, sleeping apartments; and, at the end, a noble hall, containing statues, busts and portraits of the whole Napoleon family—the sculpture by Canova; the painting by David. Madame Mére looked majesty itself. Pauline, though rather Frenchified in attitude, has a winning face; and Caroline Murat has all that energy of character about the lines of the mouth which she displayed in the government of a kingdom; but still the brow and eyes of Josephine, in the midst of this imperial beauty, bears away the palm. Nature's queen stands avenged, and the Hapsburg bride had better decline the honor of such a close companionship with the dethroned rival. It is a highly interesting collection. Q—— took a tremendous walk in the hot sun to some convent or Campo Santo in the neighborhood, to look at some paintings by St. Luke. I have seen several of this apostle's efforts in the fine arts, and, considering the age in which he lived and his former calling, they are quite creditable affairs. One would suppose that a fisherman would have made choice of water colors; but he must have had an eye to posterity in his selection of oil. How supremely absurd to make a Sir Joshua Reynolds out of St. Luke! Wonder if the Council of Trent passed their opinion upon these inspired works? There is neither reason nor necessity in such imposture.

To-morrow we start for Venice, with a new vetturino. Our old one began to play the scamp, too, and attempted to charge us an infamous price, on the supposition that we were partial to him, and would be too lazy to look up another; but we "whisked him off" in a torrent of indignation, and came to the philosophical conclusion that honesty is a mere comparative, and forthwith selected the most villainous-looking applicant from the crowd to torture us to Venice. We shall doubtless have some rare sport on the route, and a repetition of the game played between Pisa and Florence. I shall be satisfied if it prove no worse. Thank Heaven! it is only two days' duration, and one could endure almost any thing that long, except pleasure.

FERRARA.

May 16.

Thus far we have done tolerably well. Our nags would scarcely serve as coursers to the sun, but still they brought us quite gallantly in the wake of the Crown Prince of Wurtemburg, up to the very gates of Ferrara.

Our first sally was to Tasso's Prison. I don't say that Tasso did not inhabit that cellar—it is neither impossible nor dreadful; yet I allow myself just sufficient skepticism to destroy the charm. Byron's name is written too well for such a miserable chirographer as he was. It don't look natural. Indeed, the whole affair is rather too well "got up" for an antique fact. 'Tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis so. The castle is superb—the very beau ideal of a tyrannizing, treacherous, gloomy stronghold; just such as the "serpent broods" of Este might hatch in, and where Parisina might be immured.

One is scarcely able to believe that here once reigned

the most polished Court in Europe; that these empty palaces—these "wide and grassgrown" streets were once filled with thronging thousands. Silence and solitude are every where. If only ruin and desolation accompanied them, there would be some harmony in the scene, and Ferrara would seem but another Pompeii, or some deserted city of the desert; but here are miles of noble edifices, which time has vainly touched; broad and level streets, which have not their parallel in Italy, and fine open squares, all untenanted—scarcely a human being to be seen—no life, no noise; not the slightest evidence of trade nor sign of activity. You pass at once from a narrow circle of existence, yet throbbing in the centre to almost perfect depopulation in the outspread extremities. It is melancholy to walk these vacant streets, with nothing but your own shadow to mock you with companionship. Even the plague would have very little sport here; and it would require but a small amount of fancy to imagine oneself the "last man" in the universe. God save me from a solitude in such excellent preservation as Ferrara!

LEAF XXVIII.

PADUA.

PADUA, MAY 17.

As was anticipated, our horses broke down some few hours' ride from Rovigo. It was a mournful spectacle. The road as level as a floor, and they unable to trot along. We joked despairingly upon our prospects. The steeples of Rovigo were visible in the distance—but distance lent

no enchantment to the view, for our breakfast was there also. D—— and myself took to walking, in the vain hope of assuaging our hunger. We met a savoyard with his monkey and organ. We set him to playing in front of the horses, fondly hoping he might be some Orpheus in disguise—but it was "no go;" they did not even prick their ears at the moving melody, but walked slowly on like the first "drops of a thunder-shower," or the lazy stretch of a sick frog. We paid the organ-boy for the attempt, and discharged him. Even the monkey commiserated our situation—he looked back with the air of a jockey; raised his eye-brows to the very top of his head, and with a slight degree of emotion, declared as plainly as look could declare: "Shocking team!"

We laughed at the rascal's penetration, for there was no use in sighing. We had done all that man, monkey, and music could do, and resigned ourselves to destiny. We were two hours in going five miles. At Rovigo, we got a good breakfast and fresh horses; they brought us to Padua by five o'clock. We shall take the rail road to-morrow for Venice. We have just finished one of the best dinners I have eaten in Italy: and I feel more like going to sleep than consulting the inkstand. D—— has already turned in, and seems to have groaned himself to oblivion over the idea of rising at five o'clock in the morning. It is dreadful—but then visions of gondolas lure us on, and we must glide with the morning sun through the watery streets of Venice. I remember one night reading the two Foscari: it was my first collegiate year, and the prospect of visiting Europe was uncertain, at least far distant. When I came to that scene where Foscari dwells upon the magnificence of her palaces—the luxury of her festivals—the mysterious power of her rulers—in language which only Byron's genius could mould—I rose involuntarily, and walking to

the open window, half-muttered to myself—"Ye gods! shall I never see Venice?" The ring of the chapel bells for prayer answered me sharply—"Not soon—not soon! you pitiful under-graduate!"

Seven years have passed away, and yonder, almost within my grasp, sleeps the "Ocean City;" it seems but yesternight that I asked the question, though many queries have found their answer and fulfilment—yes, their grave—between that hour and this! Strange that it should come back upon me with such freshness! But I am growing metaphysical, or I suspect, sleepy. Perhaps I am dreaming now, and may walk out of the window. I will go and shut it for precaution sake. It would be well too, to give D—— a shake and get his opinion. Poor fellow! he would think it was already time to get up, and would beg for a little longer indulgence. He is no doubt dreaming of the "Bridge of Sighs." Shade of Radcliffe! hover over his pillow! He ate dinner enough to evoke a thousand demons to strangle him.

Venice, May 20.

I frequently ask myself whether I am really in Venice! I go to the balustrade of my window, and look down the grand canal, and sure enough the gondolas are gliding about, and some picture of Canalletti seems floating before my eyes. Every one has had his dream of Venice. Poetry and prose have been exhausted in ambitious attempts to describe its peculiar appearance—and expressions, such as genius in its most glorious moods can only coin, have been lavished upon this petted darling of the imagination. It has every charm which grandeur, mystery—long-indulged power and story can confer upon it; and it is with no common interest we approach its presence to find one ideal in its reality. Perhaps it is the only city

whose appearance does not disappoint one's expectations, and however extravagant one's boyish fancy may have fashioned it, still there will be some resemblance to one's visions, in its strange, original, and wondrous aspect. Our boat was crowded, and we could get but an indifferent view of the "Ocean City," as we crossed the Lagoon. The heat of the sun, and the motion of the rowers, prevented our standing outside of the pavilion, and we had to content ourselves with occasional glimpses of its "Tiara Towers."

After about an hour's row we were landed at a sort of Custom House. Here our baggage was examined, and our passports secured. We were then allowed to proceed upon our way as best we could. Some gondoliers soon seized upon us, and we found ourselves passing noiselessly along the watery street. We had now an opportunity to observe things. The canal at this place had sidewalks, and presented quite a bustling appearance. We passed several fine churches, and as yet there was no appearance of that dilapidation we expected to find. One of the gondoliers pointed out the Manfrini Palace to us, but we had scarcely time to note it before we turned into the grand canal. We were not two hundred yards from the Rialto—the gondola dashed across without giving us a chance to see the magnificent structures that lined its banks; and we entered a narrow way, in order, by a short cut, to strike the grand canal on the opposite side where our hotel was situated. Here decay began to show itself. We passed many splendid palaces, with the sea-weed hanging in masses from their slimy steps; the windows were all broken, and the casements and doors boarded over in the roughest manner—presenting a melancholy spectacle of social desolation. They looked doubly cheerless from the presence of the bright noon-day sun playing upon their

marble fronts, and not one answering ray of life came from those once brilliant homes.

We landed at the Hotel Europa, and after obtaining rooms, sallied forth to the Piazza San Marco. The place was thronged with people, and in front of the Ducal Palace stood a scaffold surrounded by soldiers. Could it be possible that an execution was to take place? We were not kept long in suspense—two guards approached, leading the culprit between them with his hands pinioned behind, and his head bare. He was placed upon the scaffold facing the palace. he did not appear more than nineteen years of age; remarkably fine featured, but pale as death. I thought of the "Lion's Mouth," and the accursed oligarchy of Venice—of the Ducal Palace by my side, the sepulchre of dark deeds—and it required but the pale victim before me to carry me back to that age of terror when the Bridge of Sighs was the passage to the tomb. To what height this train of thought might have "piled the agony." I know not, for it was cut short by the appearance of some judicial functionary upon the balcony of the Ducal Palace, who, taking his stand between two particular pillars, proceeded to sentence the object of all this interest to ten years' imprisonment for sundry crimes too numerous to mention. The sympathetic populace hissed—the judge disappeared, and the criminal was led off in a twinkling. I felt disappointed—I had already determined that the Lion of St. Mark should greet me with something mysteriously shocking, and to be thus baulked in the very moment of what I thought its consummation—was extremely tantalizing.

We returned to the hotel, and quizzed T—— with an account of the terrible execution we had just witnessed, and declared the party to have been a political offender, over whose death Austria forbid the slightest expression

of sympathy. Whenever we approached any mention of the circumstances, we lowered our voices to a whisper, and kept T—— in a perfect stew during the greater part of our stay, through his reverence for the Austrian police. It was some time before he discovered the joke, from the fact of his being afraid to ask any body else about it. There is no difficulty in walking to almost any part of Venice, if one is acquainted with the many bridges which cross its different canals; the people, too, are very civil, and when they see a stranger turning into a corte which does not lead to a bridge, they immediately cry out, "non passata!" and soon give him the clue to the labyrinth. They are decidedly the gayest devils in Italy. It only needs one turn through the colonnades of the Piazza San Marco to establish that fact. This piazza is the largest dry space in Venice, and here the whole town congregates towards evening to hear the music, and take their coffee or ice previous to going to the opera—and a more brilliant promenade is not to be met with in Europe. The Venetian women have a more dashy style and a more wicked sparkle of the eye than the Florentines—they do not wait to receive a challenge, but their dark lustrous eyes say "qui vive" the moment you meet their gaze, and he must be of strange mould, indeed, who would not bide the encounter. But these are not the women Titian has immortalized upon canvas—they are quite a different-looking race, and one would seek in vain for the golden locks and softened features of his "Bella Donna." They are dark, imperious, and saucily-bewitching—with licentiousness in their gait, and a dreamy lolling voluptuousness in their repose, which makes them exceedingly attractible. The warm gaze of a Venetian girl, when unobserved by her guardians is passion's essence, and the pages of romance could scarcely exaggerate the deeds she dare commit in her love's madness.

LEAF XXIX.

VENICE, MAY 22.

WE have changed our quarters, and got into quite an interesting neighborhood. Three chambers and a parlor, with the privilege of doing as we please. Our landlady is handsome, but far gone in that condition which ladies "like to be who love their lords." The opposite windows present attractions of a high order, and have the convenience of being accessible to a daring leaper—we can almost shake hands across. T—— has already opened communications with a little signora of sixteen, and I am preparing my battery against a superb looking modiste. She sits all day at the window, pretending to work, but she uses her eyes with more execution than her needle. There is every prospect of a desperate war. In the second story is a very suspicious looking craft, who neglects occasionally to draw the curtain at night, and thus affords T—— and D—— another delectable opportunity of indulging in their optical operations and dissolving views. I often hear their ecstatic whispers as I return from the opera, and am conjured by all I hold dear to go to bed in the dark, lest my light might give the alarm. The bravo as he lurks behind some pillar waiting for his victim draws not his breath more softly than these two ambushed admirers of nature. "Peeping Tom of Coventry" was not to be compared to them—well, it is but another form of the picturesque, and the great maxim of travelling seems to be, to see all you can. We are only a few steps from the Piazza San Marco, and quite convenient to the Opera House. Our

breakfast we discuss at Florian's, with the particular attendance of the melancholy garçon of that establishment—and our dinner "chez Marseilles," where we get miserable liquids, but excellent fish. Our gondolier is a short, thick-set rascal, who admires the women vastly, but knows nothing of "Tasso's echoes" or the melodious accomplishments of his republican predecessors. He is discreet withal, and has a great outward regard for the police. Our principal and most honored acquaintance in Venice is a smuggler of cigars, who may be met, daily sauntering along under the colonnade by Florian's. He is a very equivocal sort of character, and might be the ruin of any ordinary man's reputation. The most striking part of this personage is his hat, an enormous, old-fashioned bell-crown, placed very sedately upon the very top of his head. The hat, regarded merely as a hat, would attract attention; but when full of cigars, and balanced with exquisite nicety by the wearer, it becomes an object of intense interest, and many a sporting character would exultingly hazard two to one that it could not maintain its position five minutes. Yet, in spite of this apparent danger of a spill, its occupant will walk under the very nose of the sentinel on duty in the piazza, and approach a stranger in the most seductive form, with a real Havanna in his mouth, the ashes of which he allows to linger with great care upon its terminus, so as to attract the smoker by the beauty of its color and the strength of its tenacity. He will then manage to throw each puff of smoke into the individual's face, and thus add flavor to his already charmed vision. The effect of this combination is irresistible, particularly to a poor devil who has been wasting breath and life out upon the "segar mechanique," "the snipe's bill," as D—— calls them. Our smuggler to cap the climax, immediately removes the precious "bell-

crown," presents his array of exotics, and underbids the government with the stoicism of a patriot or the sublimity of a philanthropist whose heart bleeds at the sufferings of his kind. His manner is grand—it is not the sycophantic crouch of the Jew bartering for money—nor the sneaking stealth of conscious guilt disposing of its criminal ware—but it is the Roman come to sell his jewels for his country, and as he sees one after another absorbed by the barbaric stranger, he smiles in self-gratulation, as though he were the inventor of a new pleasure, for which kings in vain had offered millions. He is an indefatigable promenader. Our coffee is scarcely sipped in the morning before the "bell-crown" is seen moving among the pillars of the colonnade—and the evening music as it floats over the piazza, finds him gliding about like a ministering angel. I have read of Otranto's casque, with its dark plumage—I have seen the helmet of Bayard—and gazed in silent wonder upon many a rusty morion, dug from the grave of centuries—but that "bell-crown" has a mysterious, indescribable, strange and original physiognomie, and it would be idle to deny its entrancing power. The chapeau of Napoleon has had its day—so had the boot of Marlborough—and may not the smuggler's hat have that innate germ of greatness which sooner or later ripens to maturity?

T—— and Q—— have taken rooms near the Grand Canal, and seem very busy in exploring the wonders of Venice. The daughter of their washwoman having first made overtures to T—— to become his mistress, and being refused made free with sundry Napoleons left negligently loitering upon his table. Byron says, "Hell has no Fury like a woman scorned,"—a virtuous man must expect to be robbed either of his virtue or his money when he takes up his abode among these ocean sirens. To deny an out-

let to the little extravagances of a washwoman's daughter was cruel, and we have no sympathy for Napoleons waterloo'd in such fashion. The peculiar construction of Venetian society requires an occasional sacrifice of one's dearest principles, and though the moralist shrink at the idea of being seduced, the sage and philosopher yields with a grace to the pressure of circumstances—and cease to be the slaves of an atmospheric abstraction; still to be candid, the desires of a washwoman's daughter have no legitimate right to aspire to a moralist's person much less to his Napoleons; and had she contented herself with silver it would have been quite a justifiable proceeding, but she is evidently above her calling, poor girl! How different would have been her fate had destiny made her the daughter of *our* washerwoman!—verily, narrow are the boundaries between failure and success.

MAY 23.

We "done up" the Ducal Palace to-day, from the Giant's Staircase to the Piombi. It was a warm, but interesting work. Whether the head of old Marino Faliero rolled down these same marble steps, is of no moment—we looked at them with the same interest as if they were witnesses of the deed. The present "Lion's Mouth"—for I believe the original was walled up—is situated on the first gallery, near the stairway, and has a very "knowing look." We ascended several flight of stairs, and were first shown into a sort of inquisitorial chamber, where state prisoners were examined, and, doubtless, tortured; there was also a "Lion's Mouth" here—and a screen-work, shaped somewhat like a confessional box, from the interior of which the examiner could ask his questions and remain himself unknown. The door of this room led into the Council Chamber of the "Ten;" thence you passed into several

large antechambers, one leading into the Senate Chamber, and another into the Reception Hall of the Ambassadors. This last is the finest adorned room in the Palace. Here are the Rape of Europa and the Venice Triumphant of Paul Veronese. We then proceeded to visit the dungeons, the great object of interest.

The Piombi, which are immediately under the roof, and from whence Cassanova escaped, did not appear so terrible as we had anticipated; but the Pozza are enough to satisfy the most ardent admirer of the dismal. Byron asserts that there was yet another tier under these, below the water line of the canal, but that they were filled up on the approach of the French. God knows! these are bad enough without imagining a "deeper depth." They all open upon a narrow passage, intersected with doors, and terminating in a small square recess, facing the Canal, where the criminals were strangled, and then passed over to the gondola without. Certainly a very convenient arrangement. The Bridge of Sighs is thrown across this same canal from an upper story, and communicates with a large prison opposite. We had great difficulty in getting access to it. We were sent from one custode to another—from the Palace to the Prison—each party asserting that the door on his side was walled up, but that the other was still open. There was evidently a great desire manifested to get rid of us without gratifying our curiosity. But on the Bridge of Sighs we were determined to stand, and the custode was informed that he should not get one kreutzer for past service if he failed us here. In the midst of our endeavors we were re-inforced by two Englishmen and some Italians, among whom I recognized my old flame, the Genoese Marchesi, with her handsome eyes. D—— immediately fell in love with her, and forgot the Bridge of Sighs. She certainly looked delicious, and there was no resisting her

request. She was a great ally, and the old custode began to give way, and promised, if we would wait fifteen minutes, till he found the real guardian of the fatal Bridge, we should be admitted. We agreed to wait till sunset, and, in the meantime, visited the other side of the Palace.

They have converted the Hall of Debate into a Library; it is immense. The Paradise of Tintoretti occupies one end of it, and the other sides are covered with the different battles of the Republic. Above, close to the ceiling, are the portraits of the Doges, ranged in order, and so numerous, that they fill up the whole space. There is just room enough left for the last Doge. The black curtain of Marino Faliero is more powerful in riveting attention than the whole line of pencilled feature, and the eye singles it out at once with a mysterious and mournful interest. It breathes the vindictive spirit of patrician hate, whose mask was patriotism and whose aim was power,—and that Italian littleness of soul that could deny to valor and to worth its monument.

We entered the Bridge of Sighs from the Palace side. Our guide was very anxious to convince us that it was never used for any other purpose than a mere passage from the Prison to the Palace, and back again; but had such been the case, they would hardly have divided it into two passages, and then again subdivided one of these, so as to form a kind of cell. At any rate, a traveller has a right to imagine any thing he pleases. The Bridge of Sighs is legitimate ground for the imagination. Many a poor devil, no doubt found it a shocking reality, and would willingly have changed places in destiny with the foremost man of Arcola rather than have crossed this sepulchral boundary. D—— breathed a sigh upon it—but it was for the fair Marchesi—an interpreter of love. What unsentimental barbarism! The idea of making love upon the Bridge of

Sighs! I should as soon think of getting married in a grave-yard. But the fellow is far gone.

> "And what of peril does he deem
> In that tumultuous, tender dream?
> Who, that has felt that passion's power,
> Ere paused or thought in such an hour?"

Well! there will be one rival the less in the desperate war against my fair neighbor. The Marchesi will shower glances upon him—and as he is perfectly satisfied with such unsubstantial food, there will be no harm done. She is rather hard to read—her gaze has two interpretations: it may mean "reward," but at the same time it hints, "I'm fooling thee." There is a sort of Gay Spanker twinkle in one corner of her eye, which shines like a steel-trap in the high grass. Probably the most awkward moment of a man's experience—always excepting his first entrance into the world—is when he mistakes the person, and is obliged to retreat before a laugh. It is nothing to escape under the cover of a storm, or threat of indignant innocence of any kind—but to have the full sunshine of a smile upon your retreating movement, it is horrible! One is denied even the Parthian privilege of aiming an arrow in flight, for the enemy is peace herself.

LEAF XXX.

THE CAVE OF ADELSBERG.

VENICE, MAY 29.

WE have been to Trieste and the Cave of Adelsberg. We were persuaded into this measure by the glowing description of Q——. It is doubtless all very fine when the weather admits of observation, but it rained perseveringly from the moment we left Trieste until we returned to it. We were nine hours on the route, and when we reached the village, the hotel was crowded with persons from every section of the country round about, collected together to see the annual illumination of the Cave on the following day. However, when they observed that we were strangers, and had come expressly to witness the "féte," they procured us quarters in a neighboring house, and told us to come to the hotel for our meals. Our room was none of the best, but then we were glad to get accommodations on any terms. D—— slept on the floor. He was perfectly delighted with the familiar manner of the Dutch girls, and, though unacquainted with the language, loafed about squeezing their hands and waists in the most affectionate way; indeed I was awakened in the morning by the struggles of a healthy little Dutch girl, who had courageously entered our room for the purpose of securing our boots to be cleaned; but approaching too near to D——'s sybaritic couch he had seized upon the fair spoil and was using the most expressive pantomime I ever witnessed. I laughed until the tears came into my eyes; it was a reversal of the Potiphar picture in the Barberini

palace. She held back vigorously, and was trying to persuade him in the best German that the row would wake her father, while D—— was attempting in indifferent French, to convince her that his intentions were of the chastest kind, and that he merely wished the customary morning salute. It was certainly a very innocent affair; but doubtless the Dutch girl's experience had taught her that morning salutes under such circumstances were dangerous, so she persisted in declining the offer, and gained a victory over D—— and the boots.

The illumination of the Cave took place in the afternoon, and it really was grand and peculiar. I was astonished at its extent. It is said to have been explored to the distance of three miles. Some of the chambers are magnificent, and, seen in the brilliancy of an illumination, realized the scenic beauty of the fabled halls of Eastern story. One of the largest was used as a ball-room, and decorated with becoming splendor. The music was excellent, and there was no want of spirit in the dance. It was a strange sight to grope among the smaller cavities about, and catch a glimpse of the peasants, with their peculiar white head-dress, dancing wildly, and to hear the music die away in the distant passages, or be caught up by some gay crowd of loiterers, and echoed back again like the answering cry of spirit unto spirit. I thought of Faust and the Brocken.

In one place the Cave looked like the ruins of some ancient city. Far as the eye could reach lay broken columns, and from their midst rose fantastic shapes, like shattered temples or falling palaces. It required but a slight exercise of the imagination to reconstruct the architectural fragments. In the "draped chamber" was the perfect representation of a flag standing against the wall; —the sculptor's hand could not have framed a more beautiful resemblance. We remained until five o'clock, and

reached Trieste in time for the morning steamer. It is a clean-looking town, and the Hotel Metternich has the best beds I have found in Europe.

We had a somewhat rough passage back to Venice, and I had a delightful reminiscence of the Atlantic sea-sickness. It is enough to make a man curse three-fourths of this earth—that is, in a geographical sense. I do hate the liver—it is the meanest contrivance in the system. It interferes with every thing, besides making one so deuced yellow. Heaven knows! I always envied Buckingham when Richard called him a "white-livered renegade." He was one in a thousand to have had the advantage of a white liver. The approach to Venice from the Adriatic is one of the finest pictures in the world. It is truly as if the "enchanter's wand" had been at work, and transformed the spray of ocean into town and citadel, dome and palace, in derision of the stormy element. It is not to be wondered at that to such poets as Byron and Moore it was a delight to float by the hour upon the quiet water, and watch the distant city fade away in the soft twilight of a Venetian sky,—more like some fancied creation of their own than a reality, or to leave their midnight revel and glide from its distraction on their watery course through vacant streets, and beneath the very shadow of these ruined records of republican pride, and thus indulge in those mournful reflections which only the verse of Byron could syllable. There are men who have no music in their souls, but we doubt if there lives a man so sublimely stupid, so enviously apathetic, so malignly indifferent, as not to feel somewhat more than mere existence as he floats noiselessly through the moonlit passages of Venice. There is something in the species of locomotion—something in the visible signs of life, yet the melancholy silence of lifelessness around—something in these dark shadows

which rest side by side with the bright moonbeam like infancy and decrepitude—something in the quick splash of the water, and more than all in the wakeful thought of the bravo and this tempting scene of murder—something in the deeds of this fiery people, in the once-mysterious agents of its masked power—something in every thing around, above, below, about you, which starts the indolent spirit from its apathy, like the emphatic "Mark me!" of the ghost of Hamlet. One may "damn the moon," and damn sentiment and poetry with it, but it is impossible for a sane man with money in his pocket and health in his veins, stretched in his gondola and keeping an appointment, to damn the clear, moonlight, midnight streets of Venice.

LEAF XXXI.

BYRON'S BEAUTIES.

Venice, May 30.

Went to the Manfrini Palace to see the picture so much admired by Byron—it is the wife of somebody by Guercino. This is another instance of the singularity of Byron, for there is really nothing remarkable in the face. It was a mere sentiment he was pursuing in his idolatry of the picture. Perhaps some objection made to it fastened his capricious nature upon its deification. I fear Byron was not a connoissieur in physical beauty. Neither Mary Chaworth nor the Countess Guiccioli, present strong testimonials of his taste in that department. I have seen them both, and I must confess, apart from their fame as

connected with him, I should not have accepted a special invitation from either, if they were ever so disposed to give it.

We are patiently waiting for the Regatta and Tombola to come off—but the rain has been so perseveringly constant that the authorities will probably postpone them until the next week; in which case it will be "Yarrow unvisited," as we must hasten on to Switzerland. I have given all my Tombola tickets to our fair neighbor. T—— is very anxious to take her to the Lido, but she smiles and insists upon taking "mamma" along—it is "sempra mamma" to every offer of a ride in our gondola, and as this respectable individual is not quite as attractive as her daughter, why T—— don't feel disposed to take the jewel with the setting.

The Count Chambord and his mother were at the opera last night. He is finer looking than I expected to find the legitimate branch of the Bourbons. She is of the Queen of Spain order of women, and from her appearance must have led rather a gay sort of life. They spend much of their time here, and appear to be popular.

On my return from the opera, I strolled by the Ducal Palace to get a look of the Bridge of Sighs by moonlight. It was such a night as only can be found on the shore of the Adriatic;—so still—so clear—so calm—so beautiful—the moon had banished half the stars from Heaven, and seemed in very fondness to have moved much nearer to our world's embrace. There was nothing cold or coy in her pale face—but full of the spirit of Endymion, she courted your gaze as though she sought another lover from the rank of mortals. I must have stood an hour on the Bridge that connects the foot path by the Palace and the Prison —enchanted with the scene. Before me lay the sheet of water upon whose surface, so smooth and silent now, once

floated the pride and glory of the world. How much of beauty and of power had landed and embarked on this deserted spot even before the land of my birth had a name! How rich in association was every thing around me! Heavens! how I longed for the power to summon the illustrious dead! What if the spirit of old Dandolo or the ill-fated Faliero could up-rise from those waters and give me but the features of the past! The fiery souls—the impotent rage—the fell revenge that once ran riot in this lordly palace. The broken hearts—the silent anguish, and the deep despair this prison once entombed—what and where are they? I paused and listened as though Tasso's music must strike my ear; but no—silence all and solitude—not even a sentinel to bespeak protection or to tell of sway. The very murmur of the Adriatic was hushed. I grew melancholy under the influence of such outward grandeur and beauty, and I no fond eyes—no kindred heart to share it with me—as well be inurned in the Bridge of Sighs above me, I thought, as I turned to leave the enchanted ground.

After all, what is travel—what are reveries—what even thoughts, if love do not light them with his rapturous torch—if willing lips and listening ears be not there to give an echo to the utterance of the o'erfraught heart? There is no pang to be compared to the loneliness, the inanity with which we turn hotel-ward—(for it is not homeward)—from a scene like this, when it has been unshared by love. I have often thought that Providence might have so arranged to keep the women in the clouds until we had something really worth sharing with them, and then dropped them down as we wanted them, like apricots or any other delicious fruit;—but I am wandering from my travels.

There is a good specimen of the species Englishman here. We breakfast together sometimes at Florian's;—

he thinks the greatest calamity that has befallen England since the fire of London, is the death of Crockford, with the stakes of the last Derby undecided. I asked him if there was no other man in England to decide the difficulty. "Another man in England! Great God! Sir, there is not another Crockford in the world." Consequently the world must be in a bad way.

MILAN, JUNE 17.

We could delay no longer in Venice, and were obliged to leave without seeing the Regatta and Tombola. The sun broke out most gloriously the very day of our departure after a rain storm of seven days' continuance, and Venice never looked lovelier than when she threw back the gilded radiance of her domes and towers upon our parting gaze.

We took the railroad for Padua, and I had the misfortune to get seated by the side of a snuffy old gentleman who would talk French, and would insist upon my taking a pinch of his miserable dust, which had never seen a tobacco plantation, and had no nearer relationship to snuff than chalk has to cheese. It could no more draw a sneeze out of me than influenza could a sentiment. I endured the martyrdom for some time,—at last I told him my friend had some snuff, made in America, but that it was weak compared to his own. He expressed a strong desire to try it. I called to D—— to hand me his box; it was regular Maccaboy—powerful stuff—the grains almost the size of a Southern bed-bug; the very sight of it used to make me sneeze. I handed the box to the old gentleman, and said if he wished really to enjoy it he must dive deep with his fingers. He was an old snuffer, and consequently knew how to gather up a small wheel-barrow load, and deposit it in his proboscis. There was no occasion in this case to

encourage it by a shake of the nose. It had scarcely got there before the veteran opened such a terrific sneeze that all the passengers started in amazement. He gathered strength at each spasm for a new outburst, and at each lull as he turned to express his astonishment and gratitude to me, away went his head until a perfect shower of mist enveloped him, and I began to fear the old gentleman's nose would pay the forfeit for such excessive enjoyment. We left him sneezing in the depot at Padua amid continued effort to tell me at parting that America must be an extraordinary country, and that he owed to me the most delicious moment of his life. How he ever can stoop again to vulgar dust is a query. We had a dreadful time getting to Verona; the diligence was crammed—the horses slow—the heat excessive—beside being cursed with an irritable Frenchman whose trunk had been left behind—and who would allow no other idea to engage our attention, but his trunk. He did nothing but talk trunk, and would eat neither dinner nor supper, because "he had not his trunk." To get rid of this incessant reference to his "malle," which had become our "mal," I offered him my trunk and its contents, but nothing would satisfy him, and if any man ever deserved a "night-mare" from over-eating, I do hope that scoundrel was shut up tight that night in his infernal trunk, like the poor girl in the "Mistletoe Song."

At Verona, I did not go to see the tomb of Juliet, because I want no humbug associations connected with Juliet. It is too sweet a story to seek a record for it beyond the imagination. We are rather pleasantly quartered here, and will spend at least two weeks, and then for the glaciers and the sources of "the arrowy Rhone."

LEAF XXXII.

MILAN.

MILAN, JUNE, —18.

IT is too warm to work hard. The summer sun is upon us, and I take no delight in panting through the streets of Milan like a fagged-out ballet-dancer. We climbed to the top of the cathedral to-day, and though I had vowed never to be caught again fluttering about the eaves of these "cloud-capped" buildings, I did not regret the exception made in this case. You can form but a poor idea of the exquisite work lavished upon this Cathedral looking at it from below; it must be seen from above to appreciate the almost endless labor absolutely wasted upon ornaments too minute to be detected without a careful examination. It looks like a flower-garden done in marble. The architect has wrapped himself in a cambric lace shroud, and may defy the world to produce another such monument. After crawling about the roof for more than an hour, I proposed "doing up" the entire edifice at once, so we proceeded to the vault beneath, where sleeps the dust of the famous Carlo Borromeo. What a homily is here! Within walls, encased with silver, and wrought in the highest perfection of art, in a coffin, framed entirely of rock crystal, with a jeweled crosier in his hand, and gifts of priceless value from empresses and kings strewn above him, lies a withered skeleton, called Carlo Borromeo! He looks like a thousand others I have seen in charnel-houses, and I question whether twenty francs is not too much to pay for a sight of the accessories to this defunct gentleman. I was pondering this matter over very seriously as I came down the

steps of the Cathedral, when I was somewhat startled by the abrupt infamous offer of an outside scoundrel, to procure a woman for me. I cannot say I felt all the indignation necessary upon such an occasion; but I turned and asked the villain whether he had ever paid twenty francs to see the mummied remains of Borromeo. He crossed himself, and declared if the saint had got that much of my money to-day, he must postpone his little business until to-morrow. I could not but admire the respect with which he deferred his claim to that of the saint, as he called him—though I suspect a casuist might have his doubts which was the strongest.

We amused ourselves afterwards with a stroll through the market place. It was mostly occupied by women skinning frogs, and as T—— is determined to master the dissecting department of science before returning home, we took an accurate survey of the operation. It is done very expertly by means of small shears. The unhappy croaker is taken out of the basket alive, and before one thought of his native puddle can come over him, he really undergoes the same process that Solomon only threatened to that disputed child mentioned in story. The hinder portion is then quickly flayed, while the other half sits quietly blinking its eyes at the skinned remainder of its own anatomy, which hangs on a string before it. If these frogs have any sense of pain, their fate is decidedly worse than those writhing eels that evince such an antipathy to being skinned. True, they may have a greater fund of philosophy to fall back upon, and may feel a pride in taking their martyrdom so stoically. Your frog at best seems a melancholy animal. Bad style of habitation makes him dismal. They probably can never get over the idea of having been once used as a plague.

By the way, what can we do at night? La Scala

Theatre is closed, and the Carcero is a poor affair. They played "The daughter of the Regiment" last night, and the prima donna appeared determined to shew to what perfection a war-whoop could be carried. The scream of Bryan's "waterfowl" sounds well in poetry, but it will hardly do to introduce it into the opera. It is the first time I have seen this character accompany herself on the drum. That would be a great "card" at home, although I hardly think that Donizetti ever intended it.

The paintings here are not so fine as I had anticipated. There is but one gallery worth a second visit. "The last Supper," of Da Vinci, in the former refectory of Sta. Maria del Grazia, is familiar to every body, from the many engravings of it scattered about. It has been cleaned and retouched so often, that little of the original remains. There is a very singular picture by one of the old masters in the "Academie de Belle Arte" here. It is a Christ, habited in a straw hat, instead of the glory which usually surrounds his head. I presume the painter supposed his predecessors had exhausted the subject, and he was bent upon introducing some originality into his method of treating it. There is certainly a vast difference in the effect, and I could not abstain from a sense of the ridiculous as I examined the jaunty manner in which he had stuck the hat on the back of the head. It was the sublimity of Leghorn. If that picture was painted out of the lunatic asylum, it is a master-piece. T—— pronounced it the poetry of straw, but questioned the chronology of the costume.

In the Library of St. Ambrosia, they have the Virgil of Petrarch, and a lock of the hair of Lucrezia Borgia—both very interesting relics. I have not met with any portrait of this infamous woman, and I hoped I should find one here, but am disappointed, and must be content with this scrap of evidence, as to her extraordinary beauty. The color is

flaxen, of the lightest shade, exceedingly soft, and what might be termed the Teutonic style. I can easily imagine its connection with dark eyes and fair complexion must have presented great attraction. What pride these holy fathers can take in preserving this memorial of their former intercourse with the most abandoned woman in Christendom, is more than I can conceive. If history does not belie this dame, her amorous propensities and poisonous qualities were so universally indulged in, that she must have experienced great difficulty to keep within the pale of "good society." Still, one would think this patronage from holy men should go far to exonerate her from many of the vile charges brought against her. Duke Alphonso never seems to have turned his jealous eyes in this direction, or he might have found cause to send a draught of the Borgia wine to some of the ghostly fathers of St. Ambrosia. How many "sly Joe Bagstocks" have figured in monasteries? There is something very enticing in the quiet and cleanliness of this establishment. Give me ten years more to garner up a whole host of pleasant memories, and I should like to come and dream away the balance of existence among these placid old gentlemen, whose countenances bear no trace of those devouring passions that eat into the soul. What a place for twilight reverie! What a spot to live o'er again the luxury of love—the anxiety of hate! To see the bourne of every feeling that once agitated your being bounded by a grave, and yourself the empty casket from which every jewel has been pilfered by the treacherous hand of hope. Alas! what is left at last to every one but a rosary of sweet or bitter thoughts to pray over? —and where can he find a calmer altar than these cloistered palaces? However, I am not ready for that sort of thing just yet.

I was merely led into this train of thought by a solitary

walk on the ramparts. I went in pursuit of love, and was disappointed. These kind of disappointments always incline a man to sombre meditation. The critics have written a great deal about Hamlet, his doubting nature, his want of will, his perplexed movements, and all that; now the simple truth of the matter is, that any one of those critics can put himself into Hamlet's shoes if he only gets up one broken appointment on the ramparts of Elsinore, or Milan, or any other pleasant place; and though Shakespeare don't say as much, still he leaves you to infer that Hamlet was a disappointed man. Why does he make such a row about his uncle's marriage, even before he is aware of any circumstances connected with it, except the haste? Certainly his mother could not have been the first widow in Denmark who doffed her weeds in advance of the time.

LEAF XXXIII.

THE TOUR OF SWITZERLAND.

RICHENAU, JUNE 1, —.

HERE we are undergoing the necessary training for the great "tour of Switzerland," on foot. From this point, where Louis Philippe once rusticated and amused himself by teaching mathematics, we intend to commence our base line, and woe betide the individual who will dare to murmur at the hardships we are to endure during this semi-philosophical survey of mountain land and waterfalls.—We have not exactly made a "quadruple alliance," as there is only three of us, but true to the democratic principle, we have pledged our lives, our fortunes, and our

sacred honors, neither to turn back nor to ride so long as the majority oppose the measure; and as I shall probably always hold the balance of power in my own hands, the manifest destiny of the party is to suffer fatigue and blisterdom. D—— is entirely too fat for gentility, and must be reduced to a respectable weight before we leave the mountains; as to T——, he persists in retaining his high-heeled boots, contrary to the advice of all pedestrians—but little men will pay any price for an inch to their stature, thus belying Scripture, and, what is more ridiculous in this case, trying competition with these eternal big mountains.

I don't know what I look like in a chip hat, brogans, and beard to match, but hang me! if my companions have not very much the appearance of escaped convicts. I never could have imagined that outer rig could have so much to do in making up the sum total of villanous expression: and yet we flatter ourselves that we shall carry captive several short petticoats among these children of the mist. T—— intends dedicating his most assassinating glance to the conquest of Switzerland, and is now practising a special 'tilt,' but with blunt weapons, at a very pretty maiden of Coire, one of the neighboring villages, and wishes us to defer our journey until he wins her colors; but Maria, as she is called, is evidently a coquette, and I am much mistaken if I did not catch her winking over our shoulders at a bandit-looking rascal in a hunting-shirt, with a cock feather in his hat. I told T—— as he had no "fiddle to hang up," he might as well hang up his boots, as they are just as emblematic of "occupation gone;" besides, he had the precedent of Bombastes Furioso to hang upon.—The "little man" said I was jealous—gracious! jealous! the idea of a man with my beard being jealous of any thing but a goat! or the statue of Moses! I confess to a pang, when I saw that famous beard.

On our way from Milan to the Lake of Como, we took the top of the diligence, and had a glorious view of the snowy peaks of Switzerland. It was early morning, and the sun was trying his best to warm them up, but like a haughty beauty, they spurned his homage, and only looked the colder as he kissed them. By Jove! they are magnificent! but I don't like contact with cold women or cold mountains—both freeze the blood, and make the air unsocial—to stand and gaze upon them in the distance is enough for me, and I shall be delighted when I can mount the last pass, and say with Manfred:—"Farewell! I ne'er shall see thee more!" I could live for ever on the shore of Lake Como—it has all the beauty of our own small lakes, with a softness of landscape and a clustering of villas which they have not. I could hardly refrain from stopping a day to visit the former residence of Caroline of Brunswick, on its bank, but we have delayed too long as it is in getting into Switzerland, and I was obliged to forego that pleasure. Pasta also resides on Lake Como, and is said to be very hospitable to strangers. We left Chiavenna to cross the Splugen, at 5 o'clock, A. M. We had the usual difficulty in rising at that hour, and I am confident that breakfast was eaten in a somnambulic state, for we had no recollection of it as we toiled up the zig-zags of the mountains. I felt disposed to sell myself much cheaper than that pottage affair, and if an avalanche of bread had fallen about that time, it would not have carried us off: that I will warrant; for we had room enough for it if we had only chosen to spread ourselves. On the way, there was a fine waterfall just at the edge of the road, but like Custis' famous picture of the "Battle of Trenton," you must get flat upon your belly, if you wish to see it to any advantage. D—— refused to look, as he considered his belly too empty to lie down upon.

We got our dinner at last, and never did representatives of famine obey their master with more alacrity. The servant girl was no bad index, during the first course, of one of their own cataracts; she fretted, foamed, and dashed about with a terrible impetuosity, caused by the rapid succession of all species of demands, until she broke several articles of crockery, and overflowed a large tract of dry table, and sundry pantaloons stuff with the contents of a cruet; this caused considerable diversion in her favor from the dry portion of the passengers, and I have my doubts to this moment whether the "spill" was an accident or a ruse de guerre to kill off the edge of the strongest appetites. We had only one lady passenger; her chief merit was a violent attachment to violets, and as it gave no trouble to collect them for her, I devoted myself to the employment; they grew in great quantities up to the very line of the snowy region—indeed, I culled a handful from the very bosom of the snow. The contrast was beautiful —the color so "deeply blue," so exquisitely pure, they looked like little fragments of a summer sky left sprinkled in the lap of winter. I wonder Juliet did not wish Romeo to be cut up into little violets, instead of cold stars, that are the least sympathizing of all lovely creations. Who ever found any solace in gazing at the stars? But these are things to weep over. I really could have made a friend out of our fellow passenger for this one trait of character—she did not go into any passionate exclamation over the flowers, as your fantastic lady does, but she looked long and lovingly into their very souls, (for I know violets have souls) as though they recalled some dream of other times. She too has her associations, thought I, and forthwith T—— and myself made a sally upon the sentimental character of the whole German nation—she defended the fatherland most eloquently, and said we English did not sufficiently

distinguish terms as applied to different people from ourselves—that the Germans did not recognize that mere mental existence entirely separated from the heart, which Byron had called "Nympholepsy," but with them both sentiment and imagination were feelings, and as much matters of pleasure and pain, as the realities of life. I told her the English were just as eager in pursuit of a sentiment, if it had a body annexed to it, and took as much pleasure in it as the Germans, but they never committed suicide from excess of sentimentalism: she said they never had as good a cause as that, for their suicides notoriously arose from want of feeling; and that, after searching every country in vain to find an emotion, they very composedly blew their brains out, or cut their throats, as though there were a peculiar kind of delight in ending the matter. As there was some truth in this remark, I found occasion to admire the scenery of the Splugen, and left the fatherland alone. How McDonald ever got over here with his army, is a mystery to me. It was a greater feat than his leading of the column at Wagram, when he bore the empire on his sword. I saw the spot where the little "drummer boy" was carried away by the avalanche, and was heard beating his drum for relief, far down the abyss. Poor little fellow! what a dreadful fate! to be left there helpless, hopeless, with nought but the sky above, and the roaring torrent beneath, to call upon for succor; to hear his comrades passing on their way to some field of glory, and he left to beat his last reveille on that narrow ledge, and then to wait for death, with the lammer-geyer swooping around him, and these eternal hills mocking the agony of his heart in their impassible barrier! Never mind! the little fellow is immortal; he is not the least interesting of that group of mountain memories which greet the traveller on his passage through these regions. The Via Mala is

an awful-looking place, but the road is so level, and the diligence passes over it so rapidly, that one scarcely gets an opportunity to appreciate the grandeur of the scene. I regret now that we did not walk over this section of the road: but we shall get walking enough. I feel some curiosity to witness the result of to-morrow's performance. Our guide has a Harvey Birch look, and by his quizzical survey of T——'s boots, intends to give their proprietor "particular Jessie."

LEAF XXXIV.

OVER THE ALPS.

ANDERMAST, JUNE 17.

THIS may be very delightful some ten years hence, but no ancient crusader ever felt more disgusted at his own folly, when toiling about the hills of Ararat, than I do at this present moment. We have just closed what might be called the "first round" in this pedestrian battle, and already our whole reserves are used up, and even the guide must be numbered among the cripples. We present very much the appearance of Falstaff's men, and I much doubt whether our respectable mammas would acknowledge us. I regret to add, that the vote taken this morning in the question of mules for to-morrow was carried unanimously, and a smile, something like the Indian who ate the mustard, was seen to play upon our faces. The second day was downright murder. D—— blew like an amorous bull, and T—— presented a heel not many removes from the flayed Marsyas. Our guide emptied several raw eggs into

his shoes, and declared it to be the best specific in the world for raw flesh. I thought the remedy worse than the disease, and told him they must have got their reputation for trampling upon yokes from that custom, but the stupid scoundrel would not see the wit of the thing, and I was most unmercifully fined a bottle of Rudesheimer. Served me right! What business had I, amid our sufferings, to indulge in humor? Ah! we were a gay party when we left Richenau day before yesterday. But it was like that sound of revelry at Brussels: it only lasted a few hours. The first hill reduced our laughter to a mere chuckle, and as we pressed forward, the chuckle became a grin, and ended in a "ghastly smile," as we labored under a meridian sun in the narrow depths of Trons, looking anxiously for another pause in the footsteps of our inexorable guide; but like that boy "Excelsior," up he went with our knapsack on his shoulder, and we followed single file, each striving to hide his wretchedness in the forced vigor with which we struck our Alpen stick into the earth. God forgive me! but I felt more disposed to stick it into the guide.

At Trons, the end of the first day's labor, we compared notes, or rather sensations, and I soon discovered that the slightest encouragement of our feelings would produce a revolt, or rather an utter repudiation of the great democratic principle. So I laid down the law anew, and tantalized T—— with a fear that he was breaking down. This settled the doubt, and next morning our pilgrimage opened with the fixed purpose of crossing the Ober Alps, or strewing the earth with our enfeebled bodies. The true spirit of the Switzer broke out, and we achieved the distance to Dissentis, without a murmur. Here we got an execrable dinner, and afterwards started off in a snow-storm for Andermast. I shall never forget it. The flakes came so

thick that we could not see each other, much less the direction of the path, and we soon lost all idea, if we had any, of our whereabout. The guide admitted that he had not crossed this pass for seventeen years, and might have mistaken the road, but said he should know exactly where we were when we got in sight of the "Ober-Alp sea." I considered that we should be exceedingly lucky if we got a sight of any thing in such a blinding storm; but on we went, like a thin procession of the "Misericordia:" T—— bringing up the rear; another Ney, in all save size and "baton"—while D—— puffed up the hill in front, like a wounded buffalo. For myself, I soliloquized upon the idiotic character of our proceedings, and felt disposed to allow myself to be written down "an ass," if caught again in the same predicament. In the midst of the more energetic portion of my soliloquy, we came up to some chalets. We proposed a halt at once, and our guide opened a communication with the shepherds standing about us as to our route to Andermast. I did not understand the patois they used, but was told by the guide that they refused to show him the way, unless he paid twenty francs for the information. We uttered a perfect shout of indignation. "This then is the land of Tell," says I. T—— replied, "these people *tell* nothing;" forthwith we fined him a bottle. But it was no joke. Here we were lost in the snow, and the afternoon far advanced, to say nothing of the ruffianism of fellows who wished to levy a contribution under such circumstances. Men who could do that, could murder, if they did not succeed in their robbery, but D—— insisted upon our refusing such an outrageous demand; "rather die first,"—I did not care about going that far, and qualified it: "rather fight first." During the parley, the snow storm disappeared, and the sun burst forth like that of Austerlitz. Our guide said he knew the road now, and

away we paddled, with some warmly expressed sentiments upon the contemptible conduct of such mountaineers. "No money, no Swiss," was very early verified in our experience, and I shall have to read over several acts of devotion on the part of Swiss Guards, before they obliterate this record of their want of soul, not to say common decency and humanity. Talk to me about such scoundrels having any poetry in their carcases, or weeping in silence at the sound of the "Ranz des Vachs!" Mighty picturesque in their appearance, to be sure! but I never want them introduced into my landscape again, under similar circumstances. May the temptations of St. Anthony afflict them forever! It was five o'clock when we reached the top of the pass, and, thinking to shorten our route, the guide proposed to cross the Ober-Alps sea on the ice, instead of skirting the shore; the cross-cut was too tempting to be resisted, so he led the way, and we followed. The snow which had just fallen, while it rendered the walking easy, concealed the danger of our enterprise. We had scarcely got one fourth over, when the guide suddenly disappeared in about sixty fathoms of water. As I came next in the order of succession, and not being quite as ambitious as Van Buren was, "to follow in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor," I made the quickest kind of a full stop, and for a moment the chances were decidedly in favor of my running back to the shore; but just then the carpet-bag containing our ward-robe, and which had been strapped on the back of our guide, emerged from the hole in the ice, and I immediately harpooned it with my Alpen stick, taking it for granted that our guide still formed a part of that inestimable ward-robe; in this I was not mistaken, and I dragged him out like a speared salmon. I did not care about remarking upon his appearance, as he stood catching his breath, but I should willingly have relinquished half my estate to the

orphan asylum, if I could with propriety have laid down and laughed to the full extent of my desire. As it was, we sympathized, "over the left," in his misfortune, and I shall some day go back to that very spot to have my laugh. Why the fellow went down like a pearl diver. T—— said he never saw a quicker stop put to conversation; it was positively abrupt. I asked the guide how deep the lake was; he said he found no bottom as far as he went; judging from the time occupied, he must have got as far as *human* plummet ever sounded. We were not slow in retracing our steps to shore again, with a full determination on all sides to keep to the dry land. I don't want any De Soto burial up among these mountain lakes. We were three hours getting down to Andermast. These distances are very deceptive; a village appears scarcely a stone's throw down the mountain, and yet you are hours in reaching it. The down-hill movement is more fatiguing than the ascent, especially when one is too tired to hold back. It is like the hysterics: you get started once, and on you go, in spite of aching bones and high-heeled boots. I told T—— his heels would serve him as a break, if he would put some ballast into his breeches. He was just then too weak in the wind to reply, but he gave me a look which nearly shattered his spectacles.

We took a rest on the brow of the last hill, and then walked into the hotel here like free-born Americans, who had just taken an evening stroll. If a man cannot be a hero in the eyes of his valet, he can at least assume an insensibility to fatigue in the eyes of a tavern-keeper, and that is something; but with me, heroism has considerable to do with fried potatoes, and it was not until I despatched an indefinite quantity of this anti-succulent, that I felt disposed to add my share of gas to the flaming narrative with which D—— was indulging his own fancy and the credulity

of a flaxen-haired Dulcinea, who plays the ministering angel here to our mountain appetite.

We take another guide to-morrow. Our Harvey Birch is obliged to return to Richenau. He swears we are the most thorough-paced pedestrians that ever crossed the "Ober-Alps." But then I suspect his pay had something in connection with that opinion. However, there is nothing like leaving a good character behind. It is a nuisance here to take it along with you.

LEAF XXXV.

ON THE ALPS.

CHALET ON THE GRIMSEL, *June* ——.

"HERE we are," as the clown says in the Circus, but whether we will add any thing more to the performances of this day, is very questionable. It has just commenced raining furiously, and D—— has pronounced himself in a high fever, and "hors du combat" for the next twenty-four hours. The idea of spending the night on the top of the Grimsel, with the Falls of the Aarr roaring in your ears and a pine board to sleep upon, is highly picturesque, but whether it will turn out very gratifying depends somewhat upon the amount of "Kerchenwasser" still left in our flask. If we cannot rise above them, why we must drink ourselves down to the circumstances. T—— is already making that effort with every appearance of success; indeed it is not very encouraging. I have just finished an inspection of the larder, and am positive that I could eat through the

whole provisionary department, but the kind old lady here declares she can find me as many potatoes as would serve a regiment, and with that consoling announcement I can rest content. At this present moment we present a rather interesting picture; there is the guide, half lost in the amplitude of an Alpine fire-place, pretending to assist the "old lady" in some frying arrangement, but in reality securing his own meal, for fear the material should not hold out. The "old man" of the chalet is busy in another corner, working up a series of artistic little wooden chamois and Swiss cottages, intended for certain kinds of paternal travellers, whose nurseries haunt them even on the top of the Grimsel—while D—— wrapped up, not in the martial cloak of Sir John Moore, but in the combined wardrobe of the whole party, is stretched out on a bench, apparently meditating on his past conduct and future reform. We have promised to bury him above the regions of perpetual snow, where the devil's fire would go out if he came after him. As for T—— he might be pronounced half drunk, and is endeavoring to prevent a note of that fact from being registered in my journal. And as I am writing on the end of the "old man's" work bench, he has, in this effort, played the deuce with a little wooden chamois, which he has knocked from its elevated position on the top of a rock, into the chimney of a Swiss cottage with the loss of both the creature's hind legs. He shall pay for both of them before we leave. I do hope it will cease raining, otherwise we shall have to look at the Falls of the Aarr from under an umbrella, which might be called taking that single step from the sublime to the ridiculous. The mules have been banished. We tried them for one day only, in our passage of the Furca; they are too slow; we were eight hours in crossing, though it is by no means a difficult pass, and the fatigue was even greater than in walking, for

you are exposed to a vertical sun and excessive close atmosphere, in these narrow valleys, and require that buoyancy of spirit which walking gives to counteract the sense of oppression you feel; besides one seems much more susceptible to the discomfort of the travel, from the listless, poking manner in which these animals descend the mountain. I retained my seat as far as the glacier of the Rhone, and then surrendered my mule to the guide, and led off on foot; T—— followed suit, and in our descent to the Hospiz of St. Gothard, we amused ourselves by sliding the short cut on the snow down the sides of the lesser hills; it required some dexterity to steer clear of the innumerable lakes scattered about, as we did not wish to repeat our experience of the Dead Sea. At the Glacier of the Rhone, we met an adventurous German woman, who was being carried by the guide in such a peculiar manner, that we were obliged to take in a survey of her "continuations." Her sight of the Glacier cost the same price which the "model artiste" pays for a living; but then her audience was select, and as she was quite pretty, we felt disposed to spare her, and not look back too often, though the self-denial was tremendous, as we had not seen a handsome face, much less a pretty ancle, for a week. From the top of the Furca, we got our first glance over the snowy crests of the Bernese chain. It was not a very favorable day; the mist kept "curling up," and tearing itself to tatters against the lofty peak of the Finster-Aarr-Horn, tantalizing us with the promise of a clear outline if we only waited long enough; but I could not recognize the delight of being up to your knees in snow, and gazing like a "natural" at these "veiled prophets," so I promised to meet them once again, and turned my face towards the Hospiz, leaving to D—— the task of admiration for these glacier-hearted monarchs. We have hired him to do the exclamatory part

of the business. But really these mountains are grand,—not in the cockney sense,—but sublimely grand. As Americans, we can afford to quiz their lakes and waterfalls; but what can we say to their magnificent mountains? We crawl upon their huge sides, for hours and hours, still toiling up and upwards through mist and cloud, until the blue of heaven seems just above you, and the hue of earth immeasurably below, and still you mount and mount, through snow and ice, along lakes and over torrents, and when you think the last icy barrier is scaled—behold! a "multitudinous sea" of never-surging caps spread out before you, far as the bewildered eye can range along their eternally snow-clad summits,—"Pelion upon Ossa," even to the horizon's verge. The mountains of Switzerland must be seen,—your Panorama will not answer; they must be seen too, over their tops, when bidding "good night" to the setting sun. Your tourist who stands at their base, opera-glass in hand, can positively affirm that he has seen them, but it is like kissing a woman in a dream; you wake, and can barely remember that you have kissed her; the real kiss you never forget. But here comes dinner; would it were a mountain.

MEYRINGEN, *June* 20.

"Richard's himself again." We have had a delightful day; all our obstacles are now removed. We surmounted the last, viz.: T——'s boot heels, in this very village, and, like other conquerors, we should erect a pillar to commemorate the circumstance. The fact is, these boot heels, on the second day out, began to resemble small specimens of the leaning Tower of Pisa, and I recommended instant decapitation, but the self-will of T—— was proof against all my assaults, to say nothing of the inconvenience to himself, until finally, in attempting to hold back on one of the steep grades of the Grimsel, the "towers" gave a twist,

and away went T——, heels and all, to the bottom of the hill. He was whistling the "Last Rose of Summer" when he started in this "down train," but the rapidity of his movement interrupted the melody, and I expressed my surprise that he did not throw one of the bars of that music across his course. He promised if his "gay companions" would only stop, the "heels" should be sacrificed at the next village.

LEAF XXXVI.

MOUNTAIN SIGHTS AND INCIDENTS.

INTERLACKEN, *June* 22.

I AM getting heartily tired of Switzerland. It is a tread-mill country—up-hill all the time; with the same objects, under different names, staring you in the face. Yesterday it was the Wetterhorn—to-day it is the Jungfrau—and to-morrow it will be some other "frau" or "horn," though they might each pass for the other as for any difference that I can detect in their physiognomy. The Great Scheidek, or Shylock as we christened it,—for it exacted more than a "pound of flesh" from D——, is decidedly the most fatiguing pass we have yet crossed. Perhaps it was owing to its being more frequented, and one meeting, consequently, more annoyances on the road. We could scarcely go a mile without encountering some scenic humbug, got up apparently for our especial benefit, and which you feel disposed to put a stop to at any price. As there is only one path, you are obliged to play the "good Samaritan," and dress the wound with a balsam of "batz,"

or tumble down the precipice in trying to avoid the beg garly infliction. The first assault we had took the shape of a "cow-boy," or, picturesquely speaking, a "peasant," with a "horn" long enough to serve for an aqueduct. We dubbed him at once the "Professor of the Alpine Horn." He took up a position immediately in our way, and resting one end of the wooden "nozzle" on a rock, prepared for a blast. I begged him to turn the mouth of the "machine" in another direction, or he would blow us down the gorge of the mountain. "Let her rip!" says T——, and the Professor poured himself into the tube. Whether the proximity was too close to enjoy the music, I cannot say—but I never heard worse melody in my life. He gave us what he probably called a "fantasia," but a Durham bull could have taken the conceit out of him with one single quaver of his bellow. Poetry has much to answer for. This poor devil flatters himself that he makes the hills vocal with his windy diapason—whereas, if "old Pan," or any other heathen divinity, had survived the birth of Christ, they would have flayed him alive. Good gracious! could it have been such a blast as that the Paladin once blew in Roncevalles!

We had scarcely recovered from this attack, before I discovered another ambush. We were mounting a narrow ledge of rock at the base of the Eigher, and just as we made a turn in the road, we detected a fellow, match in hand, ready to discharge what might be called "child's ordnance," a piece of gun barrel on wheels. We hailed this specimen of mounted artillery, and told him we only wanted one franc's worth of salvo. He said that would hardly pay for the powder. The "infernal machine" was charged to the very mouth, and I was delighted to escape from the chances of a fragmentary episode of iron being driven into my head. But I reckoned without my host:

even a franc was good payment for stirring up the mountain echoes with gunpowder—so the villain fired his "petard" within a foot of us, and jumped behind a rock to escape the threatened explosion. Fiz—fiz—went the priming, and down went T—— and myself, like learned pundits to the earth. I did not see what became of D——, but neither of us heard any other echo but that of our own hearts. I kicked the venerable gentleman's——cannon in the breeches, and told him either to give up the profession, or load like a sane man, and not attempt to rival the thunder with a gun-barrel. What could Byron say to such a fellow calling upon "Jura to answer from her misty shroud?"

But we were not done yet. In our descent from the Great Scheidek to Grundewald, we had to encounter three damsels—not with deep blue eyes, but "clarion voices," ranged under a tree, prepared to salute us with a "yudle." Of all inflictions, this is the greatest. I was completely overcome at this fresh annoyance, and throwing myself, literally, upon a bed of violets, cried out, satirically—"If music be the food of love, play on." They took me at my word, and commenced the "mountain refrain" with an energy of voice that might have unroofed any thing short of the deep blue sky above us. But my heart was far away. I had looked up at that blue sky, and, like the "Dying Gladiator," my thoughts went back to those other hills it shadowed in its course, where loved ones were, and "yoodles" were not, and I hoped they never would be. Nature's voice is the only thing bearable among these mountains.

At Grundewald we found a specimen of those princes whose principalities extend the area of a Lancaster county wheat field. His accessories were complete, but in a small way. He had his own secretary and his own segars—both treated alike—used to the last extremity. The

secretary had the appearance of a caught rat, to whom the worst of cheese had been a too attractive bait, and whose glistening eyes are constantly scanning the wires of his trap. He was proudly prudent, too—his scanty allowance of one glass of Champagne from the Prince's pint bottle was left untouched, until the Prince made a motion to rise from table, when our secretary gulphed it down at a single swallow, like an intensely thirsty man. If the rest of his perquisites have the same degree of vastness, he holds a fat office. The Prince was a sombre man, and looked as though the destiny which made him master of one secretary and a small box of segars was too overpowering for mortal to bear up under. Any romantic young lady might have detected a shade of melancholy in all this—but D—— attributed it to a robbing of his exchequer by the sale of two segars, which the said D—— had induced the garçon of the house to dispose of to him, and which sale the Prince had unfortunately discovered. The segars were really smoked in the presence of the Prince, and he doubtless felt that every whiff was tainted with the bribery and corruption of his whole household and principality. Alas! poor Prince! It is truly lamentable to see with what indifference an American takes an emperor's snuff or a prince's segars. D—— pronounced them real principes.

From Grundewald we had a pleasant time over the Wengen Alps. The weather was particularly fine, and we loafed for several hours at the chalet on the top of the pass, watching for avalanches. The sun was very warm, and the guide assured us that if we would remain until noon, its rays would certainly unloosen an avalanche or two. It seemed rather ludicrous to be compelled to keep a looking out for an avalanche. My idea of such an article, taken, I admit, from a picture in some primitive geography book, was a huge ball of snow, with men, women and

villages struggling to get out. I watched the side of the Jungfrau until I fell asleep on a stray carpet bag, with a coronet worked in it, and neither saw nor heard of these Alpine playthings. T—— declares he never lost sight of the mountain for a moment, and the only approximation to an avalanche was a fat Dutch woman, that got between him and the sun. D——, on the other hand, swears to having seen at least two, and pronounces them no great shakes: has seen more fuss made by one snow slide from a barn roof—they made just about as much noise; but the fact is, these gentlemen are highly prejudiced against any Switzer entertainment. There must be something grand in the fall of an avalanche—but not seen from that distance. The terror of danger is wanting, and the roar is not sufficiently distinct. It will be a capital subject to gas about when we get home, and I have no doubt full justice will be done to the size, noise and confusion of the whole race of avalanches.

We came from Lauterbrunnen to this place in a "chair à banc," as there is a fine stretch of level country all the way, and nothing wonderful to be encountered on the road. The waterfall at Lauterbrunnen is a mere thread of spray, and the celebrated Falls of Reichenbach, which we had to pay to look at, are not worth the walk across the meadow. The descent into the valley of Lauterbrunnen settled the long-vexed question of whether up-hill or down-hill was preferable. T——, as the champion of the down-hill movement being the least fatiguing, was obliged to surrender his point, for there was no defending against nausea of the stomach which it certainly did create in that unfortunate man. He died hard, even going so far as to attribute the nausea to the loss of his boot heels at Meyringen. The hotel here is full of English. They affect Interlacken very much, on account of its proximity to the

Falls of Giesbach, and the Wengen Alps, which is a part of their religion to see.

Thus far, we have mostly taken the more difficult and unfrequented paths, and have not fallen in with the crowd of sketching tourists, who infest the lakes, and take rapid outlines of sundry peaks supposed to be seen by sunrise; but we are pressing upon their heels now, and there is a sketchy-looking gentleman at this moment eyeing the Jungfrau out of a window opposite to mine, with that determined kind of Mahometan gaze which an amateur artist always bestows upon the natural "tit-bits" of creation. He deems himself born to carry off the "Jungfrau" on the point of his pencil. His wife, or sister, or something, is at the other window, either reading Murray or peeping over the edge of it at the tom-foolery of a cockney and a governess on the lawn. T—— reports the governess as having a cast in her eye: but this may be owing to a cast-off which he received from said governess when she noticed the tender rivalry of the Bond street man. He denies the impeachment, but I can take an affidavit of the fact, for I saw the whole manœuvre, and noticed him fly to the consolation of a segar.

LEAF XXXVII.

THE VALLEY OF CHAMOUNIX.

CHAMOUNIX, JUNE 27.

WE are in the Vale of Chamounix—the grand climax to all Alpine aspirations. Poets have breathed prayers over it, and peasants have made its evening hymn immortal. Let the whole world come and look at it, and be silent, for

it is a temple worthy of the Eternal. Here closes our pilgrimage of the mountain passes. The cities and lakes are yet to be seen, but they are accessible to char à bancs and steamers. Our trip on the Lake of Brientz was quite a relief, after strolling so long up and down hill. They did not give us sufficient time to examine the Falls of Geisbach: but they looked pretty enough from below, with their margin of green meadow. We returned the same day to Interlacken, and next morning started for Kandersty, in order to cross the Gemmi. We were eight hours in getting over, but we loitered on the way to admire the magnificent scenery on every side of us. It is, beyond question, the finest, but at the same time the most difficult pass we have encountered. During the first part of the ascent, after you leave Kandersty, you must climb, as best you can, for hours over innumerable roots of trees interlacing the path in every direction, and when you have surmounted this difficulty, your route crosses for miles the debris which has fallen from the Rinder Horn, and which almost chokes up the pathway, until you reach the lake, near the top of the pass. Here you find plenty of snow and ice, which you are obliged to wade through, when you finally arrive at the culminating point, some 8000 feet above the level of the sea. The summit is one mass of barren limestone rocks, and has an exceedingly desolate appearance, but the view is superb. Mount Rosa is the striking feature of the chain. Seen, as we saw it, I prefer it to Mont Blanc; the outline was very distinct: not a cloud to obstruct a single feature of its colossal proportions; it rose high above the surrounding peaks, and while they had already taken the shadow of evening upon their brows, it still reflected back the last rays of the sinking sun, like a true friend among parasites, answering the dying gaze of her monarch, with a lustre dazzling as his own imperial purple. We sat down upon

the rock, and watched the last golden beam as it crept to the utmost peak of Rosa, and then glided into heaven. The sight was beautiful; it resembled love—love that lingers last when you are above and beyond earth's passions and its mockeries; a love before fruition; love as we saw it that day in the eyes of a young peasant girl, who was waving her handkerchief, in final adieu to her lover, far down the mountain, on his way to that sink of iniquity, Paris. He was probably to return, or she was to join him there; be that as it may, she might never see him more; but such a gaze as that poor girl cast along that rugged defile, I had never witnessed; she seemed to throw her very soul in sighs after him; in vain her mother plucked her by the sleeve; in vain did we saunter by, and attempt to attract her notice; there she stood in the middle of the path, entranced. There was that half smile of anguish on her lips, and in her eye: that tearful brilliancy which shamed even the rich glory on Mount Rosa. It was not the sorrow of desertion, and yet she had a hopeless look; nor was the pang of parting too evident on her girlish face: but it was a blending of all feelings with nothing predominant, but that full, wild, wistful, worshipful intensity of gaze that made me envy the mortal who could awaken it, and adore the woman who possessed it. But what was our admiration to her? Her soul was in that russet jacket, far down the mountain. The wooing of a king, with provinces for a dowry, would have found no approval in her widowed smile. Yes, she resembled the sunset on Mount Rosa. She, too, was wrapped in the radiance of a parting glory; she, too, reflected it back upon its giver, with all the glow and adoration of a pure and unstained bosom, and from thence it doubtless passed to heaven; for with all that T—— and myself could do, it tarried not on earth for us. When the mountaineer was out of sight, the vision too was gone.

The descent from the Gemmi to the Baths of Leuk is almost perpendicular, and the timid traveller, trusting to his mule, is advised to have his eyes blindfolded; we saw no occasion for such precaution; the zigzag terraces in the rock are sufficiently wide for passing, and have parapets throughout the whole length, so that it would be difficult to fall over the precipice, even if you tried to do so. It was only here and there that you could find the parapet sufficiently low to get a good look into the abyss beneath. It was frightful! The lateness of the hour served to add to the gloom and desolation of the scene.

We had lingered so long on the Pass, that the candles were lit before we reached the Baths of Leuk. Our guide did not get in until 10 o'clock. He had been obliged to take a rest, and we travelled the greater part of the descent "on our own hook." Indeed, in traversing these passes, a guide is quite unnecessary, without you have baggage to carry, and then he is an essential feature, as it is labor enough to carry yourself over, without being strapped to a portmanteau, or some other receptacle of linen.

From the Baths of Leuk we struck the Simplon Road, and posted to Martigny. From there to this point you have two routes to choose from, the Tete Noir and the Col de Balm. We selected the latter, as it gave us the best view of Mont Blanc. It is a tedious pass, and the wind was so strong, and the air so rarified that we were in danger of breaking a blood-vessel. D—— and myself did nothing but cough from the moment we crossed the summit until we reached the valley of Chamouni. It was the only time we suffered from this cause, but it was rather a severer test than I desire my lungs to undergo. It spoiled my first view of Mont Blanc.

We yesterday made an excursion to the Montanvert, and returned completely drenched. As our wardrobe is on its

way to Geneva, we were compelled to make our appearance at the Table d'Hote in what might be called demi-toilette, for the more substantial portions of our dress were drying at the kitchen fire. Had the young lady opposite to me at table known in what close proximity she was to a "sans culotte," it would have made the aristocratic blood tingle in her veins. As a matter of necessity, we came first, and remained last at the banquet. We opened a counter-blast to an Englishman, who was narrating various terrible elephant stories in India, by a fictitious account of a celebrated hunt of the "wizard weasel" on the Rocky Mountains. T—— quietly corroborated all I said, and as he wears glasses and talks sententiously, he has all the appearance of a savan, and consequently added considerable weight to the otherwise improbable account of this animal. I think we gave a Roland for an Oliver; and I expect to see the "wizard weasel" flourish in some forthcoming note of Goldsmith's animated nature.

I have tried several times since our arrival here, to get a good look at the topmost peak of Mont Blanc, but there seems to be an endless succession of light clouds floating around it, and I have no disposition to loaf in this valley until the monarch thinks proper to doff his feathery cap. The fact is, I begin to weary of these eternal mountains, with their snow and glaciers—their torrents and their avalanches. The are like some water-cure establishment on a large scale. You are alternately wet and dry—cold and hot; and the balance of the time is consumed in "walking" up hill. The efficacy of the treatment is shown in the enormous quantity you eat, and the dead, dreamless character of your slumber. If I stay here much longer, I shall become distressingly healthy, and where then will be the excuse for revisiting the many spots I have left unlaughed over?

By the way, it strikes me that I have consumed enough of paper, and crammed a sufficient amount of nonsense into these Leaves to make a pause; besides, I have too great a respect for Mont Blanc to introduce a description so near the end of my Blank Book. Fanny Kemble closed with Niagara; I will make a full stop with Mt. Blanc.

THE END.

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